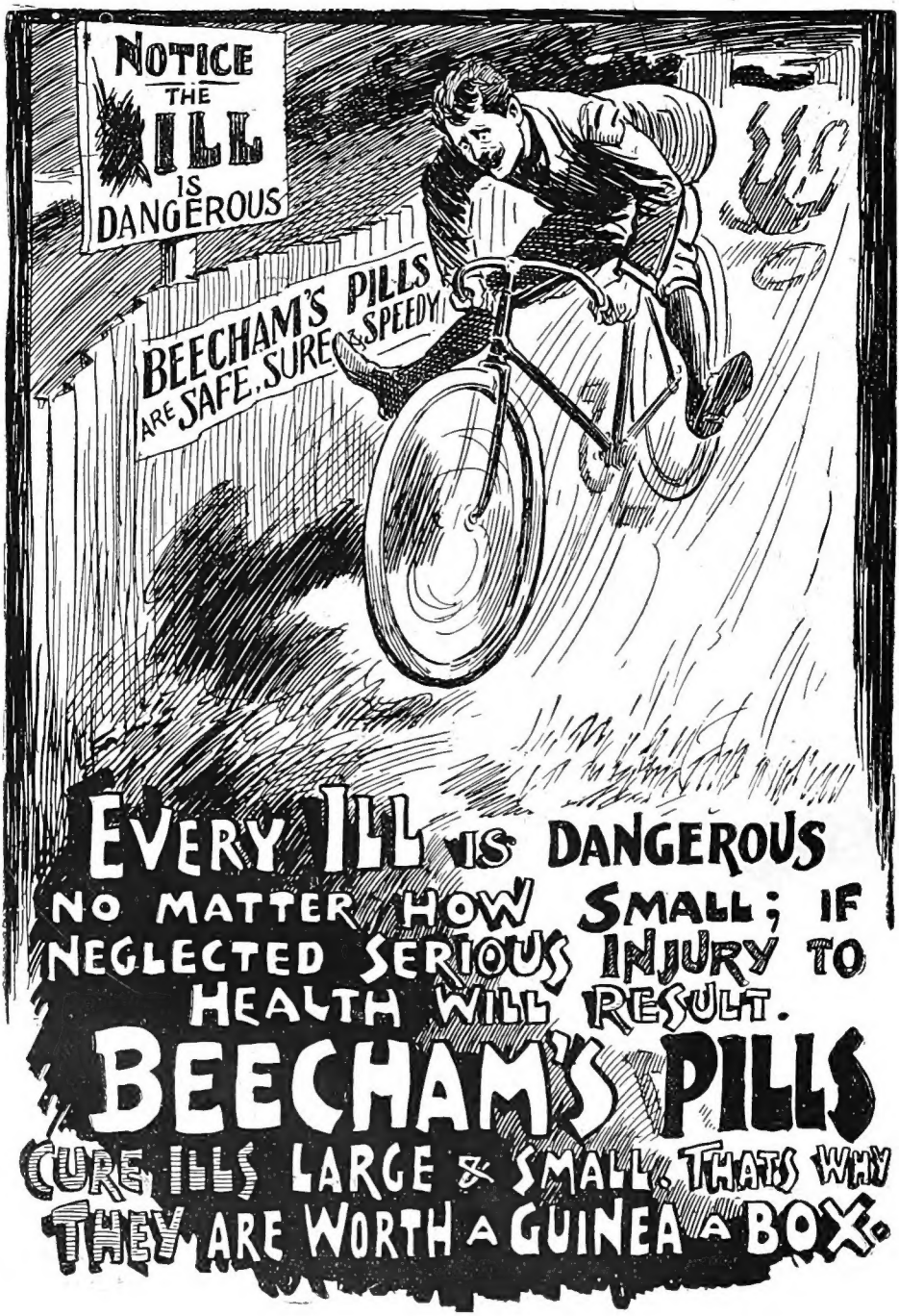
THE

OCTOBER

ROYAL

4D.

Published by C. ARTHUR PEARSON, Ltd., London, W.C.



Digitized by Google

NOW! IS THE WATCHWORD OF THE WISE!!
NOW! IS THE CONSTANT SWING OF THE PENDULUM OF TIME!

You can change the course of the trickling stream, but not the rolling river. It will defy all your tiny efforts.

The Pilot can so steer and direct as to bring the ship into safety, but he cannot quell the raging storm.

The common idea when not feeling well is, 'I will wait and see—perhaps I shall feel better to-morrow'; whereas had a supply of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' been at hand, and use made of it at the onset, all calamitous results might have been avoided.

Every Household and Travelling Trunk ought to contain a bottle of

ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.'

It allays Nervous Excitement, Sleeplessness, Depression, and restores the Nervous System to its proper condition. It is Pleasant, Cooling, Health-giving, Refreshing, and Invigorating. You cannot overstate its great value in keeping the Blood Pure and free from Disease. It should be in every bedroom and traveller's bag (for any emergency). It acts as simply, yet just as powerfully, on the animal system, as sunshine does on the vegetable world, and removes all fœtid or poisonous matter (the groundwork of disease) from the Blood by Natural means. Always does good—never any harm.

It is not too much to say the merits of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' have been published, tested, and approved literally from Pole to Pole, and that its cosmopolitan popularity to-day presents one of the most signal illustrations of commercial enterprise to be found in our trade records.

"I HAVE served for more than a quarter of a century with my regiment in the West Indies and on the West Coast of Africa, and have constantly used ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' I have always found it of the utmost use, especially during the Ashantee War, under Sir Garnet Wolseley. I have been through several epidemics of Yellow Fever during my military career, but have never had an attack. This I attribute to the use of 'FRUIT SALT,' which I strongly recommend, more especially to those living or travelling in tropical countries."—(Signed)————, Captain, Retired Pay, West Indian Regiment, Spanish Town, Jamaica, 9th April, 1900.

There is no doubt that where Eno's 'Fruit Salt' has been taken in the earliest stages of a disease, it has in innumerable instances prevented a serious illness. Its effect on a Disordered or Feverish Condition is simply Marvellous.

It is, in fact, Nature's Own Remedy, and an Unsurpassed One.

CAUTION.—Examine the bottle and capsule and see that they are marked ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT,' otherwise you have been imposed upon by a WORTHLESS imitation.

Prepared only by J. C. ENO, Ltd., 'FRUIT SALT' WORKS, LONDON, S.E., by J. C. ENO'S Patent.

Digitized by Google

A WARNING.

A WARNING.

A WARNING.

JOHN NOBLE, LTD., have no Agents or Travellers. Do not be persuaded by persons who represent themselves as such.

THE CELEBRATED J.N. GARMENTS

Can only be obtained direct from the Sole Manufacturers, JOHN NOBLE, Ltd., to whom all Letters should be Addressed.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR MONEY RETURNED.

MODEL 1431.

The Coat of the Hour. Lady's fashionable three-quarter Chesterfield, in good wearing heavy b rd's-eye Tweed with full sacque back, bell shaped cuffs, and slit pockets. Unlined, length 36in., in Dark Grey only. Price **11/9**, carriage 6d. extra. An excellent well-tailored production.

PATTERNS POST FREE

of the Celebrated Fabrics in which these Costumes are made.

A FULL DRESS LENGTH

of J.N. Cheviot Serge or Costume Coating (6 yds., 52 ins. wide) for

7/6,

carriage 8d. extra. COLOURS: Black, Navy, Brown, Myrtle, Fawn, Grey, and Royal Blue. Carriage paid on all orders of 20s. and over.

LADIES' OWN DESIGNS,

Whether cut from Fashion Magazines or any other source, made up skilfully and accurately by JOHN NOBLE, LTD.

STOCK SIZES OF LADIES' COSTUMES

fit figures 34, 36, 38in. round bust (under arms), and 24, 26, 28in. round the waist, the Skirts being 38, 40, and 42in. long in front. Larger sizes **2/6** extra.

MOURNING ORDERS

received first post, addressed "Funeral Department," and enclosing 1/- extra fee, are guaranteed to be sent off same night.

MODEL 1099.

Made in **J.N.** Cheviot Serge or Costume Coating, consisting of fashionably cut skirt and pretty bodice, neatly braided, Saddle and Sleeves lined. Price only

10/6

complete; carriage 6d. Skirt alone, **5/6**, carriage 5d. Also to measure, in the New Sovereign All-Wool Serge, Black, Navy, Crimson, Royal Blue, Pink, and Cream.

Price **27/6.**

MODEL 1428.

Made in the **J.N.** Cheviot Serge or Costume Coating, fashionable Skirt and Tailor-cut Reefer Coat, either Sacque-back or Tight Fitting. Price **10/6**, carriage 6d. Skirt alone, **5/6**; carriage 5d. Also made specially to measure in New Sovereign All-Wool Serge—Black, Navy, Crimson, Royal Blue, Pink, or Cream. Price **27/6**. A similar style for maids, Model 1110, is supplied in **J.N.** Cheviot Serge or Costume Coating at following prices:—

Lengths 36in.	39in.	42in.	46in.	50in.
	9/-	**9/6**	**10/-**	**10/6**	**10/6**

Carriage 6d. extra.

MODEL 1429.

Lady's Shirt Blouse, neatly tucked, made in Fine Twill Flannelette (fleecy back) in Paisley Striped Designs on Heliotrope, Cardinal, and New Blue Grounds. Price **3/11**; postage 4d. extra. Black Satin Pulley Belt, price **7½d.**

MODEL 1432.

Pink Flannelette Nightdress, trimmed feather stitching and torchon lace, **4/6**; Chemise to match, **2/3**; Knickers to match, **1/11½**. Complete Set of three Garments, **8/6**. Postage on single garments 3d. extra, and on the complete set 6d. extra.

Please mention ROYAL MAGAZINE when writing.

JOHN NOBLE, LTD., 44, BROOK STREET MILLS, **MANCHESTER.**

Digitized by Google

KEEP YOUR BOYS AT HOME.

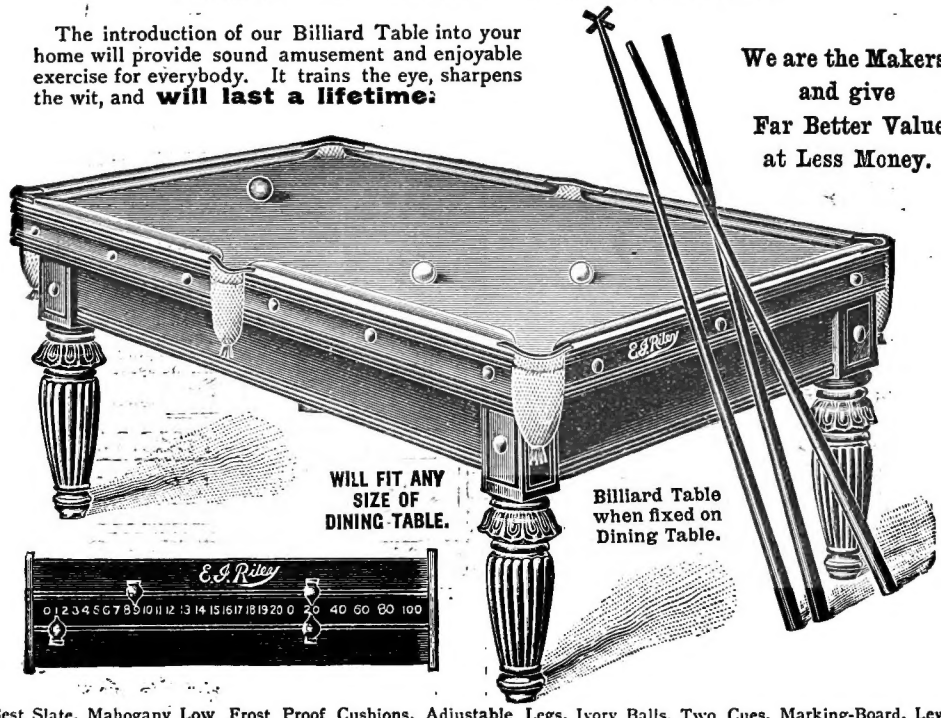
BILLIARDS AT HOME.

A Billiard Table ready to place on any Dining Table, and instantly removable.

CASH or EASY PAYMENTS.

The introduction of our Billiard Table into your home will provide sound amusement and enjoyable exercise for everybody. It trains the eye, sharpens the wit, and **will last a lifetime.**

We are the Makers, and give Far Better Value at Less Money.



WILL FIT ANY SIZE OF DINING TABLE.

Billiard Table when fixed on Dining Table.

Best Slate, Mahogany Low Frost Proof Cushions, Adjustable Legs, Ivory Balls, Two Cues, Marking-Board, Level, Tips, Wafers, Chalk, and Rest.

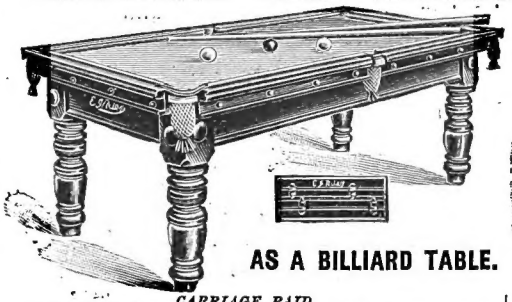
SIZE.	CASH PRICE.
4ft. 4in. by 2ft. 4in.	£4 10 0 or at 8/- per month.
5ft. 4in. by 2ft. 10in.....	5 5 0 „ 9/- „
6ft. 4in. by 3ft. 4in.	6 0 0 „ 10/6 „

SPECIAL QUALITY.

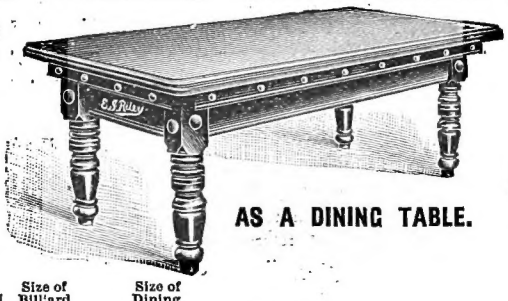
SIZE.	CASH PRICE.
6ft. 4in. by 3ft. 4in. ...	£7 0 0 or at 12/6 per month.
7ft. 4in. by 3ft. 10in....	9 5 0 „ 16/6 „

Delivered Carriage Paid at Our Risk.

BILLIARD AND DINING TABLES COMBINED.



AS A BILLIARD TABLE.



AS A DINING TABLE.

CARRIAGE PAID.

In **Solid Mahogany**, with Dining Table Top in one or more pieces. Instantaneous action for raising and lowering. To those who cannot devote a room especially for Billiards, this Table is highly recommended for a perfect game.

Size of Billiard Table.	Size of Dining Table.	CASH PRICE.
5ft. 4in.	5ft. 8in.	£12 0 0 or at 21/- per month.
6ft. 4in.	6ft. 8in	13 10 0 „ 23/6 „
7ft. 4in.	7ft. 8in.	17 0 0 „ 30/- „

FREE. Full detailed Catalogue with illustrations of all kinds of Home Billiards, Billiard and Dining Tables, Combined Couch, Billiard and Dining Table, all kinds small and full-size Tables and Sundries.

London Showrooms: 147, ALDERSGATE STREET, E.C.

ALL CORRESPONDENCE TO WORKS AND HEAD OFFICES:

E. J. RILEY, Ltd., Billiard Table Builders, ACCRINGTON.

Export Prices quoted. Delivered Free any Port in the World.

Digitized by Google

Furniture Talk.

IT is impossible for anyone who is about to furnish a house in whole or in part, to do better than send immediately for the catalogue of the GLOBE FURNISHING CO., which describes and illustrates fully every description of household furniture, and how it may be obtained at the lowest possible cash price or the lowest credit price. The **solid** and **artistic** value of the Furniture and the exceedingly modest prices charged will come as a revelation to those who have hitherto dealt with **ordinary Furnishing Firms and the heavy and extortionate prices that are sometimes charged for unreliable and commonplace furniture.**

The following are specimens of the value given by the GLOBE FURNISHING CO.

Our special **Parlour and Dining-room Suite** consists of Couch, Lady's and Gent.'s and Four small chairs. In **solid oak**, walnut, or mahogany **throughout**, luxuriously upholstered in best Saddlebags, richly embossed figured velvet, or Crockets best quality English Leather cloth, the backs being padded with the same material. In ordering, please state the wood and colour of coverings preferred. Price:—

CASH £10 10s. or CREDIT.

£1. 1s. down and **10** monthly payments of **One Guinea**; or **£1. 1s.** down and **21** monthly payments of **Half-a-Guinea.**

The "DULVERTON" Bedroom Suite.

CASH £15 15s. or CREDIT.

£2. 2s. down and **14** monthly payments of **£1. 1s.** each, or **29** payments of **10/6.**

Wardrobe, 3ft. 6in. wide, over 7ft. high. Both doors contain full-length reflecting mirror of British crystal bevelled plate glass. Two separate hanging compartments. **Dressing Chest**, 3ft. 6in. wide; dressing mirror 24in. by 16in., and attached are the essentially useful and fashionable reflex swing mirrors. The **Washstand** also 3ft. 6in. wide, is provided with a double back and eminently useful shaving glass. The whole Suite is made **solid throughout** in thoroughly seasoned Walnut, Oak, Satin Walnut, or Mahogany—no veneer of any kind being used. 2 chairs are included in the Suite.

MONEY returned in full for all Goods if not perfectly satisfied.

FREE!!!

An illustrated descriptive catalogue of up-to-date Furniture sent post free to any reader of this magazine. It costs you NOTHING and will save you pounds. Send to-day.

South African, Colonial and Foreign Orders will receive special attention. Bankers: London City and Midland Bank, Ltd., Islington Branch, Liverpool.

GLOBE FURNISHING CO. Dept. D.,

Pembroke Place, Liverpool.

GOLD MEDAL AWARDED

Woman's Exhibition, London, 1900.

NEAVE'S FOOD

FOR

INFANTS, GROWING CHILDREN INVALIDS AND THE AGED.

Sir CHAS. A CAMERON, C.B., M.D., Medical Officer of Health for Dublin, City, and County Analyst.

"This is an excellent Food, admirably adapted to the wants of Infants and Young Persons, and being rich in phosphates and potash, is of the greatest utility in supplying the bone-forming and other indispensable elements of food."

USED IN THE RUSSIAN IMPERIAL NURSERY.

SIX GOLD MEDALS.

New Zealand, 1882; Calcutta, 1884; London, 1885; New Orleans, 188 : Southern States, 1886.

Goddard's Plate Powder

NON-MERCURIAL.

OVER HALF-A-CENTURY'S unrivalled and universal reputation as the *Best* and *Safest* Article for cleaning Silver and Electro-Plate. Sold in Boxes, **1s., 2s. 6d.,** and **4s. 6d.** each, by Chemists, Grocers, Ironmongers, &c.

GODDARD'S POLISHING CLOTHS, 3 in a Box, 1s.

Agents: OSMOND & MATTHEWS, London.

A PERFECT SMOKE . . .

is that which is cool, of easy draught, and free from any trace of Tobacco moisture in bowl of pipe or mouth.

THE 'MASTA'

is constructed as illustrated, and absolutely insures this. Gives a delicious and satisfying smoke. Perfectly healthy. Different prices, different qualities. Same principle. *Illustrated Descriptive List Free.* On sale at all Tobacconists or from **The "MASTA" P.P. Co.** (Dept. 4.) **153, Fleet St., London, E.C.**

Digitized by Google

UNDER THE ROYAL PATRONAGE OF

H.M. THE QUEEN OF GREECE.
H.I.H. THE GRAND DUCHESS GEORGE OF RUSSIA.
H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF SPARTA.
H.R.H. PRINCESS HOHENLOHE.

H.R.H. THE DUKE OF SPARTA.
H.R.H. PRINCE GEORGE OF GREECE.
H.I.H. THE GRAND DUCHESS OF MECKLENBURG-SCHWERIN.
PRINCESS ANNA HOHENLOHE.

EDWARDS'

'HARLENE'

THE GREAT HAIR PRODUCER AND RESTORER.

The finest Dressing, specially Prepared and Delicately Perfumed. A Luxury and a Necessity to every Modern Toilet.

'HARLENE' Produces Luxuriant Hair. Prevents it Falling Off and Turning Grey. Unequalled for Promoting the Growth of the Beard and Moustache. The World-renowned Remedy for Baldness. For Preserving, Strengthening, and Rendering the Hair Beautifully Soft; for Removing Scurf, Dandruff, &c.; also for Restoring Grey Hair to its Original Colour.

A FREE SAMPLE BOTTLE

will be sent to any person filling up this form and enclosing 3d. for carriage. If presented personally at our offices, no charge will be made.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

ROYAL MAGAZINE (OCT.).

1s., 2s. 6d., and (three times 2s. 6d. size) **4s. 6d.** per Bottle, from Chemists and Stores all over the world.

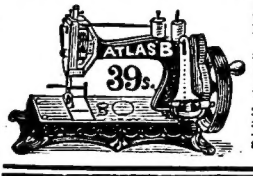
MRS. LANGTRY,

THE CHARMING ACTRESS MANAGER,

Writes :—"Previous to my using HARLENE, my hair had become brittle and was falling off. I have used your preparation daily for 18 months, and my hair is quite restored. I cannot recommend 'Harlene' too highly."

EDWARDS' "HARLENE" CO., 95 & 96 HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.

"ATLAS" LOCKSTITCH MACHINE 39s.



Equal in size and quality to any machine. Will work by hand or treadle. 4 years' guarantee. To ensure satisfaction, machine sent on receipt of 5s. P.O. for ONE MONTH'S TRIAL. If desired can be paid **5s. Monthly.** Write for terms, designs, samples of work. **Atlas Sewing Machine Co.,** 182E, High St., Camden Town, London; or 63, Seven Sisters Rd., and 14, High Rd., Kilburn.
Mention ROYAL MAGAZINE.

MARTIN-SILENT:
CYCLE TOOL BAG.
Always Neat and Tidy.
More than Half Million Sold.

MARTIN-SILENT CYCLE SADDLES—OPINIONS

W. E. Simpson, Esq., writes: "I have just completed 10,000 miles on your 070 saddle and cannot speak too highly in its praise."
Mrs. Housian says, she has ridden over 6,000 miles on our 075 saddle and has never known what it is to be saddle sore.
MARTINS-BIRMINGHAM LTD., Granville St., Birmingham.

BLYTH'S No. 1 SHIRT

White Shirts with Linen Fittings, Undressed, as from Factory.

Years ago I determined to supply better shirts at all prices than could be found anywhere else. I succeeded in this aim, and my No. 1 Shirt sold for **2/3** is known all over the United Kingdom as the best value obtainable. This shirt is linen-fitted, having a body of soft cotton, and front and cuffs of *pure linen*. The fit is perfect, and the shirt is so well cut at the neck that your collar sets well and comfortably. The length is right, and there is just enough fulness in the proper place to make the shirt easy when worn.

When ordering state size of *outside collar* or collar used.

PRICES: 2/3 for 1, 6/6 for 3, 13/- for 6. By Parcel Post, 3d. extra for 1, 4d. for 2, 5d. for 3, and 8d. for 6.

FULLY ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE of all kinds of Shirts and Underclothing Post Free from

HENRY BLYTH (Dept. R), 16, 18, 19, 24, Earl Grey Street, EDINBURGH.

NEW DRESS FABRICS

LUTAS LEATHLEY & Co.'s

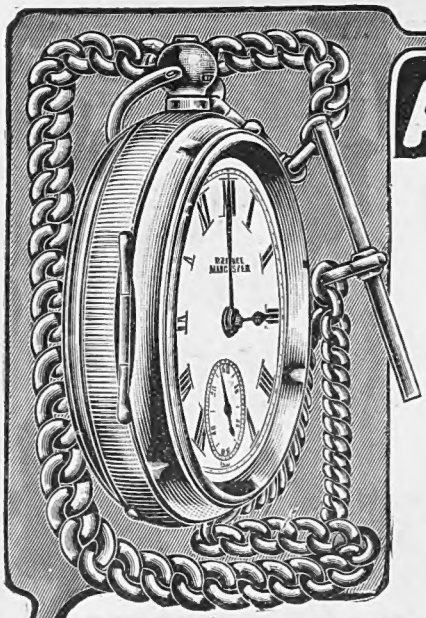
THE popularity of **LUTAS LEATHLEY & CO.'S DRESS FABRICS** grows year by year, and as each year comes round improvements are made in their Manufacture. The quality and finish of this season's productions for Autumn and Winter are superior to any previously offered, and patterns of the FOUR STANDARD lines should be seen by every lady.

Improved Freize Serges and New Satin Cloths, in Black and Colours. New Zibelines and New Mixture. Carriage paid. Any Length Cut. All at 1/3 per yard. Astonishingly cheap.

Ladies desirous of purchasing at first-hand reliable wearing goods should write for Patterns without delay. We post them free, and they need not be returned. Patterns of several of our special productions will also be included in the range, in addition to our new Illustrated Price List of Blankets, Sheets, Beds, Aprons, Corsets, etc., etc.

LUTAS LEATHLEY & CO.,
Dept. 144,
The Warehouse, Armley, Leeds.

Digitized by Google



A PRIZE FOR YOU

A SOLID SILVER ALBERT FREE!!

H. SAMUEL

will send his world-famous

'ACME' LEVER

Post Free by return for P.O. **5/-**

Test it for 7 days. If you are satisfied, remit balance 20/-.

Solid Silver Case, fine ¾-plate movement, jewelled, dust and damp proof cap, and the latest patented improvements. Written Warranty for 7 years.

H. SAMUEL'S PRICE 25/-.

To all sending full amount, 25/-, with order, H. SAMUEL presents

A SOLID SILVER ALBERT FREE.

Send a Postcard for the

GREAT FREE GUIDE.

A valuable money-saving list, FREE by return. 260 pages, 2,000 engravings of Watches, Clocks, Rings, Chains, Cutlery, Plate, Silverware, &c.

WRITE FOR IT NOW!

H. SAMUEL, DEPT. 39, MARKET STREET, MANCHESTER.

OUR OIL STOVES

(BRITISH MADE BY BRITISH LABOUR.)

SUPERSEDE THOSE OF COAL OR GAS FOR

Cheapness, Cleanliness, Portability, and Comfort.

NO SMOKE!
NO SMELL!
NO DIRT!
NO DANGER!
NO TROUBLE!

SEASON
1902-3.

GET A
Prize Gold Medal Patent
PETROLEUM OIL
Warming Stove
AT ONCE.

The Largest Variety in the World at
PRICES TO SUIT ALL.

Have the best make and avoid trouble.

SOLD BY ALL IRONMONGERS.

Over One Million of our Stoves in use at the present time. ☞ Ask for **Our Patent "Sunrise Burner,"** which is universally acknowledged to be the **Best in the World.**

The "Leviathan" is the most effective and powerful stove ever introduced, and was supplied for use in the **House of Lords** in Feb., 1901.

Lighted and Extinguished in a moment. (The result of 30 years' experience.) New Illustrated Catalogue post free, and name of nearest Agent. Address in full—

"Rippingille's" ALBION LAMP COY., LTD.

(The ORIGINAL "Rippingille" Firm.—Established **1872**),

ASTON ROAD, BIRMINGHAM.

Or 6 & 7, STONECUTTER ST., FARRINGDON ST., LONDON, E.C.

Contractors to HIS MAJESTY'S War Office, India Office, and leading Railway Companies.

Trial Bottle Post Free **7D.**

N. M. ALEXANDRE (Est. 1861),

TO COLOUR
GREY HAIR

SHADEINE, guaranteed permanent, washable, and absolutely harmless. Will not burn the hair or produce unnatural tint. Detection impossible. Contains no lead, silver, sulphur, &c. Trial Bottle 7d., post free. (Sent secretly packed.) State colour required.

30, Westbourne Grove, and 85, Great Portland St., London, W.

Drum in position.

DEAFNESS

and Head Noises relieved by using WILSON'S COMMON-SENSE EAR DRUMS.

A new scientific invention, entirely different in construction from all other devices. Assist the deaf when all other devices fail, and where medical skill has given no relief. They are safe, comfortable, and invisible; have no wire or string attachment.

Write for Pamphlet. Mention this Magazine.

WILSON EAR-DRUM CO.

D. H. WILSON, 59, South Bridge, Edinburgh.

THE POPULAR

SCOTCH

IS

"BLACK & WHITE"

WHISKY.

Digitized by Google

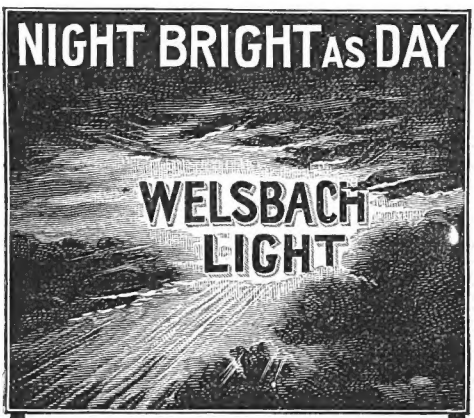
Children thrive on these foods
as on
No other diet.

The Allenburys' Foods.

Write for
FREE PAMPHLET
(48 pages) on . .
"Infant Feeding & Management."

ALLEN & HANBURYS, Ltd., Plough Court, Lombard Street, London.

NIGHT BRIGHT AS DAY



Wonderful progress has been made in Incandescent Gas lighting. The high-water mark is reached in the Patent WELSBACH-KERN BURNER and MANTLE.

These Mantles and Burners give a light equal to 75 Candle Power, burning only 3 feet of gas per hour.

Comfortable reading, cleanliness and pure air in your home.

Refuse substitutes for Welsbach.

Mantles, 6d. Lamp complete, 4/-.
Of all Ironmongers, Gasfitters, &c.

Is your Coffee all it might be?

Good Coffee depends on so many things—care in making, properly roasted and newly ground beans, amongst others—and usually the time and trouble involved in ensuring these things right does not repay you.

Your Coffee will be all it should be if you use

PATERSON'S

"CAMP"

COFFEE,

which has the strength, aroma, and richness of newly roasted, newly ground Coffee in a handy, portable and imperishable form.

No uncertainty as to results. The same quality always. No labour.

Boiling Water only required. All leading grocers keep it.

One large Bottle will make 40 cups of Delicious Coffee.

Digitized by Google

LIFE-SIZE DOLL FREE!

2½ Feet High

Doll when made up.

"Baby's Clothes will now fit Dollie."

GIRLS can get this beautiful Life-size Doll absolutely free for selling only ten packages of

SHY-NALL

the Electric Polishing Fabric, at 6d. a package. Something new for cleaning and polishing Jewellery, Silver ware, &c., without the use of powder, paste, or liquid. Sells at sight. Write to-day, and we will send you the Fabric post paid. When sold send us the money (5s.), and we will send you post free this Life-size Doll, which is 2½ft. high, and can wear baby's clothes. When stuffed, this doll is an exact reproduction in fast colours of a hand-painted French creation, done on extra-heavy cloth that will not tear. The workmanship is perfect, the colour effects the very finest. The doll is intended to be stuffed. It is this century's model of the old-fashioned Rag Doll that Grandma used to make and would make Grandma open her eyes in wonder. Dollie is printed with Golden Hair, Rosy Cheeks, Brown Eyes, Kid-Coloured Body, Red Stockings, Black Shoes, and will stand alone. If Mamma can donate one of baby's out-grown dresses that her little daughter can put on and off, button and unbutton to her heart's desire, the Life-size Doll will live in that child's memory long after childhood's days have passed. **If you do not care to sell our goods we will send the Doll post free, upon receipt of 2/-. These dolls are sold all the year round. A single packet of SHY-NALL sent post paid on receipt of 6d.** Address:

SHY-NALL CHEMICAL CO. (Doll Dept. 61 K), **75, Queen Victoria St., London, E.C.**

"Don't Shout,

I hear you. I can hear now as well as anybody."

"How?"

"Oh, something new—**The Murray Ear-Drum**

I've a pair in my ears now, but you can't see 'em—they're invisible.

I wouldn't know I had 'em in myself, only that I hear all right."

The Murray Ear-Drum

is really a substitute for the working parts of the natural ear. Has no wires. Contains no rubber, metal nor glass. Invisible, easy to adjust, comfortable and safe. Totally different from any other device.

Descriptive pamphlet sent upon request.

THE A.T. MURRAY COMPANY,

205, Regent Street, London, W.

One word describes them—

'PERFECT.'

Try one and see!

Money Back if not Satisfactory.

BRITISH STYLO PENS

5/-, 7/- 8/-, & 12/6. Post Free. Write for Illustrated Catalogue. Of all Stationers, or send P.O. to the makers,

BURGE, WARREN & RIDGLEY, Ltd.

91 & 92 Gt. Saffron Hill, LONDON, E.C.

KEITH'S

SOLA NOBILITAT VIRTUS

"CADZOW" OLD LIQUEUR WHISKY

AN EXQUISITE SPIRIT

KEPT IN BOND FROM 10 TO 13 YEARS

44/- PER DOZ. CASE CARRIAGE PAID

SAMPLE BOTTLE 4s

CASH WITH ORDER OR REFERENCE

JAMES KEITH, HAMILTON N.B.

OR ANY WINE MERCHANT.

HYPNOTISM

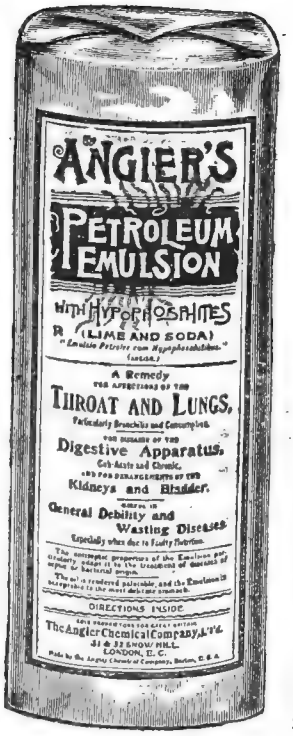
BE A HYPNOTIST AND MAKE FUN AND MONEY.

It takes but a few hours to learn, the study is both easy and fascinating. Hypnotism is an endless source of fun and wonder. If you know how to hypnotise you can perform the most marvellous feats imaginable. You can do a thousand amazing things that other people cannot do. You can surprise all your friends and make yourself famous. You can place anyone you wish under this strange and magic spell. You can compel them to think, act, and feel just as you wish. If you want to make money you can do it by giving entertainments, curing diseases, or teaching the art to others. These are three sure and easy ways to win a fortune. Why be poor, why work for others, when you can master this money-making profession so easily? Investigate now. You can learn at home without cost. I will send you my **BIG FREE BOOK** for the asking. It tells all about Hypnotism. It is the most elaborate and valuable work of the kind ever published. It contains many beautiful pictures, and explains all the mysteries and secrets of the art. Anybody can learn from it all about the Hypnotic spell, how it is operated, how it sways the will of its subjects, heals the sick, reforms the degraded, wins undying love, helps to trade or position, amuses an audience for profit, and gains for the operator himself health, wealth, and happiness. It also treats fully on Personal Magnetism, Magnetic Healing, and kindred subjects, and how to CURE YOURSELF of any pain, ache, or disease. Remember the book is ABSOLUTELY FREE. Simply write for it, and it will be sent by next post, all charges paid. Don't send any money or stamps, but send your name and address TO-DAY.

PROFESSOR WILLIAMS,
Blenheim House, Oxford Street, LONDON, W.

Digitized by Google

Better than Cod-liver oil



Cod-liver oil is good, but Angier's Emulsion is better. It is better because it is pleasant to take, agrees with the most delicate stomach, and aids digestion instead of disturbing it. It is better, too, because it has healing and curative virtues which cod-liver oil does not possess, and which make it of far greater efficacy in the treatment of lung affections and wasting diseases.

Angier's Emulsion

(PETROLEUM WITH HYPOPHOSPHITES)

is made with our specially purified petroleum, and has a wonderfully soothing effect upon the mucous membrane of the throat, lungs and air passages, relieving the most troublesome coughs, and healing any inflamed or catarrhal condition. At the same time it promotes appetite, and keeps the digestive organs healthy, greatly improving digestion, assimilation and nutrition, and increasing weight and strength. Angier's Emulsion is extensively prescribed by the medical profession throughout the entire English-speaking world, and is largely used in hospitals.

A FREE SAMPLE

On receipt of 3d. postage. Mention the "Royal Magazine."

CAUTION.—Do not risk disappointment or worse by trying cheap imitations made with ordinary petroleum, but insist upon having the original.

Of all Chemists and Drug Stores, 1/1½, 2/9 and 4/6.

Angier's Throat Tablets

These throat tablets are composed of our specially purified petroleum, combined with pure elm bark and other valuable ingredients. They are pleasant to take, and do not contain an atom of any narcotic or other injurious drug. While not having the same constitutional action as the Emulsion, their marked local soothing effect upon the mucous membrane of the throat and adjacent structures is just what is needed for acute coughs, irritation of the throat, hoarseness, huskiness, dryness, and those peculiar throat affections common to public speakers, and all who are obliged to use their voice to excess. A point greatly in their favour is that, unlike other throat tablets, they benefit the digestive organs and promote normal bowel action. Samples post free on request. Angier's Throat Tablets are put up in boxes of seventy-two at 1/1½, of chemists and drug stores, or post free from

THE ANGIER CHEMICAL CO., Ltd., 32 SNOW HILL, LONDON, E.C.

Digitized by Google

OETZMANN & CO.,

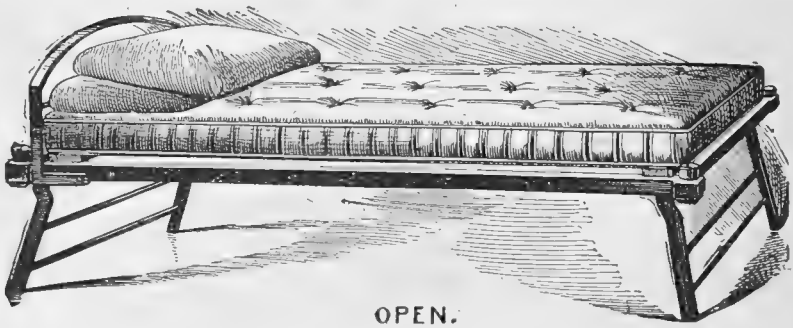
HAMPSTEAD ROAD, W.

(Continuation North of Tottenham Court Road.)

GREAT CLEARANCE SALE

COMMENCES MONDAY, OCTOBER 6th.

SPECIAL ILLUSTRATED SALE CATALOGUE POST FREE.



OPEN.

Bedstead and Bedding complete for 15/9.

Strong Iron Folding Bedstead, with woven wire mattress bottom, complete with comfortable mattress, bolster, and feather pillow, 2ft. 6 in. wide by 6ft. long, price **15/9.** Folds quite flat when not required for use.
Sheets for above, **4/11** per pair. **Blankets, 7/6** per pair. **White or Coloured Quilt, 2/11.**

ALL CARPETS MADE UP FREE OF CHARGE.

THE WHISPERS OF FANCY

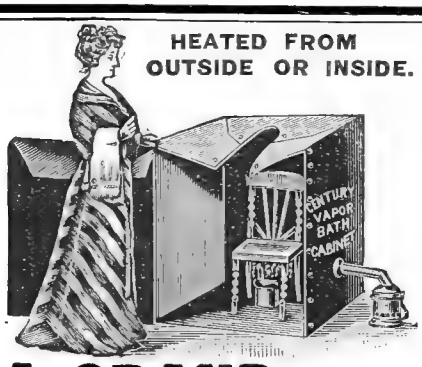
Never breathed a more marvelous story than that told in the fascinating free book—**"The Philosophy of Personal Influence."** It reveals the secrets of success and explains that intangible, subtle something called **"Personal Magnetism"** that holds the world in bondage and makes one person obedient to the slightest wish of another.

Have you failed to succeed?

Read this book and learn the reason why. Have you hoped and wished and worked in vain while others, seemingly without an effort, have forged ahead in the race of life? Your failure is not blind chance; their success is not an accident. There is a cause—a reason—for every effect. This remarkable book contains the key. It draws the line between success and failure so bold that you cannot help but see it. Read it and learn the secret of Napoleon's success, of Rockefeller's vast accumulation of wealth. You can master this marvelous power at your own home in a few days, and wield an influence that will make you master of your destiny. **The book is absolutely FREE.** A penny postal card will bring it while the present edition lasts. Write to-day. Address a penny post-card to the

New York Institute of Science, Dept. K L 13, Rochester, N.Y., U.S.A.

Digitized by Google



A GRAND INVENTION

for taking **TURKISH-RUSSIAN BATHS** at home for 1½d. each. Opens the millions of pores and draws out the poisons which cause disease. Thousands enjoy

THE CENTURY THERMAL BATH

weekly. It Beautifies Complexion, Prevents Disease, Cures Colds, Fevers, Rheumatism, Influenza, and all Blood, Skin, Kidney and Nerve Troubles. **GUARANTEED.** 30 days' trial.

The "Century" is the original portable Hygienic Cabinet with the patented four-flap top, and has no comparison with those built of wood. **It has the most perfect heater for use inside or outside.**

Prices from 25/- to £6 15.

7s. 6d. BOOK FREE TO BUYERS.

FREE valuable Books—"Philosophy of Health and Beauty," and "Health, Strength, and Hygiene."

Write to-day, mentioning ROYAL MAG., for Catalogue No. 16.

CENTURY THERMAL BATH CABINET LTD.,
Dept. 16, 203, Regent Street, LONDON, W.

30 Days' Free Trial.

Every Weak, Nervous, and Enfeebled Man or Woman will find Electricity as supplied by the Richardson Perfected Electro-Galvanic Belt, a wonderful restorative to robust health and vigour. Test it, free of charge.

To all sufferers from Exhaustion of Nerve Force, Indigestion, Liver and Kidney Troubles, Sleeplessness, Gout, Rheumatism, and Kindred Ailments, Anæmia or Poorness of Blood, and Irregular Circulation or Varicocele, we can offer special help. As a nervine Tonic and Invigorating agent, Electricity, as we skilfully employ it, has no equal in the whole field of therapeutics, and may be relied upon to restore weakened constitutions to pristine strength and energy.

We ask the readers of this magazine to remember that this offer is made by a firm with nineteen years' reputation in the City of London. We desire that every sufferer should wear this marvellous Belt and test its healing virtues for thirty days, as we are certain that it will cure and that the wearer after the month's trial will then prefer to keep rather than return the belt. Pamphlets, testimonials, &c., sent post free. Do not fail to write at once, sending particulars of your case, and remember that, after giving the Belt a trial, if you are not perfectly satisfied, return it to us; it costs you nothing to try it.

A. M. RICHARDSON & CO., Medical Galvanists,
25, Vulcan House, 56, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C. Established 1862.

Motto: "NOURISH & FLOURISH."

"FRAME-FOOD"

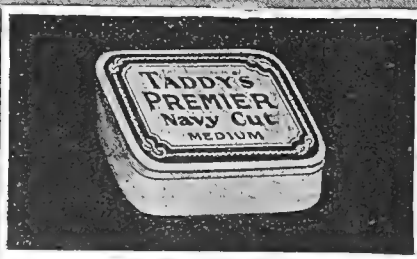
FOR BABIES FROM EARLIEST INFANCY.

Unique! Why? It contains the soluble phosphates and albuminoids *extracted* from Wheat, is therefore highly nutritious, and can be easily digested by the weakest infant. No other food can claim anything higher than this; and these two facts—nutrition and digestion — are indispensable in building the foundation of a strong and healthy constitution. Thousands of unsolicited testimonials. Sold in Tins, **16-oz. 1s.**

FREE TEST. — ¼-lb. Sample Tin of "FRAME-FOOD," or 5-oz. Sample Jar of "FRAME-FOOD" JELLY, sent free on receipt of 3d. to pay postage; both samples sent for 4d. postage. (Mention *Royal Magazine.*)

FRAME-FOOD CO. LTD., BATTERSEA, LONDON, S.W.

TADDY & Co. EST 150 YEARS MINORIES E.



Taddy's "Premier" Navy Cut

A FIRST-CLASS PIPE TOBACCO.

SWEET AND COOL. Sold in 3 Strengths.

MILD - - - MEDIUM - - - FULL.

1 oz. & 2 oz. foil Pkts. 2 oz., ¼ lb. & ½ lb. Tins.

TADDY'S CELEBRATED TOBACCOS

MYRTLE GROVE .....for Pipe or Cigarette.
RAMPART MIXTURE .....Mild and Cool.
IMPERIAL TOBACCO.....Ripe and Full—Fine Cut.
ORBIT BRAND.....Sweetened and Mellow.
GRAPNEL MIXTURE.....Fine Virginia and Latakia.

1 oz. & 2 oz. foil Pkts. 2 oz. & ¼ lb. Tins.

CAN BE OBTAINED OF ALL TOBACCONISTS

TADDY & Co. EST 150 YEARS MINORIES E.

Digitized by Google

Send for No. 1 Catalogue of Watches, Clocks, Jewellery, Cutlery and Plate, Fancy Goods, etc., forwarded Post Free to any address.

GOOD AGENTS WANTED

in spare time. Persons in regular employment should write for terms. No Risk. Good Pay.

Let's Talk of Graves Shakespeare

THE **'Express'**
(Regd.)
English Lever
(Keyless or Keywinding as preferred)
£2 10s.

is the Standard British Timekeeper, and is worn by more people than any other watch. It is guaranteed **Pure ...**

BRITISH

Manufacture throughout, and Warranted for **SEVEN YEARS.**

Specification. First-grade English Lever Movement, Capped and Jewelled, Safety Winding Pinion, Chronometer Balance, & all Latest Improvements.

TERMS. Send **5s.** and the watch will be forwarded to you. If satisfied, complete the purchase in nine more monthly payments of the same amount, or, HANDSOME BONUS PRESENT for full cash payment. If the watch fails to meet with your approval, return it, and your deposit will be refunded in full.

J. G. GRAVES, 67 Division Street, SHEFFIELD.

The Largest Watch Sales Firm in the World.

CAN I BECOME AN ELECTRICIAN?

"I consider the Electrical Engineer Institute, conducted by Messrs. Wolfe and Martin, to be of great benefit to those who desire an Electrical education."
Thomas A. Edison

Yes, you can. We teach **Electrical Engineering** at your home **by mail** at a cost within the reach of anyone. **No matter where you live,** if you can read and write, we guarantee to teach you thoroughly. Our Institute is **endorsed by Thomas A. Edison** and other prominent men of U.S. and England. We teach also **Mechanical Engineering, Steam Engineering, Mechanical Drawing, Telephony, Telegraphy, Electric Railways, Electric Lighting, Electric Motorman's Course, Short Electrical Course, Dynamo Tender's Course,** by Mail. Thousands are successful and gaining better positions and salaries studying at home by our correspondence system. Write for our **Free Illustrated Book,** "Can I become an Electrical Engineer?" Remember a letter to United States requires 2½d. postage.

The Electrical Engineer Institute of Correspondence Instruction, Dept. 29, 240-242, West 23rd Street, New York, U.S.A.

BIRD'S CUSTARD POWDER

A DAILY LUXURY.

BIRD'S CUSTARD is Pure, Creamy, Nutritious, and easily digested. It is a wholesome, delicious article of diet, for daily use. Eggs often disagree: BIRD'S CUSTARD never.

BIRD'S CUSTARD is the **one thing needed** with all Tinned or Stewed Fruit.

NO EGGS! NO RISK! NO TROUBLE!

Google

THE GEM TURKISH BATH CABINET

Heat underlies everything in Nature. Without it nothing can exist, as heat is life itself. All animal and vegetable growth, all the energy and forces in Nature spring from this one essential. Unless we produce by exercise or other means the necessary heat in our bodies to open up the millions of pores, and throw off by means of perspiration the impurities which clog the system, the blood loads itself with foreign matters, and the circulation becomes sluggish, impairing the functions of the vital organs and resulting in pain, inflammation, and disease of all descriptions.

The correct application of heat by means of Home Turkish Bathing is a perfectly natural restorative of bodily powers, and the only certain method of curing rheumatism, blood and skin diseases, kidney troubles, neuralgia, influenza, etc., etc. See our testimonials.

The Gem Bath Cabinet is a perfect means of obtaining in the privacy of home all the curative effects of heat, and in it can be enjoyed luxurious Turkish, Russian, Medicated or Perfumed Baths.

The Great Feature of our Cabinet is the splendid stove supplied, and its absolute freedom from danger. Users of other Cabinets purchase them. We can supply stoves for inside or outside heating. If desired, we make Cabinets of special size and design. We have the strong endorsement of eminent physicians and scientists, and thousands of delighted users. Call and inspect the Cabinet, or send for valuable 100-page book, post free.

Sole British Manufacturers of Cabinets,

THE GEM SUPPLIES CO. LTD.,

(Dept. No. 11),

121, NEWGATE STREET, LONDON, E.C.

PEACH'S LACE CURTAINS

DIRECT FROM THE LOOMS. **SEND YOUR ADDRESS** for Peach's 1902 Illustrated Catalogue and Buyer's Guide. The most complete List of Lace Goods issued. Exceptional Value in all Departments. Write to-day.

Lace Curtains, Madras Muslins, Capes, Real Swiss, Roller Blinds. Blouses, Ladies and Gent's Loom Hosiery, Guipure D'Art, Laces all makes, Collarettes, Household Linens.

POPULAR PARCEL, 21/-.

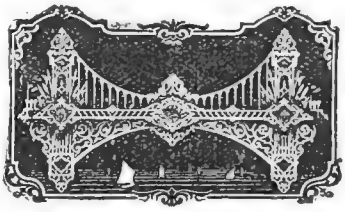
Lot No. 725 contains: 1 pair Rich Artistic Drawing-room Curtains, 4yds. long, 2yds. wide; 2 pairs alike Handsome Dining-room Curtains choice old lace design, 3½yds. long, 60in. wide; 1 pair neat Floral Pattern Bedroom Curtains, 3yds. long, 50in. wide; 1 pair new fashionable Sash Curtains; 1 Table Centre, renaissance design; 1 Set of Duchesse Toilet Covers, one 45in. long, and five smaller. Ecru if desired. The Lot sent Carriage Paid for **21/-**. Customers throughout the Empire testify to their reliable worth, Marvellous Value, and Durability. First Prize Medals: Toronto, 1892; Chicago, 1893. **S. PEACH & SONS, Lister Gate, Nottingham.** (Established 1857.)

WHAT IS YOUR HOBBY?

FRETWORK, WOOD-CARVING, POKER WORK, BENT IRON WORK.

Our New Catalogue is Now Ready.

Price SIXPENCE.



Suspension Bridge Bracket.

With each copy of our Sixpenny Catalogue for 1903 we **GIVE AWAY**

THREE VERY HANDSOME FRET-WORK DESIGNS

(published at **6d.** each). The patterns are:

Suspension Bridge China Bracket. Size, 33in. by 18in
Hall Brush Rack (Tunis Style). Size, 23in. by 13½in.
Russian Pendulum Clock. Size, 31in. by 20in.

Send at once SIXPENCE

For Catalogue and Three Presentation Designs.

HOBBIES Ltd., 12R, PATERNOSTER Sq., LONDON, E.C.

ALSO AT THE HOBBIES SUPPLY STORES—

LONDON 168 Aldersgate Street, E.C.
LONDON 152 Bishopsgate Street Without, E.C.
LONDON 78, Walworth Road, S.E.
GLASGOW 329, Argyle Street.
LIVERPOOL 14, Lime Street.
BIRMINGHAM, 75, High Street.
WOOLWICH, 118, Powis Street.

CYCLES — *Singer* MOTORS

PRICES REDUCED. **LISTS FREE.**

London Depots: **17, Holborn Viaduct, and Park Mansions, 10, Brompton Road, Albert Gate, S.W.**

Works: COVENTRY.

FREE **1/-** **FREE** **1/-**

We guarantee these teapots to be **Real Silver** Electro-plated on pure white metal, holding 2½ pints. If you want one, write to us without delay, and send us **1s.** (P.O. or stamps) for one of our Beautiful Presentation Real Silver-Plated Teaspoons. Our **Free-Gift Teapots** are catalogued at **20s.** each, but in order to get your custom and circulate our Price Lists we will send you one **FREE** if you take advantage of our marvellous offer, which we send. After you receive our Beautiful Teapot—a veritable work of the silversmith's art—we shall expect you to show it to your friends and call their attention to this advertisement. Colonial orders 1s. extra.

(Dept. 23) SILVER PLATE CO., 32, Delamere Crescent, LONDON, W.

Digitized by Google

SMOKE

El Destino

GENUINE IMPORTED MEXICAN

CIGARS

2ᵖ 3ᵖ & 4ᵖ Each

THE

EL DESTINO

Cigars are manufactured in Mexico from the finest selected Tobaccos, grown on our own plantations, and for flavour and quality cannot be surpassed by any other cigar in the world at the price.

SOLD BY ALL TOBACCONISTS

At 2d., 3d., and 4d. each.

NOTE.—If you cannot obtain the EL DESTINO Cigars from your Cigar Merchant, write to SPIERS & POND'S STORES, R. Dept., 38, New Bridge Street, E.C., with whom we have arranged to send, post free, on receipt of P.O.O. or stamps for 1s., a sample packet containing one 2d., two 3d., and one 4d. Cigar.

Garcia Hermanos & Suc.ˢ

SICK MADE WELL WEAK MADE STRONG.

Marvellous Elixir of Life Discovered by Famous Doctor Scientist that Cures Every Known Ailment.

Wonderful Cures are Effected that Seem Like Miracles Performed—The Secret of Long Life of Olden Times Revived.

The Remedy is Free to All Who Send Name and Address.

After years of patient study, and delving into the dusty record of the past, as well as following modern experiments in the realms of medical science, Dr. James W. Kidd, 433, First National Bank Building, Fort Wayne, Ind., U.S.A., makes the startling announcement that he has surely discovered the elixir of life.

Dr. James William Kidd.

That he is able with the aid of a mysterious compound, known only to himself, produced as a result of the years he has spent in searching for this precious life-giving boon, to cure any and every disease that is known to the human body. There is no doubt of the doctor's earnestness in making his claim, and the remarkable cures that he is daily effecting seem to bear him out very strongly. His theory which he advances is one of reason and based on sound experience in a medical practice of many years. It costs nothing to try his remarkable "Elixir of Life," as he calls it, for he sends it free to any one who is a sufferer, in sufficient quantities to convince of its ability to cure, so there is absolutely no risk to run. Some of the cures cited are very remarkable, and but for reliable witnesses would hardly be credited. The lame have thrown away crutches and walked about after two or three trials of the remedy. The sick, given up by home doctors, have been restored to their families and friends in perfect health. Rheumatism, neuralgia, stomach, heart, liver, kidney, blood and skin diseases, and bladder trouble disappear as by magic. Headaches, backaches, nervousness, fevers, consumption, coughs, colds, asthma, catarrh, bronchitis, and all affections of the throat, lungs, or any vital organs are easily overcome in a space of time that is simply marvellous.

Partial paralysis, locomotor ataxy, dropsy, gout, scrofula, and piles are quickly and permanently removed. It purifies the entire system, blood, and tissue, restores normal nerve power, circulation, and a state of perfect health is produced at once. To the doctor all systems are alike and equally affected by this great "Elixir of Life." Send for the remedy to-day. It is free to every sufferer. State what you want to be cured of and the sure remedy for it will be sent you free by return mail.

Remember a letter to America from the British Isles requires 2½d. postage. Write your name very plain, and be sure to give your full address, so there can be no mistake in delivery.

Digitized by Google

P&S CORRECT FORM CORSETS

Erect carriage, with ... sloping chest and ... straight-front lines ... combined, produce ... the ideal figure desired by those who would ... be ...

'WELL DRESSED.'

P&S CORRECT FORM CORSETS

Aid you to secure this ideal. At the same time they allow ample freedom for the respiratory organs They are "full of comfort" and luxurious in wear In addition—and this can be found in no other corsets—Rustless Zairoid replaces steel in busks and supports. High-grade, yet inexpensive. Obtainable of the leading Drapers and Outfitters

"Correct Form," an interesting booklet, illustrated with photos from life, post free from

W. PRETTY & SONS, Ltd., IPSWICH.

RUSTLESS ZAIROID

NATIONAL CRYSTOLEUM
ART COMPETITION

First Prize - - £20 in Cash.
Second Prize - £10 in Cash.
Third Prize - - £5 in Cash.

Twenty-two Prizes of my Guinea Complete Crystoleum Outfit.
A Consolation Prize of £5 will be offered for the best result from a first attempt.

The above Magnificent Prizes will be given for Crystoleum Paintings executed with **Alston's Mediums.** Pictures may be sent in up to Dec. 31. Awards will be made early in January.

Do you possess ordinary skill? Then enter your name on the List of Competitors.

Your **first** picture will be a distinct success provided you follow closely the Book of Instructions. Price 1/-.

Conditions of Competition will be sent on receipt of stamped addressed envelope. NO ENTRANCE FEE REQUIRED.

All Materials to be obtained of all Art Dealers or direct.

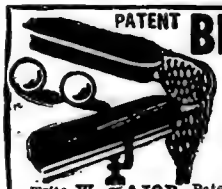
R. ALSTON, Crystoleum Depot, Burnley, Lancs.

1/4 BOTTLES POST FREE FOR 1/3.

HAVE YOU ECZEMA? OR ANY SKIN TROUBLE?

If you have, do send to the Antexema Co. 83 Castle Road, London, N.W. naming this paper, for a Free Trial Sample of "ANTEXEMA," and get it cured.

"ANTEXEMA" THE STANDARD SKIN REMEDY.



PATENT **BILLIARDETTES**

Rigid sides, solid rubber cush, to fix on ordinary extending dining table, with 1¼in. balls, two 3ft. 6in. cues, chalks, tips, spots, and wafers.

Splendid practice at home, almost perfect game. Set for table 6ft. by 3ft. 6in. **£2 5s.** Separate sliding point marker, 24in long, 5/6 extra.

For other sizes and Illustrated list write **W. MAJOR**, Patentee, **Evington St., Leicester.**

Digitized by Google

"LET'S TALK OF GRAVES" SHAKESPEARE

The "Enterprise" Parcel

OF TABLE CUTLERY CONSISTS OF:

6 Table Knives and 6 Dessert Knives, splendidly made and finished with beautiful "IVORETTE" handles, a perfect reproduction of the Finest Ivory.

The Plate is made of pure white "Columbian" Silver, the finest substitute for Sterling Silver yet invented, and

COMPRISES:

6 Table Forks	6 Dessert Spoons	2 Mustard Spoons
6 Dessert Forks	6 Egg Spoons	2 Salt Spoons
6 Tea Spoons	2 Table Spoons	1 Moist Sugar Spoon

1 Pair Sugar Tongs and 1 Pickle Fork.

51 Pieces for 25/-

☛ *J. G. Graves is the only manufacturer who supplies the public direct.*

HOW TO PAY !! Send 3/- to start with, and complete purchase in six payments of 3/- per month and one of 4/-

OR, if you prefer to pay the balance in one amount, you will be entitled to select a HANDSOME FREE BONUS PRESENT. If not satisfied when you have examined the goods, return them, and your deposit is at once returned.

J.G. GRAVES' CUTLERY WORKS

J. G. Graves' Handsome Catalogue of Cutlery, Plate, and Jewellery is ... sent Free.

AGENTS WANTED to introduce orders in spare time. Write for terms and particulars.

J. G. GRAVES, 85, Division Street, SHEFFIELD.

FREE A BEAUTIFUL IRISH CAMBRIC LADY'S HANDKERCHIEF

Will be given to every reader of the ROYAL MAGAZINE sending stamp for postage of our

ILLUSTRATED LIST & Samples

THE BRITISH LINEN CO., Oxford St., LONDON.

Southalls' Towels

SANITARY, ABSORBENT, ANTISEPTIC.

From all Drapers

FARROW'S "A1" IN PACKETS GREEN PEAS

Possess the Flavour of Fresh Gathered Peas. Full boiling sample post free 7d. Write for particulars.

FARROW & Co., Dept. L, BOSTON, Eng.

TAKE CARE OF YOUR EYES

It is impossible to take too much care of one's eyes, and those who value their eyesight will do well to send to STEPHEN GREEN, 210, Lambeth Road, London, for a little book "How to Preserve the Eyesight," which tells the story of a cure for all troubles of the eyes, eyelashes, and eyelids. SINGLETON'S EYE OINTMENT has proved its virtues during 300 years, and it may be obtained of all chemists and stores, in ancient pedestal pots for 2/- each.

FREE TO THE RUPTURED

JAMES COLE.

HOLDICH STREET, MIDLAND ROAD, PETERBOROUGH, *December 16th, 1901.*

Dr. RICE.

Dear Sir,

It gives me great pleasure to bear testimony as to the efficacy of your treatment for your cure of Rupture. Mine was a bad rupture, and when I saw your advertisement in the paper I felt rather doubtful as to a permanent cure; but I am thankful that I tried it, and am glad to say that I do not feel anything of it now. It was just the treatment I wanted, and I have not been disappointed, as it has quite cured me. I shall be glad if I can be helpful to any of my fellow sufferers by telling them of your remedy for Rupture, and you are at liberty to use this letter in any way you think best to induce others afflicted with rupture to avail themselves of your valuable remedy.

Very gratefully yours—JAMES COLE.

I publish this letter, with Mr. Cole's permission, to show that Rupture can be cured. To more fully introduce this method, I will send, in a plain sealed package, a sample of the treatment, a book explaining the method, and a list of cures.

Address all letters to

Dr. W. S. RICE,

229, STONECUTTER ST., LONDON, E.C.

PIANO LEARNT IN A WEEK.

The Musical Indicator enables anyone entirely ignorant of Music to play the Piano or Harmonium beautifully by ear, and to vamp to Songs in all keys in One Week. Post free, 1/9.

The FUNNIPHONE,

or New Musical Wonder. Most comical instrument on earth. 10,000 cat-power. Causes roars of laughter. Anyone can play it. Post free, 1/3. W. RITCHIE (A.Y.), Radnor Drive, Liscard, Cheshire.

Google

"Isn't It Delicious?

It's Mackintosh's Extra Cream Toffee."

MACKINTOSH'S

Extra Cream TOFFEE

This Delicious Toffee has the largest sale in the world.

Delicious! Delicious!! Delicious!!!

As a Sweetmeat **Mackintosh's Toffee** stands unrivalled. Nothing has ever approached its unique and delicious flavour.

More you eat! More you want!!

Confectioners, Grocers, &c., are simply astonished at the speed with which this Toffee sells. We ask you to give it one trial. Sold by Confectioners, Grocers, &c., everywhere. *A very large Sample Packet sent direct post free for eight penny stamps.*

SPLENDID FOR A COLD.

MACKINTOSH'S EXTRA CREAM TOFFEE

Beware of Imitations. Their names are legion.

MANUFACTURED BY . . .

JOHN MACKINTOSH, Ltd.,

The Toffee Mills, Halifax, Yorkshire.

PORTABLE ELECTRIC TORCH.

Instant Electric Light at any time.

Absolutely no danger. Always ready for use, and always reliable. Call at our showrooms and inspect our various novelties, such as torches, hand lamps, travelling lamps, candles for table decoration, etc., or send post-card for free illustrated catalogue.

PORTABLE ELECTRIC LIGHT CO. (Dept. 5), 8, Newman St., Oxford St., London, W.

PRESS THE RING, IT LIGHTS.

For Household Use it is a Boon. No Risk of Fire.

Torch as Illustrated, **12/6** Post Free, Complete.

Refills, 1/6 each.

One battery gives 6000 flashes.

LEARN TO WRITE "ADS"

Why don't you get in the Advertising Business?

A good Ad. writer makes money for his concern. That's why they pay big salaries. Bigger field and brighter prospects than any other modern calling. Write for our large 64-page prospectus, FREE. It tells how we teach this fascinating and profitable business by mail.

PAGE-DAVIS Advertising School, Dept. N. 195, OXFORD ST., London, W.

IS BEAUTIFULLY ENAMELLED IN ALL COLOURS

MAINTAINS A BRIGHT METALLIC & PLEASING APPEARANCE

VENETIAN BLIND

FIXES IN HALF THE SPACE OF A WOOD BLIND

HODKINSON & Co LTD SMALL HEATH BIRMINGHAM.

ALCOHOLIC EXCESS

DRINK AND DRUG HABITS AND RESULTANT NERVOUS DISEASES

eradicated at patient's own home without inconvenience by TURVEY'S TREATMENT. This treatment will perform all that is desired. It is safe, effective, and permanent in its specific action upon all phases of the Alcoholic or Drug Crave in either sex.

MR. THOMAS HOLMES, of the Church of England Temperance Society (Author of "Pictures and Problems form London Police Courts"), says regarding his treatment of some of the most hopeless cases in London:—

"The patient's physical condition rapidly improves, their depression of mind passes away, they become bright and hopeful, in fact, new men."

Extract from Lord Rosebery's speech, House of Lords, July 31st, 1902:—

"The real question before the House was whether Inebriety in a woman was curable or not. Mr. Thomas Holmes, the well-known worker, had asserted it was so, and had written him that it was his *conviction* that women *could* be cured of habits of intoxication."

For Mr. Thomas Holmes's testimony, see page 20 of "Treatise on Disease" (post free). Write or call, 10 to 5—

MEDICAL SUPT., "TACQUARU" CO.,

116, Amberley House, Norfolk Street, Strand, London, W.C.

Digitized by Google

THREE STARTLING NEW ATTRACTIONS.

"The Lady's Magazine."

I.—A Special Supplement for the Children.

This will be included in every copy of "THE LADY'S." The pages of this novel paper, which will be called "Wonderland," will be crammed with Pictures, Fairy Stories, and other features which a child loves.

2.—A Paper Pattern

of a dainty Blouse, with full directions for cutting out. This is an excellent opportunity of providing yourself with a stylish Winter Blouse at the price of material only.

3.—A Set of Real Paints.

With this delightful novelty the children can paint the pictures provided for the purpose, and can win the Valuable Prizes offered. Every parent knows how many happy hours a child can spend with paints and paint-brush!

No Home CAN be happy without . . .

"THE LADY'S MAGAZINE."

Price SIXPENCE. **Now Selling.**

Digitized by Google

BEAUTIFIES THE COMPLEXION INSTANTLY.

Clears the Skin from Spots, Blemishes, Redness, Roughness, Freckles, Tan, &c.

Makes the Hands, Arms, Face and Neck soft like velvet and white as a lily.

Gentlemen use it after shaving—it prevents irritation and is cooling. Ladies use it because they like it—they find it a wonderful preparation Healthy skin means beautiful skin. Peralia makes it healthy. 1-/, 1/ , and 2/6 per Bottle. Postage 3d.

Try Henderson's Peralia for Red Noses.

Doctor's Certificate as a guarantee of purity, and Testimonials sent with each Bottle.

CRIMPOLINE HAIR CURLING FLUID

Curls the hair naturally in a few days, and, what is more, the hair will keep in curl. Does not change the colour or destroy the hair, but makes it soft and silky, and will curl or friz into natural curls No tongs needed. Not sticky or greasy like other curling fluids, which only keep the hair in curl. After the hair has become curly it is not necessary to continue using Crimpoline. Give Crimpoline a trial—the result will astonish you. Use it for Ladies', Gents', and Children's Hair. 1/- and 2/6 per Bottle. Postage 3d. Ask Chemists or Hair Dressers to get Henderson's Peralia or Crimpoline for you; if they are out of stock, we will send it direct to you, secretly packed. **Have no other, or you will be disappointed.**

UNDER ROYAL PATRONAGE. USED BY MADAME PATTI, VESTA TILLEY, MINNIE PALMER, &c.

PERALIA PERFUMERY Co. (Dept. R), **72 & 73, Camden St., NORTH SHIELDS, ENGLAND.**

ARE YOU LITTLE?

If so, use our invisible elevators, which increase your height from half to four and a half inches. They are very comfortable to wear, can be worn with any boots or shoes, and cannot be detected while wearing. Can be worn while Cycling, Dancing, &c. They greatly improve the walking. Price: Ladies' size, 5/6 and 10/6 per pair; Gents', 6/6 and 11/6 per pair. Will last a lifetime.

PERALIA Co. (Dept. R),

72 & 73, Camden Street, North Shields, England.

NOSE

If you are not pleased with the shape of your nose send us a stamped envelope, and we will send you particulars (privately) of an instrument which will make any ugly or mis-shaped nose a perfect shape in a short time. Price from 10/-. Can be used for children or adults. Plumpers for sunken cheeks, makes the cheeks round and plump, 10/- per pair. Ear machines for standing-out ears, 10/- each. Send stamp for particulars. **PERALIA Co.** (Dept. R). Surgical Instrument Dept., 72 & 73, Camden Street, North Shields, England.

PRESS THE BUTTON. IT LIGHTS!

The "EVER-READY" Electric TORCH.

INSTANT ELECTRIC LIGHT when and where you want it. No Wires, No Liquids, No Trouble, No DANGER! Invaluable round the house, and indispensable to Country Gentlemen. Its uses are innumerable. To Clergymen, Naval and Army Officers, Mining Engineers, Surveyors, Librarians, Naturalists, etc., its utility is very great. Can be lighted in a Keg of Gunpowder without any danger. Illustrated Catalogue of Ever-Ready Electrical Novelties by return, Post Free.

British Mutoscope and Biograph Company, Limited,

(Dept. C), 18 & 19 Gt. Windmill St., London, W.

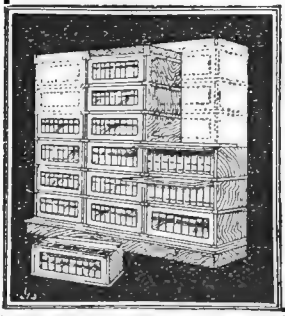
A BEDROOM BLESSING.

No. 1 size, price 12/6, gives out 5000 flashes.

Refill Cartridges cost 1/6.

POST PAID in the United Kingdom on receipt of price.

Globe-Wernicke Patent Elastic Bookcases.

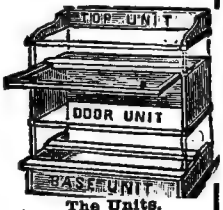


A Remarkable and Useful Novelty!

On the Unit System.

Are always complete but never finished—small enough for 10 or large enough for 10,000 books. Never too large and never too small. Dust-proof, convenient, and attractive. Varieties to suit every requirement. **Cannot be bought elsewhere.**

Invaluable for Public and Private Libraries, and to all Book Lovers. Send for Handsome Illustrated No. 90 Booklet, free to readers of the ROYAL MAGAZINE.



The Units.

The Globe-Wernicke Co. Limited

FORMERLY THOS. TURNER (LEICESTER), LTD.,

44, HOLBORN VIADUCT, E.C.; 82, VICTORIA STREET, LONDON, S.W.

Also Birmingham and Liverpool.

FURNISH YOUR HOUSE WITH CROCKERY FOR A GUINEA.

When you break your Crockery what do you do? Buy odd plates at fancy prices.

Why do this? When you can **FURNISH YOUR HOUSE WITH CROCKERY** for **TWENTY-ONE SHILLINGS**, by buying direct from the Potteries. For this small sum we give you a complete **Dinner Service**, a complete **Breakfast Service**, a complete **Tea Service**, for Six Persons. Printed in Beautiful Art Colours—Warranted finest Royal Semi-Porcelain. In addition we give you a full-size TOILET SET, 5 pieces in nice Floral Design. Such value never before offered. If you want the whole lot finished in rich Gold we will do it for you for Half-a-Guinea extra. Packed Free. No waiting. Satisfaction certain. 50 per cent. saved by buying this package. We can supply you with anything in the Crockery line. Special lines in Badged Goods and **Bazaar Parcels.**

AGENTS WANTED.

DRESDEN POTTERY CO.,

Burslem, Staffordshire.

When giving a Wedding Present let it be something useful; this is the ideal Present.

Digitized by Google

THE Calton Reform STYLO PEN

"ITS A JEWEL"
That is what every user says.
So simple and yet so efficient.
Cheaper than any other but just as good as the best.
Complete in box with filler, post free, 3/-
Jewel Fountain Pen, with Gold Nib, 5/-. *All kinds repaired.*
JEWEL PEN CO. (Dept. 21), 102, Fenchurch St., London E.C.

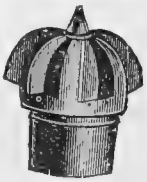
FRILLED BUTTER MUSLIN

H. CORRINGE & Co. ART CURTAINS

CURTAINS, frilled two sides and bottom, 3yds. long, 56in. wide, 6/9 per pair; also by the yard, frilled both sides, 11½d. per yard. Sample book of Plain and Fancy Muslins sent on approval. SPYDRE CURTAIN TAPE, 2/6 per Box. Sole Agents. CARPETS, TAPESTRIES, CRETONNES, ART SILKS, ART LINENS, PLUSHETTES, ART SERGES. Patterns on approval. Picture Book of Lace Curtains, Roller Blinds, Carpets, Linoleum, Cork Carpet, Matting, Bedding, Post Free.
GORRINGE & Co., 67a Dept., Nottingham.

FOR PLEASURE AND PROFIT
FRUIT
NOTHING SO PROFITABLE AND EASY TO GROW.
80 Acres of Saleable Trees.
SEEDS
THE BEST PROCURABLE.
Lists Free.
ROSES
HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS.
Bushes in variety. Packing and Carriage Free, for cash with order.
8s. per doz. 60s. per 100.
All other Nursery Stock carriage forward.
ROSES IN POTS From 15/- a doz.
Ornamental Trees, 91 Acres.
A Superb Collection of Herbaceous Plants,
Four Acres of Glass.
Clematis (80,000) from 15/- doz.
N.B.—Single Plants are sold at slightly increased prices.
GENERAL CATALOGUE
(190 pages) of Nursery Stock, artistically produced containing some hundreds of illustrations, and full of valuable information, free on receipt of 3d. for postage.
Please mention this paper.
RICHARD SMITH & Co., WORCESTER.

Free!
The Buyers' Guide.
How and Where to spend your Money. Valuable Money-saving Guide, full of useful Household Information regarding Electro-Plated Goods, Cutlery, Jewellery, Watches, Clocks, Musical Instruments, Phonographs, Cameras, and a thousand and one Sundries, Profusely Illustrated. Should be in everybody's hand. Write to-day for FREE COPY.
J. M. DRAPER (Dept. 309), Northern Emporium, Higher Audley Street, BLACKBURN.

SMOKY CHIMNEYS CURED
BY USING JOHN COCHRANE'S
WORLD-RENOWNED PATENT
"ACME" REVOLVING SMOKE-CURER.

An Instant and Permanent Cure. The largest sale in the world. Over 100,000 in use. Delivered, carriage paid to any address in the United Kingdom, on receipt of Postal Order for 1/6. Printed directions sent with each. Any person can fix them. State inside diameter of chimney pot.
Particulars and Testimonials of the Sole Maker—
Established 1850. JOHN COCHRANE, 44, KIRKGATE, LEITH, N B.

RUN NO RISK
KEATING'S LOZENGES CURE
THE WORST COUGH

MACONOCHIE'S
Dainty Foods ARE OBTAINABLE ALL OVER THE WORLD.
Marmalades, Jams and Soups
are all most carefully made from the purest and best materials. Maconochie's unique experience in preparing many millions of Rations for the War Office enables them to give the Public the best possible value.
MACONOCHIE BROS., LTD., 131, Leadenhall Street, London, E.C.

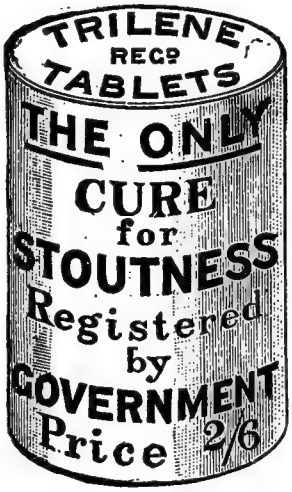
Google

ALL FAT PEOPLE

Can be CURED by taking

TRILENE TABLETS

(Regd.)

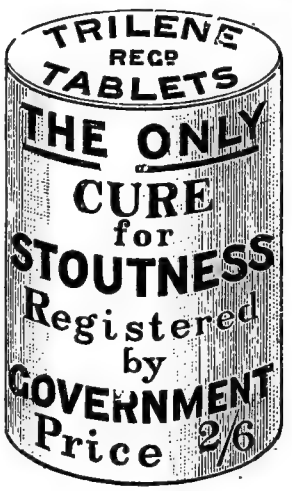


for a few weeks. They will safely REDUCE WEIGHT and CURE CORPULENCY PERMANENTLY, whether Abdominal or General. They are small, agreeable, harmless, sent privately, and never fail to improve both Health and Figure without change of Diet.

An ENGLISH COUNTESS writes:
"Your Trilene Tablets act admirably."

Send 2s. 6d. to Mr. M. Wells, The Trilene Association, 66, Finsbury Pavement, London.

An Interesting Book on Obesity accompanies each Box.



SAMPLES OF TESTIMONIALS.

Mrs. C. Sharp, of Grange Farm Cottage, Wellingborough, says: "Your Tablets have made me very much thinner. All my friends notice the great reduction in weight."

Countess Seckendorff, of Berlin, writes: "I have taken Tablets with success, and am recommending them to friends."

Colour-Sergeant Whittle, of East Lancashire Regiment, Burnley, Lancs., says: "A man in our regiment in 1891 lost several stone from taking your Tablets."

Mrs. Rollit, of North Farm, Letwell, says: "Tablets have done a world of good—reduced 14lb. already without altering diet."

Mr. Gibbs, 147, Richmond Park, Kimberworth, writes: "Pleased to say Tablets reduced me 31lb."

"87, Alexandra Road, Norwich, 19th Oct, 1896.

"GENTLEMEN,—In reference to Trilene Tablets, I may say that my wife found the greatest possible benefit from the use of them and their action was rapid, as my wife was for many years growing too stout, but the Tablets soon reduced the same completely.

"Yours faithfully, **J. R. Canham.**"

Princess Liechtenstein of Landsberg, Austria, writes: "Pray send me your Tablets directly.

Lady Constance Conrad writes from Wiesbaden: "I am highly pleased with your Tablets."

Countess Furstenberg writes: "The Tablets act speedily and well."

Extract from "The Lady," 3rd Sept., 1896: "Many stout persons have suffered untold agonies in unavailing efforts to reduce their bulk, either by means of severe dieting or by taking more or less deleterious drugs; but all these pains would have been saved if they had only invested in a case of the wonderful Trilene Tablets, which are an unfailing Cure for Obesity."

Mrs. T. Boston, Cambridge Villas, Clifford Street, South Wigston, says: "I congratulate you on your wonderful Tablets. My weight at first starting them was 11st. 7lb., and I now weigh 9st. 11lb."

Mrs. Fenton, 11, Wood Street, Tyldesley, writes: "Been fat all my life, but now your Tablets tell a tale. I have lost 17lb. already, and am delighted. Suffered untold trouble previously, but now do my work with pleasure."

Mrs. O'Connor, 2, Kensington Square Mansions, London writes: "I am much less stout for taking them."

Mrs. Pearce, of Armstrong Road, Benwell, writes: "I am reduced from 12st. to 9½st., and do not get any heavier."

Count Ehrenwaud, of Liatorp, Sweden, writes, 9th Oct., 1899: "The person who took Tablets lost 18lb. during the cure."

Mrs. Kay, of "The Cross Keys," Upwood, writes: "Great benefit from Tablets. To my surprise they reduced me 8lb. the first week."

Mrs. Weaver, of Greenpits Villa, Station Road, Ross, Hereford, says: "I wish to say I have been reduced from 13st. 8lb. to 11st. by your Tablets, and can recommend them highly. You can use this publicly if you wish."

G. A. Gale, Esq., of Bothenhampton, Bridport, says: "Tablets most beneficial, and greatly reduced my weight. I feel better generally."

Father T. M. Byrne, of Holy Cross Abbey, Sligo, writes: "When I began your Tablets I was 12st. 5lb.; I now scale at 10st. 11lb.—my case, too, is hereditary."

Mrs. Mary Williams, of Old Yard, near Bedol, Bagillt, Wales, writes: "I have lost 28lb., and will do my best to make them known."

Miss Patient, of Woodberry, Theydon Bois: "Feel great benefit from Tablets. I have lost 2st., and am sufficiently reduced."

Mrs. Crossley, of Rose Hill, Torver, near Coniston, says: "There is a very decided diminution of fat. I am delighted. I cannot praise Tablets too highly. My heart is better, and I can breathe so much easier. You may refer to me as often as you like."

Mrs. W. A. Radford, High Street, New Brinsley, Eastwood, says: "Before taking your Tablets, I was 46in. round waist. I am now 32in., and can get about in comfort, and hope soon to be 24in. You may use this as you please."

Miss Jane Carter, of Forthampton House, Tewkesbury, says: "The Tablets are of the greatest value. I am reduced many stone, and shall be pleased to recommend them."

Mr. Thos. Blakely, of 37, The Grove, Bedford, writes: "I have lost a little over 42 lb. since taking your Tablets, and my case causes much local interest."

THE TRILENE ASSOCIATION, 66, FINSBURY PAVEMENT, LONDON.

Digitized by Google

KODAK PHOTOGRAPHY IS EASY PHOTOGRAPHY.

No need of any previous experience or any technical knowledge whatever. No need for a dark room for changing the films. Kodak cameras are readily mastered by anyone in a few minutes from perusal of the handbook of simple instructions.

Kodaks from 5s. to £7 7s.

Of all leading photographic dealers, or of—

KODAK Ltd. and Reduced, 43, CLERKENWELL ROAD, E.C.

IMPORTANT.—Beware of imitations of Kodak Cameras, and of Kodak Roll Films. None are genuine unless bearing the registered name *KODAK*.

Branches:—

96, Bold Street, Liverpool.
72-74, Buchanan Street Glasgow.
59, Brompton Road, S.W.
60, Cheapside, E.C.
115, Oxford Street, W.
171-173, Regent Street, W.
40, Strand, W.C.

Special Appointments to His Majesty the King and H.R.H. the Princess of Wales.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER

BELFAST, LTD.

AND 164, 166 & 170, REGENT STREET, W.

CAMBRIC POCKET HANDKERCHIEFS.

Bordered.
Children's ... 1/3 per doz.
Ladies' ... ... 2/3 „
Gents' ... ... 3/3 „
Hemstitched
Ladies' ... ... 2/9 per doz.
Gents' ... ... 3/11 „

LINEN COLLARS, CUFFS & SHIRTS.

Ladies', from 3/6 per doz.
Gents', 4-fold, 4/11 „
Cuffs for Ladies or Gentlemen, from 5/11 per doz.
Matchless Shirts, fine quality Long Cloth, with 4-fold pure Linen Fronts, 35/6

per half-dozen; to measure, 2/- extra. Old Shirts made good as new, with good materials in neck-bands, cuffs, and fronts, for 14/- the half-dozen.

IRISH DAMASK TABLE & HOUSE LINEN.

Fish Napkins, 2/11 per doz.
Dinner „ 5/6 „
Table Cloths, 2 yds. square, 2/6 each.
Table Cloths, 2½ by 3 yds., 5/6 each.

Kitchen Table Cloths, 11½d. each. Real Irish Linen Sheeting fully bleached, 2 yds. wide, 1/11 per yard.

SAMPLES AND PRICE LISTS POST FREE.

N.B.—To prevent delay, all Letter-orders and Inquiries for Samples should be sent direct to Belfast.

A Sovereign can command much.

But it is not often that the payment of £1 down can secure you such excellent value as . . .

HARDMAN'S £1 BEDDING BALE

It is the highest value for money ever offered to the thrifty housewife. It contains:—

1 Pair White Cloth Blankets, 84 inches long, 66 inches wide, 7 lbs. weight, good, soft and fleecy; 1 Single Cloth Under-Blanket, 72 inches by 59 inches; 1 Handsome Fringed Quilt, fast colours. 3 yds. long, 2¼ yds. wide, in Pink and White, Sky and White, or Crimson and White, pretty Floral Patterns; 1 Pair Heavy Pure Twill Sheets, 2¼ yds. by 1¼yds.; 1 Pretty Swiss Dress Table Table Cover, 45 ins. long, 12 ins. wide, an artistic Open-Work Cover.

The whole Parcel, and with **A FREE GIFT FOR** of 1 Long White Pillow-Slip and 2 Short Frilled ones for £1. Carriage, 1s. to any part of British Isles, 5s. to any part of Europe, 10s. to any Colony in the Empire.

£1

HERE IS ANOTHER SPLENDID BARGAIN

The 10/- HOUSEHOLD PARCEL

Contains:—1 Pair White or Ecru Lace Curtains, 3 yds. long, 50 ins. wide, handsome pattern, Woven Edges; 1 Pair White or Ecru Lace Curtains for Bedroom, 2½ yds. long, 45 ins. wide, Woven Edges; 1 White Damask Tablecloth, Hemmed, pretty Floral Design, fine quality, 63 ins. square; 1 Coloured Damask Table Cover, pretty Floral Combinations of Crimson and Gold or Crimson and Blue, 63 ins. by 63 ins.; 2 Large White Honeycomb Towels; 2 Large Check Glasscloths.

THE COMPLETE PARCEL FOR 10/- Carriage, 9d. extra.

A Really Marvellous Ten-Shillings'-Worth!

NOTE.—The quality, make and perfect finish of every article is absolutely guaranteed, and by purchasing direct from us you are saved all middle profits.

South African, Colonial, and Foreign orders receive special attention.

FREE. Every lady should read Hardman's Guide to Economical Outfitting.

W. HARDMAN & SON, Dept. 22.
Bedding Warehouse, **ROCHDALE.**

BENGER'S FOOD is not only highly nutritive, but is most easily digested, and is so delicious that it is enjoyed by Infants, Invalids, Convalescents, and the Aged.

Benger's Food

The *London Medical Record* says:
'It is retained when all other foods are rejected.'
The *British Medical Journal* says:
"Benger's Food has by its excellence established a reputation of its own."

Benger's Food is sold in tins by Chemists &c., everywhere

Digitized by Google

THE ROYAL MAGAZINE.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

The copyright in the contents of this number, both letterpress and illustrations, is strictly reserved.

CONTENTS FOR OCTOBER, 1902.

		PAGE
OUTSIDE COVER designed by Howard Somerville.		
"GATHERING WATER LILIES." From a Photograph.	*...Frontispiece.*	
DREAMS ... Illustrated by Warwick Goble.	REGINALD MAINGAY	499
THE CONSOLATION STAKES. A Complete Story ... Illustrated by J. J. Cameron.	M. McD. BODKIN	507
A MASTER OF MAKE-UP ... Illustrated with Photographs.	MARCUS WOODWARD	514
THE SOUND OF A VOICE. A Complete Story ... Illustrated by G. Malcom Patterson.	E. BURROWES	518
FIVE SHILLINGS A DAY FOR LIFE. The Great Competition ...	...	523
THE BIRMINGHAM MYSTERY. A Complete Story ... Illustrated by P. B. Hickling.	BARONESS E. ORCZY	525
DON'T YOU? A Poem ...	G. HUBI-NEWCOMBE	533
LIVING LEAVES AND WALKING STICKS ... Illustrated with Photographs.	PERCY COLLINS	537
THE FIGHTING GIRL. A Complete Story ... Illustrated by J. J. Cameron.	...LOUIS TRACY	540
CONSOLATION. A Poem ...	...JESSIE CARR	546
IMPROMPTU WEDDING RINGS.... Illustrated with Photographs by Clarke & Hyde.	PHIL LANDER	544
THE LOST COOK. A Complete Story ... Illustrated by T. H. Robinson.	GERALD BRENAN	550
LIVING FLAGS ... Illustrated with Photographs.	MARGARET NOEL	556
THE TATTLERS. A Complete Story ... Illustrated by P. Bell.	OWEN OLIVER	558
MATCH PAGODAS ... Illustrated with Photographs.	R. SAXON	561
LITTLE NOZZLE. A Complete Story ... Illustrated with Drawings.	R. C. SHERLOCK	564
MODES AND THE MOTOR ... Illustrated with Photographs.	GEORGE WESTERN	572
STRATEGY. A Poem... Illustrated with a Drawing.	CLIFTON BINGHAM	576
A BOLT FROM THE BLUE. A Complete Story ... Illustrated by Tom Browne.	E. L. SAVIL	577
THE STRONGEST WOMAN ON EARTH ... Illustrated with Photographs.	H. J. HOLMES	580
THE WHITE PERSIAN. A Complete Story ... Illustrated by W. E. Webster.	J. J. BELL	583
CAP AND BELLS. Illustrated with Drawings ...	...	589
INDEX ...	...	593

The Editor will always be ready to consider contributions, whether literary or pictorial, and, where stamps are enclosed, will make every endeavour to ensure their safe return in the event of their proving unsuitable, although he cannot hold himself responsible for any MSS. or drawings or photographs sent on approval.

Cases for Volumes I.—VII. of THE ROYAL MAGAZINE are now ready, and can be obtained at the Publishing Office, price 1/- each, or post free, 1/2.

Bound Volumes 3, 4, 5, 6, 7 may also be had, price 4/- each, post free, 4/6.

The original drawings in this Number are on sale on application to the Editor.

Printed by HORACE COX, Windsor House, Bream's Buildings, E.C.

NO MORE ROUND SHOULDERS.

Wear the New American Shoulder Brace. The most Perfect Brace made.

Prevents anyone becoming stooped or round shouldered.

ALL SIZES.—Men's & Women's (32in to 42in.), 3/9 per pair.

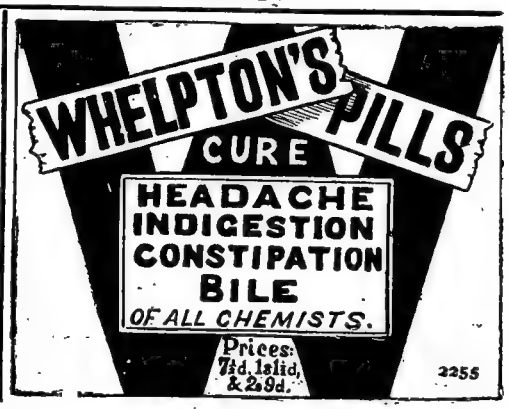
Boys' and Girls' (22in. to 30in. 2/9 per pair.

Send chest measurement (right round under arms) and amount in postal order, and we will send them post paid.

Foreign Postage 1/- extra.

D. M. MELDRUM & CO.,

Dept. E, 13 & 15, REFORM ST., DUNDEE.



Digitized by Google

A NOVEL & USEFUL GIFT.

Some People are said to be

BORN WITH A SILVER SPOON IN THEIR MOUTH.

To those not so born we offer one FREE.

The Proprietors of the world-famed "Provost" Oats have for some time felt a desire to present their customers with a **SPOON** which, like their Porringer, would add to the enjoyment of a dish of porridge prepared from their unrivalled cereals.

It has demanded much thought and skill on the part of the experts specially engaged to produce the exact article required, but a **SPOON**, satisfactory in all respects, has now been finally decided upon, which, without a doubt, will be much treasured by all who are fortunate enough to secure one.

The PROVOST OATS Gift Spoon

Is Heavily Silver-Plated Throughout,

and the stem or handle has a beautiful original design in bas-relief most artistically engraved. Indeed, both the quality of the metal and the style of workmanship are of the highest possible character and excellence, and a notable specimen of the silversmith's art.

This **SPOON** will not tarnish, and even in constant use will wear for years.

YOU MAY GET ONE

POST FREE, either

(a) By forwarding 3-2lb. "Provost" Oats coupons, and 6d. in cash, or

(b) By forwarding 15-2lb. coupons, and no cash.

N.B.—The Coupons are attached to all 2lb. packets of "Provost" Oats (sold everywhere), and if desired these Coupons can be used for either Porringers or Spoons.

Coupons should be sent as soon as possible,

as the period during which this **VALUABLE SPOON** can be supplied on above terms is necessarily limited.

Hundreds of letters received expressing the utmost delight and satisfaction.

"Provost" Oats cooked in a "Provost" Porringer,

And eaten with a "Provost" Spoon—result—Perfect Porridge!

R. ROBINSON & SONS, ANNAN, N.B.

Google

GATHERING WATER LILIES.

Google

DREAMS

By
REGINALD MAINGAY

Why they come, and what they mean; some interesting Dream Experiments, and many weird and terrifying experiences in the dead of night.

A burlesque of the lion which once adorned the cover of the ROYAL MAGAZINE, visits the dreamer and goes through a weird performance for his benefit.

TALKING one day to a friend on the subject of dreams, I happened to relate a very unpleasant experience of mine—a dream for which he had been indirectly responsible. Most of you remember, no doubt, the heraldic lion which made several appearances on the cover of the ROYAL MAGAZINE some months ago—a fine enough animal in its proper place.

Now, in the dream I described to my friend I found myself alone in a large room with Gothic windows, and on a pedestal in the centre of the room stood the live presentment of the ROYAL lion.

I say the live presentment, for though very much changed in appearance, something assured me—of course you know that mysterious something which always accompanies us on our dreams?—that the creature I saw on the pedestal was the original of the stately animal we all have admired on the bookstalls. But how altered for the worse! How fallen from beauty! It had lost its lordly mane and the fur on its legs; its noble shape had become elongated like the body of a dachshund, and, terrible to relate, it possessed not a particle of skin, and looked like one of those melancholy rabbit carcases you see hung up in small poulterer's shops.

Just now I designated my dream as very unpleasant, and have, perhaps, led you to suppose that this dreadful monster made at me in some way or other. It did, however, nothing of the kind. It simply started contorting itself for my benefit: grinning from ear to ear; thrusting out an indecently long, curled tongue; stretching itself; tying its skinned body into a knot; standing first on its hind legs, then on its forelegs; swallowing its tail, and going into many other strange and appalling convulsions and postures. I tell you it was nothing short of hideous; and when I woke, after what seemed an eternity, I felt for a while physically sick.

Well, I related this dream to my friend, whose responsibility for the wicked show I had witnessed rests on the fact that he is the editor of the ROYAL, and after offering me a suitable apology, he pondered awhile and then made a proposal.

"What do you say to an illustrated article on dreams?" he asked. I thought it a good notion, so we put our heads together—and this is the result.

What is a dream?

Digitized by Google

The author dreams that he is attending a book sale, and that every time a book falls to his lot his neighbour, whose arm has the properties of a telescope and can stretch right across the room, secures the prize for himself.

Now, I think such a question grossly unfair to put before an unscientific writer with limited space at his disposal! For learned men have written long books on the subject of dreams, and after a cursory perusal of some of these books, I have arrived at the conclusion that the authors all agree on one point—to disagree with each other.

However, here is what seems to me the most plausible explanation of a dream. The mind of a sleeping person is not, as some people suppose, in a state of unconsciousness; it is simply relaxed: that is to say, its powers of concentration are in complete abeyance.

Thoughts and sensations which enter the sleeping brain are not "harnessed," so to speak, and regulated like those which a waking person entertains; they are allowed to wander about at their own sweet will, to mix themselves with other thoughts and sensations, to suggest ridiculous side issues and impossible pictures—to do, in short, just what they please. And this jumble of thoughts, sensations and pictures that passes through the passive mind of the sleeper is what we call a dream.

If we take this to be a correct explanation, I think we must admit that dreaming is not the on-and-off state which people generally imagine it to be; rather, that there is no such thing as a perfectly dreamless sleep; that from the moment a person closes his eyes at night to the moment he opens them in the morning his mind has been continuously active.

"Oh, but," I hear you say, "I wake up six mornings out of seven without the slightest recollection of dreaming." My dear friend, that means nothing at all. I think most authorities are practically one in believing that the only dreams or portions of dreams you remember are those which occur just before you awake, and even then you forget them unless they contain some strongly defined pictures or incidents.

You have, of course, heard people talking in their sleep. If you ask them the next morning what they have been dreaming about they will, as likely as not, tell you that their sleep has been perfectly dreamless, simply because they did not happen to awake the moment they were talking—a moment when their dreams certainly took a very dramatic turn, as you would have found out had it occurred to you to rouse them.

Before writing this article I tried a few simple experiments, one of which was to get my wife to awake me whenever she heard me talk in my sleep. Up to the time of writing this has occurred twice, and in both cases I have been roused in the middle of a violent dream scene.

In the first instance, I had been calling out: "It's mine! It's mine!" several times, and when I awoke, remembered that in my dream I had found myself at a crowded book sale (a function I have never attended in my

Digitized by Google

life) at which I invariably outbid everybody present. But immediately a book fell to my lot, my neighbour, a fearsome creature, with preposterously long red hair and an Inverness coat, thrust out his arm, which had the properties of a telescope and could stretch right across the room, seized the book, and tucked it away under the cape of his Inverness.

This he did time and again, and all the answer he vouchsafed to my furious protests was to look me in the face and display his long teeth in an insulting grin. I forget what happened finally; anyhow, my blood still boils when I think of him!

My wife tells me that when she roused me in the second instance, she failed to make any sense out of what I was saying. But I think the sounds I made must have been inarticulate cries for help, for the dream she mercifully awoke me from was a dream of being drowned, one I have endured more than once and am seriously rather superstitious about, boating being my favourite pastime.

Another experiment which I have tried, in order to prove the theory of continuous dreaming, has been to get my wife to awake me by different methods when, judging from appearances, I appeared to be sleeping quite peacefully. On the whole, I have not been dissatisfied with the results.

In the first place, she was to arouse me on three occasions with a smart dig in the ribs. Once I awoke in mere unreasoning terror, but with a vague feeling that dreams of some kind preceded my awakening. The second time, I was cruelly torn away from one of those delightful jumble-dreams of the "Alice in Wonderland" variety. In the last instance, the dig in the ribs cut short a most interesting interview with Mr. Pierpont Morgan, in which I was seated in a pretty drawing-room by the side of the great financier, while he partook of afternoon tea and swallowed, to my respectful amazement, a perfectly indecent amount of sponge cake—a dream which has since caused me to wonder whether there may not be some mystic connection between a sponge cake and ocean liners.

The other methods employed to rouse me from apparently dreamless slumbers were fourfold; dropping cold water on my hand, fanning my face, calling my name, and, finally, holding a spray of heliotrope to my nose and then rousing me with a shake. Variations on these methods were also adopted, and in almost every instance I awoke with a distinct recollection of preceding dreams.

In more than one case, however, the dream was intimately connected with the action which broke my slumbers, as for example when water was dropped on my hand. My wife tells me that she let fall about ten drops of water before I awoke, and that the whole operation cannot have lasted much over a quarter of a minute. And yet, in that time I went through a period of agony which should have covered months at least!

I dreamed that a little white worm bored into my flesh just above the wrist, and continued wriggling its way under the skin down to the fingers. Nothing I could do had power to free me of this horror. I went to my doctor, who, by the way, had the face of quite another friend of mine, and he turned me out of the house with a gesture of disgust.

I travelled over to Germany and consulted an old schoolmaster of mine, but to no purpose. I wandered from place to place, and finally, I remember boarding a large fishing smack, one in which I had often sailed in the flesh, and starting off for Japan presumably to get the advice of a Japanese doctor, my worm-eaten hand dangling over the side of the ship into the sea.

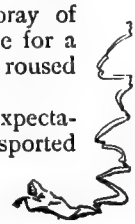
And all this happened in a quarter of a minute! Which proves pretty conclusively that dreams make a fine hash of time and space.

But I was most pleased with the results which followed on holding a spray of heliotrope to my nose; they were quite unique and gave me one of the strangest and most beautiful of dreams.

You all know what extraordinary power a smell (fragrant or otherwise) has of stirring the memory and bringing back to the mind bygone scenes or events which happen to be connected with its peculiar flavour. In my case the scent of heliotrope invariably reminds me of a garden I often visited when a child; a beautiful old garden, one sheltered corner of which was devoted entirely to heliotropes. There were certainly thirty or forty separate plants there, and as you may well imagine, the air on hot days was almost oppressively sweet.

Now it struck me, when making my dream experiments, that should I inhale this scent in my sleep, a dream of the heliotrope garden would, in all probability, be the result. And so it was settled that a spray of heliotrope was to be held to my nose for a few seconds, after which I was to be roused with a gentle shake.

And the results fully justified my expectations. The scent immediately transported



Digitized by Google

me in spirit to the old garden of my childhood. The old garden, I say, though the dream scene differed totally from it in every respect—differed totally, indeed, from any other garden in the world. Yet I told myself—or that mysterious something already alluded to told me—that I was in the heliotrope garden, and I don't remember doubting this for an instant or feeling the least astonishment at its novel appearance. The changed aspect of a familiar scene is a common feature of dreams, which everyone must have experienced.

And what a marvellous place it was, this dream garden I suddenly found myself standing in! Inclosed on every side by a hedge of regularly woven thorn, leafless, but flaunting here and there large crimson blossoms, it was simply one mass of flowers of every imaginable form and colour—flowers which certainly never had their earthly counterparts. They were all, more or less, huge, and most of them complicated in shape like orchids. One I recall more vividly than the rest—an enormous flat pink bloom, six or seven feet in diameter, the pistil of which was overrun with fat, honey-coloured beetles. Another flower I remember exhaled red vapour, and a third, brilliantly blue and shaped somewhat like a vast pansy, puzzled me considerably; for it persisted in moving its petals in so life-like a manner that I was never certain whether it was a flower or a butterfly.

A beautiful dream, was it not? and one which I would gladly have dreamed a little longer.

Now, I want any one of you who is at all interested in dreams to try some experiments such as those I have described above and any others which may occur to you, and afterwards, if you care, to communicate the result to me. Who knows but we may together be able to throw some light on a hitherto very unexplored subject?

The flying dream. In this case the dreamer is flying over the Strand, near the Law Courts, London.

Many doctors are of the opinion that dreams foretell diseases. Supposing an unusual dream recurs night after night, it is a sure sign that something is wrong. A man in apparently good health repeatedly dreams that he is being attacked by burglars, who slash his chest with knives. On examination it is discovered that his liver is out of order. Another dreams night after night that he is surrounded by flames; to all appearance he is well enough, but the doctor finds that his heart is affected.

There are a certain number of dreams which most people seem to have dreamed some time or other, and Mr. H. G. Hutchinson,

Digitized by Google

in his admirable book on dreams and their meanings, has classified them roughly as follows:—1. The falling dream. 2. The flying dream. 3. The dream of more or less inadequate clothing. 4. The dream of not being able to get away from some beast or injurious person or thing that is pursuing you. 5. The dream of being irresistibly drawn to some dangerous place. 6. The dream that some darling wish has been gratified. 7. The dream of being about to go on some journey, and being unable to get your things in your trunks.

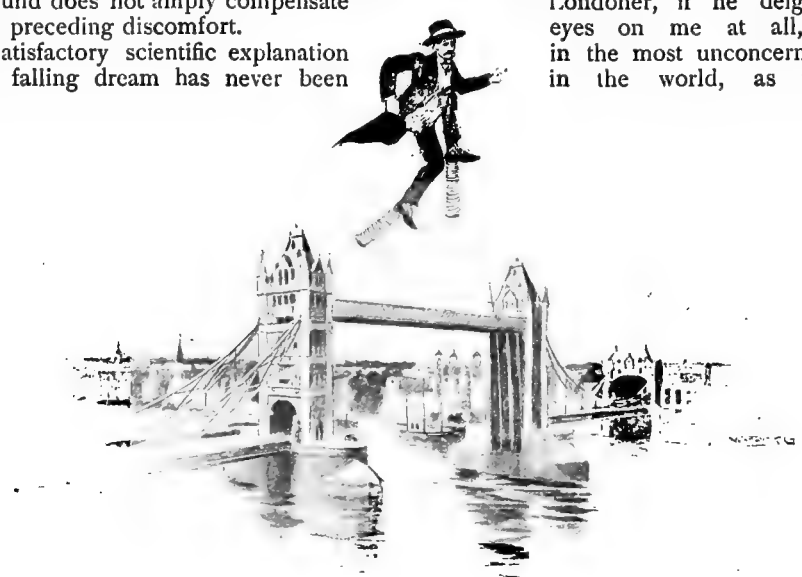
The falling dream is the most frequent of all, and full of interesting variations, the commonest occurring in that half doze which usually precedes sleep. You are generally standing, and about to take a step forward; then, somehow, you lose your equilibrium, the consequence being that you wake with a violent start which is followed by a delicious feeling of content when you find yourself safely in bed.

In the other two most ordinary varieties of the falling dream you imagine yourself precipitated down a flight of steps or dropping down a narrow black hole. Happily, people invariably awake before reaching the bottom. Both dreams may come under the heading of unpleasant, but it is doubtful whether the satisfaction you feel on finding yourself safe and sound does not amply compensate for the preceding discomfort.

A satisfactory scientific explanation of the falling dream has never been discovered—at least so far as I am aware. The following in Mr. Hutchinson's book is ingenious but not very plausible. The writer, who is evidently a disciple of Darwin, suggests that the dream may be a weird reminiscence of the time when our ape-like ancestors slept on the branches of trees and in moments of unusually sound slumber, lost balance and tumbled to the ground like ripe apples. Well! well!

That the flying dream is one of the most enjoyable you, who have been happy enough to experience it, will readily agree. It generally takes the form of what may be described as a delicious swim in the air. For the usual position of the dreamer is essentially that of a swimmer, and it is with actions very similar to swimming that he urges himself along. He seldom rises very high, but skims forward a few feet above the ground.

A friend who often experiences this dream tells me that his flights always take place above the London streets—the Strand for preference—at a height of about fifteen or twenty feet. "The dream," he tells me, "would be perfectly enjoyable were it not for the irritation and disappointment I feel at the stolid indifference with which the man in the street regards my prodigious feat! I always start my flight with the exultant assurance that now at last I shall attract widespread notice and admiration. But the Londoner, if he deigns to cast eyes on me at all, does so in the most unconcerned manner in the world, as though an



A weird dream—in which the dreamer travelled half across Europe with a pair of "spring heel" boots.

Digitized by Google

aerial swimmer were quite an everyday spectacle."

One of the queerest dreams I ever had was so closely connected with flight that I should not omit to mention it here. I dreamed that I had invented the most wonderful pair of "spring-heel boots" the world has ever seen. Sitting on a bench in Hyde Park, I fixed them on to my feet and started on a mad career. The boots, I remember distinctly, had immensely long springs, much the same in appearance as those which animate Jacks-in-the-box. I had only to press one of these to the ground, and, hey presto! I was shot over roof and tree top, alighting after a protracted flight only to spring once more into the air.

In this fashion I must have travelled half across Europe; for it was sometimes London, sometimes the country, sometimes France, sometimes Germany, through which I took my erratic way

So much for the flying dream. The dream of more or less inadequate clothing, which comes third in Mr. Hutchinson's classification, is less common than those just described. But I have met several people who seem to be quite familiar with it, and I myself remember distinctly having dreamed it at least on one occasion.

In this dream the dreamer was first of all pursued by a policeman, then by a huge blue raven, but happily he awoke before being caught.

In my case the dream led me in my sleeping garments down a hill in Guernsey, on the top of which I had lived years ago. Now, the Guernsey hill had fields on either side of it, hedges, and trees; the hill in my dream was bordered with houses; and yet I told myself that this was the Guernsey hill, and, as far as I remember, felt as little astonishment at its novel aspect as I did in the dream of the magic flower garden which I have already described.

My strongest sensation was one of dread lest anybody should see me in my airy costume, and I was acutely conscious of the cold. When I awoke I found that I had kicked off my bedclothes, and that a strong draught was blowing on me from the open window.

A friend tells me of a vivid dream of inadequate clothing which visits him at intervals and with few essential variations. Dressed in a pink flannel shirt embellished with epaulettes of a bygone fashion—this and nothing else, poor man!—he enters a magnificent hall brilliantly illuminated with thousands of candles and full of a most stately company—the *élite* of the land, to judge from their appearance, though their faces are happily quite unknown to the dreamer.

"And every time I enter that hall I suffer the most excruciating mental torture. I am overwhelmingly conscious of my ridiculous costume, and yet I am somehow forced to walk right into the centre of the brilliant throng. Queerly enough, nobody takes the slightest notice of me." Truly, a supernaturally well-bred company! And strictly between ourselves, dear reader, I am inclined to believe that this dream is sent to my friend by a humorous providence in order to teach him a very necessary lesson. For of all men I have ever met he is the most painfully careful of appearances, and the most fearful of that silly bogie, the opinion of others, which sensible

Digitized by Google

A horrible dream of being lost in a forest of "devil-trees."

folk (like you and me) don't care a rap about.

Illustrative of the dream of some beast or injurious person that is pursuing one, another friend tells me of a very unpleasant experience which roused him, perspiring with terror, not very long ago in the small hours of the morning. Walking peaceably along the street—he earnestly assures me he had been breaking none of the commandments—he happened to turn his head, when lo! an infurated "bobby" hot in his wake, and brandishing *a sword!*

Sheer panic—not an evil conscience, he would have us believe—gave wings to his feet and away he sped at a supernatural rate.

Digitized by Google

After a while he glanced over his shoulder; the "bobby" was no longer there, but in his stead was a huge blue bird, which save for its colour, had the general appearance of a raven, "but which for some mystic reason, I connected with my tailor. I fled on, but felt that the dreadful beast was gaining on me with every step, and the last thing I remember before waking was the consciousness that a pair of huge, half-outstretched wings seemed about to encompass me."

There is one point about the dream which seems to me singularly apt—I mean the connection between the raven and the tailor. For are not both creatures peculiarly rapacious, and should either pursue you, is he not always armed with a bill?

Another weird specimen of the escaping dream was told me lately by a young lady who declares that it is the only dream she has ever remembered, and one, moreover, that she is never likely to forget. She is an admirable hand at yarning, so I can't very well do better than give the dream in her own words.

"In my dream," she says, "I found myself roaming about on some very wild hills overlooking a broad river. As far as I can remember I was dressed in an ordinary riding habit, for what reason I cannot say. I had neither been riding, nor was a horse near at hand.

"Happening to glance down the river, I was terribly startled to see a whole fleet of vessels pushing rapidly upstream. They were shaped like Roman galleys, and each was crammed with men in antique armour.

"'The Romans have invaded Britain,' I told myself, and gathering up my skirts, fled away from the river as fast as my legs could carry me.

"Darkness must have fallen on my flight, for after a while I found myself in a forest under a dead black sky, the only light there was being diffused by the trees, which gave out a weird, phosphorescent glimmer. I think I must have raced some time through this mystic wood, my one thought being to get away from the invading Romans, when I perceived that each tree was alive, was a 'devil-tree,' in fact—one of those appalling and happily legendary monsters with tentacles instead of branches and very carnivorous appetites.

"Immediately this unpleasant knowledge dawned on me, the 'devil-trees' seem to have become aware of my presence and began stretching out their horrid arms to catch me. Of the rest of the dream all I can recollect is a frightful impression of massed and tangled tentacles, and myself, mad with terror, scratching, biting, kicking and tearing myself free."

A remarkable instance of the dream of being drawn to some dangerous place occurred, I remember, to a French boy, boarding at the same school as myself. Night after night in succession he roused the dormitory with frightful and prolonged screams, and those who rushed to his bedside found him in such a state of terror that it was impossible to touch, or even get near, him; he struck at you, bit and scratched like a maniac. This lasted a few minutes only, and when it passed off the poor boy was so exhausted as to be almost unconscious.

The reason of these fits was, I heard afterwards, a horrible dream of being drawn towards the crater of a volcano which belched vast globes of red fire. The boy was put under medical treatment, and left the school after a term of rather mysterious seclusion.

The dream of having a darling wish gratified! Come now, have we not all experienced it some time or other? And together with its miserable sequel—the awakening to the grey old world of reality—is it not the saddest dream of all? Personally, I have dreamed it often enough, and have always opened my eyes with that unhappy sense of disillusion we all of us know only too well. And I suppose I shall go on dreaming it until the darling wish has been really gratified—in which case, I fear, I must be content with dreams to the end of the chapter. What a sad world it is!

Mr. Hutchinson's seventh dream, that of starting on a journey and being unable to get your things into your trunk, I, personally, have never experienced, nor, as yet have I met anyone who has. But as it is evidently a stock dream, many of you, doubtless, know all about it. And I don't think I envy you your superior knowledge if the dream is at all like the reality!

Well, I should dearly like to talk on a long while still, for the subject of dreams is very fascinating, is it not? and lends itself so admirably to an endless comfortable chat. But you, I daresay, and my friend the editor, I know, have had quite enough; so if you should happen to read this article in the evening, as is only right and proper, all that remains to be said is *Schlafen sie wohl!* which is, as you know, the German for—Sleep well!

Digitized by Google

The Consolation Stakes

The Story of a Breach of Promise Case.

By M. McDonnell Bodkin.

Robyn Hood chose the Bar for a profession. His father wanted him to vegetate as squire elect, waiting till death promoted him. His mother wanted him to be a soldier.

Robyn differed from both. He had no relish for idleness, in uniform or out of it. He was in no hurry for his father's death, or his own, and there was nothing in the least romantic, he thought, in being shot down in a crowd for no particular reason, by an unseen enemy a mile away.

His father took his disappointment placidly, as was his wont, making the very easy stipulation that Robyn would each year give a month to the shooting, and a month to the hunting at Sherwood Hall.

His mother Robyn convinced by ingenious argument.

"You see," he said, "I will best be able to—to—well, let us say to do charity in the old-fashioned Robyn Hood fashion as a lawyer."

"That's not the lawyer's reputation, Robyn. They steal more from the poor than from the rich."

"But I needn't do that, mum, and I promise you I won't. I have money enough of my own, and I'll play the game for the game's sake—for love, if you like that word better. I'll give the honest poor a lift when I can, and the greedy rich a tumble."

A kiss closed the controversy and sealed his mother's consent to his choice.

His somewhat curious notion of the opportunities of the profession were vindicated in his very first case.

He had been some months "practising"—or waiting for practice. The process was not laborious. Robyn sat reading light literature in an inner chamber while a clerk made pretence to work in the outer. He was a staid, grave, middle-aged man, was the clerk, and his pretence was more effective than other people's work.

"Mr. Cornelius D. Macken," said the clerk one morning, holding the door open with ceremonious dignity as for the head of a firm of City solicitors at least.

A tall, rather good-looking young fellow, well dressed, yet not too well dressed, stepped before the clerk into the room and closed the door after him.

At the sound of the name Robyn put the French novel down, and swung round on the cushioned chair to greet him.

"Morning, Corney; squattez vous. Halloa!"—his voice changed as he caught sight of the glum face of his visitor—"you look

Copyright, 1902, in the United States of America, by C. Arthur Pearson Ltd.

Digitized by Google

like a clouded full moon. What's up now?"

"Everything is up," responded Cornelius with dismal brevity, as he dropped heavily into a seat close beside a side table with soda syphon and whisky decanter on it.

"A girl, of course?"

Cornelius nodded silently, tragically.

"Little Lily Lavin?" said Robyn.

"How the blazes did you know that?" roused to sudden animation. "Who told you?"

"My own eyes told me, of course," Robyn answered placidly. "I saw you looking at her from a box in the Merriment Theatre; that was enough."

"Oh, Robyn; she's the sweetest, truest, prettiest, dearest——"

"Cut that short, old man. Mark it as 'said'; they all are. But I rather think she is a trifle over the average."

Cornelius gave him a sidelong, suspicious look, as a boy who caught another poaching near a bird's nest he had just found.

"Do you know her?" he asked gruffly.

"Only as the audience knows the stage. Oh, go on, like a decent fellow. She is a particularly nice style of girl, but she is not my style."

Cornelius didn't know whether to be annoyed or relieved.

"Shows your bad taste," he said. "I'm crazed about her."

"So I guessed; go on, go on."

"My heart is broken."

"Then she doesn't care for you; loves another chap, perhaps?"

"Other chap be blowed!" cried Cornelius indignantly. "She loves me dearly, as I love her. We have been engaged for over six months. I'm the happiest fellow in the whole world."

"Then why in the name of fortune are you broken-hearted?" inquired Robyn, pertinently enough.

The beaming face of Cornelius relapsed into gloom.

"It's the 'gov,'" he said dismally.

"Nonsense! Chaps don't break their hearts about 'govs' when the best girl is all right," said Robyn.

"Don't chaff, like a decent fellow; it's too confoundedly serious. The 'gov' refuses his consent, and says he'll cut me off without a shilling if I marry without it. I could earn an income, of course—after a while."

"After a while," Robyn assented gravely.

"Meanwhile, I could live on sixpence a day quite comfortably."

"Quite comfortably," Robyn repeated with immovable gravity.

Cornelius D. Macken looked up quickly in his face, but it was as grave as his voice. Cornelius's allowance was two thousand a year, and he was in debt.

"So far as I am myself concerned," he added, after an awkward pause.

"Of course," said Robyn, with the ghost of a smile. "It would just suit you, but I doubt if Miss Lily Lavin would care particularly for threepence-a-day diet."

"You are wrong there, old chap, you are, indeed. Lily wants to get married at once, to spite the governor. It's I that am hanging back. It's a confounded awkward situation for me."

"Confounded awkward. She might slap a breach of promise action at you any moment."

"She wouldn't do that." He smiled at the bare notion of it, but it was an uneasy smile. "She knows how I love her."

"Love doesn't count in a law court. Any letters?"

"Lots. Of course we wrote sometimes; that is, I did; four times in the day."

"Poetry?"

Cornelius blushed to the roots of his blonde hair in mute confession of the poetry.

"It will all sound very pretty before a jury," said Robyn drily.

"Now you are getting at me, old man," said Cornelius. "Lil would never do such a thing."

"When girls have rights they generally use them," Robyn retorted sententiously. "You'd have to own up and your governor would have to pay up, that's all."

"Oh, the 'gov' would be willing enough to pay any amount to get me out of 'the scrape,' as he calls it. But the thing is absurd. Lil would never dream of it."

"Give her the chance," said Robyn laconically. "Tell her what I told you and await results."

"By Jove! I will, and we will laugh together at the notion. I say, Hood, you are a Job's comforter when a chap is down on his luck."

Cornelius finished his whisky and soda, lit a second cigarette, and disappeared.

He had another visitor at a still earlier hour next day.

"My dear Miss Lavin," he cried, as he leaped up from his seat to welcome her, "this is indeed a treat. Not at home to anyone, Jeremiah"—this to the grave-faced clerk.

Digitized by Google

"Now sit down and make yourself comfortable. No, the easy chair. Allow me to take your bag; it's pretty heavy. I fancy I can guess what's in it."

"Now to business, if you please, Mr. Hood. I came about our case, of course."

"Our case! I didn't even know that you and I had a case. Yet——"

"Don't chaff, please," she retorted sweetly. "It isn't professional. This is strict biz. Corney told me all about your talk yesterday. Isn't he innocent? He hadn't a glimmer of what your little game was.

"Mr. Robyn Hood," she continued with sudden formality, "I desire to engage you as my counsel in an action for breach of promise of marriage."

Then with a sudden sob and catch in her voice: "He has trifled most shamefully with my young affections, and broken my sensitive heart. How will that do for the jury?"

There were tears, actual tears, in the bright brown eyes, but the laughter shone through them.

"A little too, too," he answered critically; "but you'll improve, no doubt, on rehearsal. Remember, it's tragedy you've got to play this time, Miss Lavin, not light comedy, and you must play your level best, for there will be a full house, I promise you; and big pay, or I'm no judge. But I cannot take a retainer from you."

"No?" she said, with a sudden clouding of the bright face. "Why not? Surely Corney hasn't been beforehand with me?"

"Oh, it's not that," he answered, smiling; "but I can only act through a solicitor—professional etiquette, you know, and all that kind of thing."

"But the solicitor will get you for me."

"Well, yes, if you insist on it."

"You bet I will!"

"Probably he will strongly recommend someone else; some counsel of experience and—ahem!—reputation, whom he is in the habit of employing."

"He can keep on recommending. I have the call—haven't I?"

"Well, yes."

"Then you're my man."

"Do you mean that professionally, Miss Lavin—or——"

"Business! business!" she cried, holding up a reproving forefinger. "I have got here a bag of what you lawyers call documents. They are just the cream of the collection. Can you look at them now?"

Curiosity conquered etiquette.

"Well, as a lawyer, it would be hardly regular, but as a friend——"

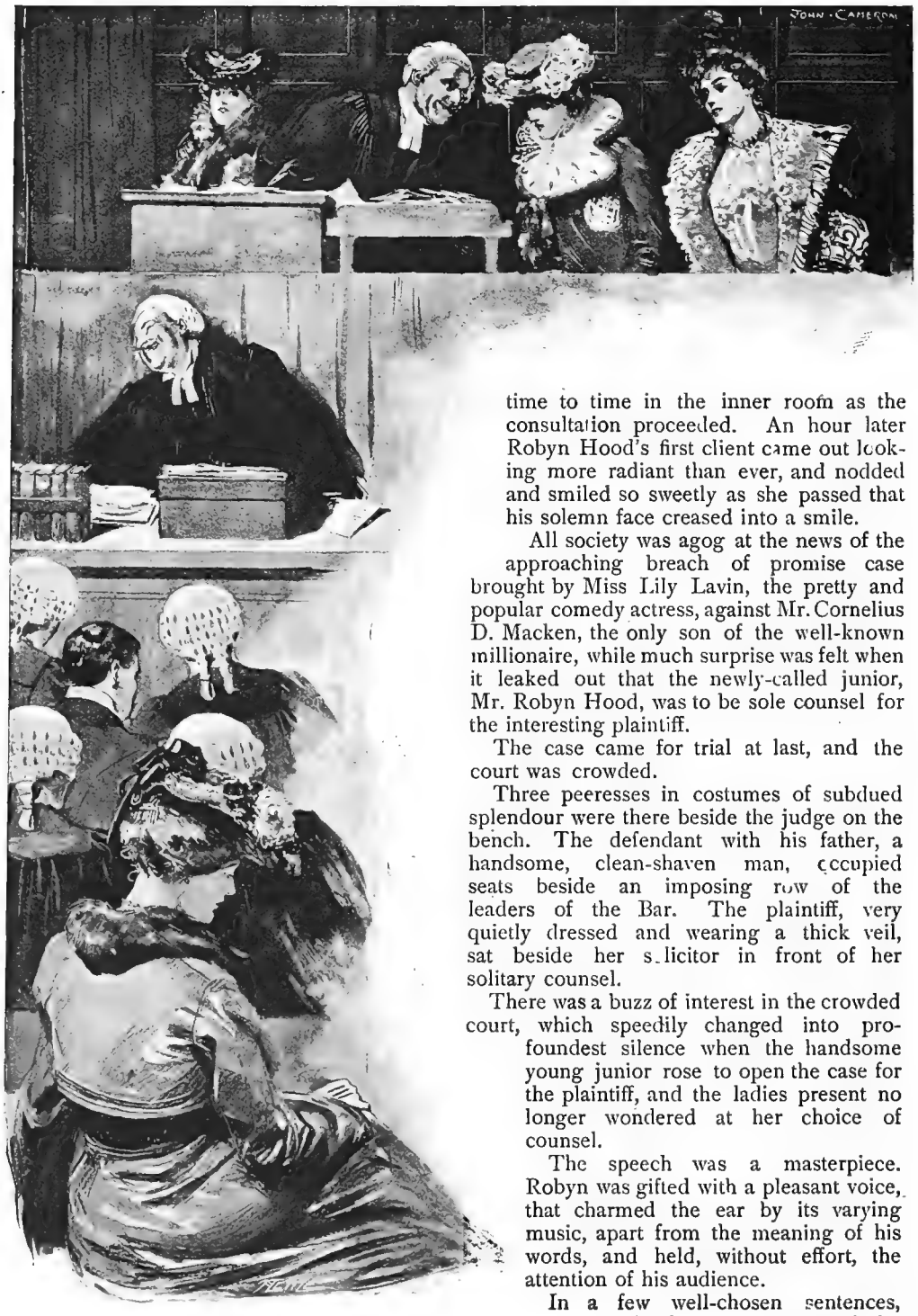
"All right, as a friend, then."

She took the Russian leather bag by the corners as she spoke and emptied out a pile of letters on the table.

The serious clerk heard a light ripple of laughter from

"He has trifled most shamefully with my young affections, and broken my sensitive heart.

Google



Even the grave-faced judge condescended to smile.

time to time in the inner room as the consultation proceeded. An hour later Robyn Hood's first client came out looking more radiant than ever, and nodded and smiled so sweetly as she passed that his solemn face creased into a smile.

All society was agog at the news of the approaching breach of promise case brought by Miss Lily Lavin, the pretty and popular comedy actress, against Mr. Cornelius D. Macken, the only son of the well-known millionaire, while much surprise was felt when it leaked out that the newly-called junior, Mr. Robyn Hood, was to be sole counsel for the interesting plaintiff.

The case came for trial at last, and the court was crowded.

Three peeresses in costumes of subdued splendour were there beside the judge on the bench. The defendant with his father, a handsome, clean-shaven man, occupied seats beside an imposing row of the leaders of the Bar. The plaintiff, very quietly dressed and wearing a thick veil, sat beside her solicitor in front of her solitary counsel.

There was a buzz of interest in the crowded court, which speedily changed into profoundest silence when the handsome young junior rose to open the case for the plaintiff, and the ladies present no longer wondered at her choice of counsel.

The speech was a masterpiece. Robyn was gifted with a pleasant voice, that charmed the ear by its varying music, apart from the meaning of his words, and held, without effort, the attention of his audience.

In a few well-chosen sentences, Robyn told of the inception of the defendant's wooing. He had se[illegible] the

Digitized by Google

plaintiff on the stage and admired her, as did all who had the good fortune to see her.

But the defendant's admiration speedily warmed into love. He was constant, eager, importunate in his suit. His earnestness won his way to a heart that was besieged by so many adorers. The plaintiff had no idea of his brilliant prospects when she accepted him. She believed him to be honest, tender, and true. Oh, how bitterly she was deceived — how basely she was deserted!

At this there was a murmur of sympathy in court.

Poor Cornelius crimsoned. His fists clenched hard and he scowled fiercely at the young advocate whom he had once regarded as his friend.

But Robyn went on, blandly unconscious.

"The defendant," he said, "does not look like a poet." The opera glasses were all instantly levelled at the blushing face of the unhappy defendant, and there was a ripple of laughter in court. Even the grave-faced judge condescended to smile.

"You may judge, then, gentlemen of the jury," Robyn continued, "of the intensity of the passion which inspired the defendant to poetry. I shall not attempt to read to you all the letters he wrote," —there was visible disappointment in court—"to do so would necessitate an adjournment over the Long Vacation. We will submit them to your inspection in bulk."

Here the solicitor for the plaintiff emptied on the table from a capacious black bag a huge pile of letters, all neatly tied in packages with bands of blue and pink ribbon. Again the court rippled with merriment, and Cornelius blushed more furiously than ever; but the young advocate never so much as smiled.

"My client," he went on, "cherished those passionate, if not always well-written, or correctly spelled, declarations of devotion as her dearest possession."

His client hid her face in her hand and shook with emotion.

"A few choice specimens," continued Robyn, "retained from the pile I hold in my hands, and with his lordship's permission I will read to you.

"'My own ducky darling Lily Pilly,'" Robyn gravely proceeded, wholly unmoved by the tittering in court,—"'Your Corney boy has not slept a wink last night, dreaming of his dear little diddle-dums:

"'I would I were a chocolate cream
To touch your lips so sweet,
My Lily Dilly then might deem
Her Corney nice to eat;
For when I think of you, my dear,
My heart goes pitty-pat;
I always wish to have you near,
You may be sure of that.
And if you love me, Lily, true,
As I love you, my pet,
In spite of all the world can do
We will be married yet.'

In the concluding line, gentleman," said Robyn gravely, at the close of a burst of laughter, "you find there is a distinct promise. You will observe, when the letter is passed up to your box, instead of a signature, several cabalistic signs—crosses, in short—which possibly your experience may enable you to interpret. One other letter, and I am done.

"'My own ownest Di Do Duck of Diamonds,—Wear this little brooch for my sake. The diamonds in it will be ashamed when they look at your eyes.

"'They—your eyes I mean, of course—dazzle me so I can see nothing else afterwards. But I don't want to see anything else but you, my Tid dle Tums, always and for ever. I hate the thought that anyone should have leave to look at you except myself. I'd like to put you into a gold cage and feed you all day with sugar and love.'

"A pleasant prospect, gentlemen, but just a little monotonous, perhaps. Again the defendant breaks out into poetry:

"'My own dear Lily,
It drives me silly
Whenever I think of you;
For day and night
You're my delight,
Whatever you say or do.
Of food or drink
I never think,
As you may plainly see;
For, Lily, dear,
To have you near
Is food and drink to me.
I'll never part
From you, sweetheart,
Whatever may come to pass;
But I can't explain
My heart's deep pain—
I'm such a blooming ass.'"

The last line was too much for the court, which went off in a shout of laughter. It was fully five minutes before Robyn was able to resume his speech.

"I will not quarrel," he said, "with the defendant's description of himself, though perhaps a harsher word might better fit his

Digitized by Google

subsequent conduct. His 'hot love' quickly burned itself away. A word from his father sufficed to make him desert his sweetheart.

"Money was the motive of his desertion. She was beautiful, virtuous, true; but she was poor, and therefore no fit bride for the only son of a millionaire. The father arrogantly commanded; the son submissively obeyed. It is for you, gentlemen of the jury, to express, in the only fashion the law allows, your opinion of the proceeding. The father has, I understand, declared that he cares not what price it costs to save his son from this entanglement. His riches are beyond count. It is for you to fix the price he has got to pay."

The judge was indulgent to the applause that followed the close of the speech. Even in the jury-box there was a suspicious stamping of feet.

Miss Lily gave her evidence with a dove-like demureness that won all hearts. Her voice was very low, but very clear. There was no trace of anger on the one hand, or of flippancy on the other; only the sorrowful resignation of a broken-hearted girl. The performance would have made her fortune on the stage.

Both the defendant and his father, to the surprise of every one, were suddenly called as witnesses for the plaintiff.

Cornelius was too simple and loyal to utter one word of complaint or reproach against the girl of his heart. He confessed his own assiduous wooing. He believed the plaintiff, he said, to be a true-hearted, virtuous girl. It was his father that prevented the marriage, and he could find none but a mercenary motive for his father's conduct.

There was a certain pity and sympathy excited by his manly simplicity. But it only intensified the general indignation against the father, who had meanly marred this most interesting love-match.

He had the grace to look heartily ashamed and uncomfortable, with all eyes fixed on him as he sat in the witness-chair.

Under Robyn's skilful treatment he made a lamentable exhibition of himself. Though he wasn't in reality a purse-proud man, he was made to appear as a heartless, mercenary tyrant. Robyn put objectionable words into his mouth, which, in his nervousness, he adopted for his own.

"The girl," he said, "was a good enough girl in her way, but she was no wife for his son. Yes, it was he stopped the marriage, and he was not ashamed of himself. He was able and ready to pay for what he had done."

At the heel of this bumptious declaration the millionaire was turned ignominiously out of the witness-box. For one glance at the jury told Robyn that he would be taken at his word so far as payment was concerned.

Robyn's closing speech was brief and passionate, without a touch of levity. The judge's charge was scarcely less passionate. The jury, without leaving the box, found a verdict for twelve thousand pounds, and the verdict was received with tumultuous applause in court and in the hall outside.

The day after the trial Robyn had yet another visitor in his chambers—a decent young fellow enough, but terribly conscious of the splendour of his regiment—the Guards.

"Sit down and have a drink, Warner," quoth Robyn. "Any news?"

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Hood," retorted the other stiffly, "but I have no claim to your hospitality. I came with a message from my friend, Mr. Cornelius D. Macken."

"Well, what's up with him now?"

"He requires satisfaction at your hands. If you cross over together by the morning's boat to Boulogne you can easily—— But I need not trouble you with those details if you will kindly refer me to your friend."

"Will you kindly tell Corney, with my compliments, not to make an ass of himself?"

"Sir!"

"Well, you need not put it that way if you do not like. Tell him, then, that if he does not come to these chambers within a week to apologise to me, I will pink or shoot—whichever he pleases."

"This is most unusual—most irregular," he said with intensified stiffness.

"That cannot be helped, old man. Don't be so bloodthirsty. It merely postpones the killing for a week, if the worst comes to the worst. Sure you won't have a drink? Good morning."

Three days later, before the staid clerk could rise from his chair to announce him, Corney himself burst impetuously into the chambers, flushed and radiant.

"Come to kill me, Corney?" queried Robyn laughingly.

"How can I ever thank you, old man?" blurted out the excited Cornelius.

"That's the lie of the country, is it—not bloodshed? Tell me all about it."

"But why didn't you two tell me at the beginning?"

"Because you'd have spoiled our little

Digitized by Google

game with your honesty. Go on, man—go on. What happened after the trial?"

"There's little to tell, but the little is good. The 'gov.' did not seem half pleased with himself when he got his own way. He was silent or snarling all the time. 'She's a nice little girl,' he said that evening, 'and you're a confounded young fool.' Then he sat down and sent her right away a cheque for thirteen 'thou'—a thousand for the costs, you know. But that's not my story.

"As I was sitting early this morning on a quiet seat in the park, dead down on my luck and longing to put a bullet through you, old man, who do you think popped down beside me quite close?"

"I can guess."

"Well, she whipped the cigarette out of my mouth and tossed it away on the grass. Then she popped the question to me just the same way as I had popped it to her; called me her dearest, sweetest angel, and all that sort of thing, and swore she couldn't live without me. Then she kissed me all of a sudden—the first time of her own accord. 'We'll get married next week, my beloved Corney,' she said.

"'But I haven't a brass farthing, Lil,' I answered. I hardly knew whether I was on my head or my heels.

"'You silly boy, you forget I'm a matrimonial catch: I've got enough for two; I lodged your father's cheque in our joint names this morning. Run away now, and get Mr. Robyn Hood to be best man, or I won't marry you.' So here I am."

"I'll be delighted, old chap. May I bring a special friend to the wedding?"

"Do I know your friend?"

"Well, yes, I think you do a little, and you'll be glad to see him; but I'm not quite sure he'll come, though."

But he did come. Robyn found Mr. Macken, senior, much easier to persuade than he had hoped.

When he heard that Lil with her thirteen thousand and her profession was going to marry his son without a penny or the chance of making it, he gave in at once.

"She's the right sort," he said, "and I'll be there."

But he kept in the background during the ceremony in the church.

It was only in the sacristy, when Robyn stepped forward briskly to claim the best man's privilege, a strong hand put him quietly aside.

"The father first," said the deep voice of Mr. Macken, senior, as he saluted his new daughter in fatherly fashion.

"That's what I get for my good nature," Robyn said plaintively to the blushing bride.

She blushed rosier still as she answered:

"The lawyer is worthy of his fee," and paid it, while Cornelius looked on approvingly.

"I beg your pardon, Mr Hood," retorted the other stiffly, **"but I have no claim to your hospitality."**

Digitized by Google

A MASTER OF MAKE-UP

Some Secrets of Mr. Beerbohm Tree's Marvellous Impersonations.

By Marcus Woodward.

Photo, London Stereoscopic.
Mr. H. Beerbohm Tree, the most versatile of actors, as himself.

Photo, Langfier.
Tree as Herod. In this part he wears the most expensive of all his costumes—one that cost £200, and is ornamented with real stones. His face, arms, and even his breast are deeply stained with brown.

In Mr. Tree's minute dressing-room in His Majesty's Theatre—it measures, at a guess, about five yards by four—there hangs on the wall opposite the door a mirror, on which two studies of heads have been painted—studies so vivid, so clever, that they at once hold the eyes of those who are fortunate enough to visit the great actor in his inner sanctuary, after a performance.

The heads have been painted in grease-paint—delightful stuff, by the way, to work with on glass. The one on the right is by Sir Philip Burne-Jones, and is a study of Tree as Svengali, done in the days of "Trilby." The other is the head of Mr. Lionel Brough, as made up for the part of Bardolph. It is the work of Mr. Tree himself, and thereby hangs a moral.

For this sketch reveals one of Mr. Tree's talents that is little known—his extraordinary skill as an impressionist artist. Tree, as a fact, is a marvellous caricaturist. He will catch a speaking likeness with half-a-dozen strokes. And in this talent lies one of the chief reasons of his success in "making-up."

Tree should be numbered among the greatest portrait-painters. His masterpieces are done on a smooth, thin, pallid, ascetic face, with a high forehead, a straight nose, and a big, mobile mouth—a face marked with three prominent lines, one between the eyes, one running downwards from either side of the nose. Setting to work on this face, with grease-paints, rouges, black pencils and powders, in three or four minutes, after vigorous rubbings with the hands, slap-dash strokes with paints apparently at random, a careful little touch here with the pencil, a bold sweeping stroke there, he will transform it into the jolliest, roundest, coarsest countenance that ever moved in sympathy with Falstaff's broad

Digitized by Google

jests since Shakespeare created the jovial knight.

Or, as readily, with a few strokes, he will transform the pallid face into the heroic mould of an Ulysses—or into the face of an age-stricken Rip Van Winkle, a haughty Malvolio, or the face of a Herod who out-Herods all conceptions of the Jewish King.

Though everyone knows with what art Tree merges his own self into the personalities that he makes to live on the stage, few realise the extraordinary skill with which he paints the portraits, before he endows them with life. His system of making up is on the principle of gaining the greatest effects with the fewest strokes. As easily and quickly as he can make his face appear like fat, jovial Falstaff's, he can change it into that of the hollow-cheeked, lantern-jawed Gringoire, of "The Balladmonger," or into that of the tall, thin Malvolio—the characters that offer the greatest contrast to Falstaff.

In this connection, hear a story. It happened three or four years ago that Tree was giving a matinée benefit performance at the Haymarket, in which the great Frenchman, Coquelin, was displaying his powers in a favourite *rôle*. Tree, made up as Falstaff, met Coquelin in the wings. The French actor was spellbound in his admiration of Tree's appearance. After taking in every point, "Excuse me," he said at last, "I must really see how your cheeks are padded," and he tapped Tree's cheeks with his fingers. Then he fell back, overcome with astonishment. "*Sacré nom!*" he exclaimed, "there is nothing."

Nor were the cheeks padded in any way, in spite of their vast appearance. The effect of fatness Tree gains entirely with his paints, never resorting to layers of plaster or pads of wadding.

Probably no actor spends less time in making-up than does Tree. He has never been known to spend more than ten minutes in painting his face for Falstaff, or more than five minutes in dressing. One dresser only assists him in the task.

And even the dresser could not describe in exact detail how Tree makes up his face; one might watch the process a thousand times without being any the wiser. What happens in outline is this:

Seating himself at his little dressing-table, he rubs a ground-work grease-paint into every crevice of his face; glaring into the little looking-glass, he applies, one after the other, the half-dozen little sticks of colours that lie on the table; grabbing up a fringe of white whiskers and beard, he fastens it in place with a drop or two of spirit-gum.

Then a white wig is crammed on the head,

Mr. Tree as Ulysses; every curl of his wig was made separately.

Photos, London Stereoscopic.

Mr. Tree is very life-like in the part of an old man in "A Village Priest."

Digitized by Google

Photo, Biograph Co.

The great contrast between Tree as the young and the old Rip Van Winkle. To insure exact reality, Tree ordered duplicate perfect costumes to be made in the first place—one to wear as the young Rip——

and a thin white moustache is attached to the upper lip; and now, dexterously, freely, here, there, everywhere, over head and face and beard, powder is scattered, new effects appear —and the make-up of the face is complete.

It has been done by instinct, and probably Tree himself could not say more.

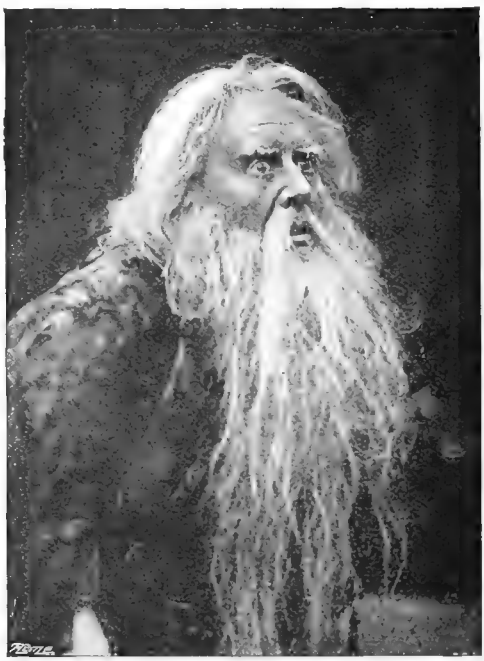
To cast off conventional clothing, and don a suit of the thinnest conceivable underwear next the skin, is a matter of seconds. Then the dresser picks up a suit, which, when lying over a chair, appears more like a mattress than anything else — so thickly padded is it with horse-hair. This enormous garment covers body, arms, and legs. Another strange-looking garment is taken in hand—an arrangement of gutta-percha, so made that it can be inflated with air until it swells out into a size large enough to fill Falstaff's gigantic waist-belt.

The outer garments are quickly put over the inflated air-bag—the long coat and the big cloak, the great baggy top-boots and the gauntlets—and the tall, slim Tree, lurches out of the dressing-room as the short, enormously fat Sir John Falstaff, ready for any adventure with the merry Windsor wives.

And when the wives have done with him, and the curtain has been rung down finally, one may conceive how ready he is for the three baths that he invariably takes to restore freshness—one hot, one cold, and one of eau-de-Cologne.

And *apropos* of Tree's costumes I am told an extraordinary instance of the conscientious way in which every detail is perfected. It sometimes happens that a costume, originally fresh and clean, must become soiled and bedraggled in the course of a play. In a case of this kind Tree invariably orders duplicate perfect costumes to be made in the first place. On one he then sets to work to make it as shabby as the nature of the case requires — sometimes falling upon it with knives and scissors, ripping it to shreds, and douching it with water, or smearing it with paint—so that in the end it shall be in a perfectly natural state of damage.

This treatment he meted out to one of a pair of perfect Falstaff costumes, so that after he has "lived to be carried in a basket, like a barrow of butcher's offal, and to be thrown in the Thames"—as the action of the play requires—his appearance is true to Nature. In "Rip Van Winkle," too, he first appears



Photo, Biograph Co

——the other to tear and soil until it became as the natural dress of a man who has slept for twenty years on the mountains. The wonderful effect of age is largely obtained by the free use of powders on face and hair, Tree probably gaining greater effects with powders when making-up than any other actor.

Digitized by Google

in the dress of a young man. The dress he wears when he awakes after his twenty years' sleep was originally a duplicate, though now so worn and threadbare that it would hardly be recognised.

All Mr. Tree's methods are stamped with originality—are utterly different from those of other actors. Compare the ten minutes that he never exceeds when "making-up" with the hour that Sir Henry Irving spends on his make-up when playing "Waterloo."

Again, Mr. Tree studies neither the manner in which he shall play a part, nor his make-up for the part. He has never been known to declaim speeches in private, or to practise gestures before a looking-glass—a knowledge of the thing to do and the way to do it comes to him by instinct when he first reads a part through.

His memory is uncanny. He learns a long part merely by reading it through two or three times, and when once learnt, it is never forgotten. A recent revival was a favourite piece, "The Red Lamp." Though Tree had not played it for twelve months, he did not find it necessary to refresh his memory in the slightest particular.

Photo, London Stereoscopic.

Tree at his fattest—as Falstaff. The huge bulk is obtained chiefly by the inflation of a hollow rubber suit beneath the outer garments; he does not pad his cheeks, but gets the effect of fatness with his paints.

Photo, Histed.

Tree at his thinnest—as Malvolio. Naturally tall and thin, the effect is heightened by the almost unrelieved blackness of the clothes, and by the protrusion of long, thin legs from a wide, baggy doublet. Tree, who hates wigs, in this case wears on his head only his natural hair.

Finally, a word as to wigs and noses. The great Clarkson has made some of his finest masterpieces for Mr. Tree. So perfect was the arrangement of the false hair and beard for Tree's Falstaff, that when Signor Verdi produced the Falstaff opera at Milan, he insisted on being supplied with an exact copy. The wonderful long white hair worn by Tree in "Rip Van Winkle" was secured only after all London had been searched for old people who would part with their natural white hair—and it was necessary to go abroad for some of the faded hair in this make-up.

For false noses, Mr. Tree has a great dislike. That which he wore when playing Svengali caused him endless trouble, more than once dropping off—and the false bridge to the nose that he wore at one time when playing Falstaff worried him so greatly that he prefers now to gain an effect of broadness by one of his magical touches with paint.

Google

THE SOUND OF A VOICE

By E. Burrowes.

I.

"Maxwell, if I were only as other men are —if I were not a miserable, helpless being— I'd work my level best to win that woman for my wife."

Above the babel of tongues which filled the great room, with its fashionable crowd of men and women who flocked to do honour to one of England's heroes, Bourke's emphatically spoken remark fell with distinctness on the ears of his friend.

"What do you mean, old fellow? What woman are you speaking of? You can't——"

He stopped short, and Terence Bourke laughed a little sadly.

"I can't see her, you were going to say, Jim; that's true enough, dear old chap. I never shall see her, but—I can hear her voice. And if it is possible for one to fall in love with a voice—with a person one has never seen—then that is just what I have done. Who is she, Jim? The woman who is standing rather to my left—with her back almost to us I should say, with a deep, soft, beautiful voice. That's the only description *I* can give you of her. But she can hardly be anything but good to look at with that voice, otherwise she would be an anomaly in Nature."

Maxwell looked about him with a puzzled frown wrinkling his forehead. He was as eyes to his friend, for Terence Bourke was blind.

In exactly the place where Bourke had pointed out with that marvellous acuteness which he was beginning to learn, Maxwell found the owner of the beautiful voice. She was standing with her back half turned to them, and he noted the lovely curves of her white arms, and the firm throat which rose straight as a pillar from her magnificently proportioned shoulders. The owner of such a voice—and such a figure—could not be anything but beautiful. Her soft, thrilling laugh rang out just then, and she turned towards them, as she moved to speak to someone. In that moment Maxwell caught sight of her face, and he started.

The impossible had happened with her; her voice—her figure—her very walk were perfection, but her face—he said to himself that she was surely the most hideous woman ever seen on earth. A moment later he modified his opinion, for her smile tore away the mask-like sternness which set her lips in a thin hard line, and gave a steely gleam to her deeply set eyes, and harsh lines to her ugly face. She was merely ugly. Even so—he glanced at Bourke, and for the first time he thought that where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise.

"Well," said Bourke's eager voice, "well, old chap, have you spotted her?"

"Yes—I have; her voice is the best part of her, old fellow; her figure and hair are magnificent, but——"

"That's enough; I knew she must be good to look at. Why, Jim, that voice would soothe the most savage animal spirit in a man's breast. I never heard the like. Who is she? Could you find out?"

"Of course I can. Pamela Dunbar is speaking to her now. I'll go and be introduced."

He made his way through the little throng amidst which he could see the owner of the

Copyright, 1902, in the United States of America, by C. Arthur Pearson Ltd.

Digitized by Google

beautiful voice and magnificent shoulders, talking to his old ally—and one whom some day he hoped to call something far dearer than that—Pamela Dunbar. A word in her ear was enough, and a moment later saw him bowing before the ugliest woman — she certainly was that—in the room.

"Miss Dallas—Captain Maxwell."

So the deed was done.

Joanna Dallas turned a pair of dark, keen eyes on Maxwell: she had seen and noticed him, as what woman did not? She noted the splendid physique and the delightful smile which had made so many friends for him, and as she spoke the beauty of her voice blinded him to the ugliness of feature and face colouring which was more than remarkable in her. He ventured tentatively to speak of Bourke, and she rose to the occasion with unconscious eagerness.

"Ah! He is blind, isn't he? Poor, poor fellow: yes, indeed, I have heard of him often, and I saw him a moment ago in that corner; yes, he is still there. What a terrible affliction to have come upon so brave a man?"

"If I might introduce him to you?"

"Please do," and that was how the owner of the beautiful voice was brought into Bourke's life.

"May I," he said, with repressed eagerness, as Maxwell came up to escort him home, "may I call on you, Miss Dallas?"

"Of course you may—I shall be glad to see you, and I am always at home on Sundays," said Miss Dallas, and Maxwell saw the look of tenderness which swept into her deep, dark eyes as they rested on the face of the blind man.

Bourke delivered himself of many sentiments that night as he and Maxwell walked slowly home through the soft June dusk. Once he pulled himself up sharply.

"But—I am forgetting my miserable state," he said, "you must think me mad, old fellow —but if only——"

"I know, dear old chap. But after all I don't see that *that* should debar you from happiness if the woman looks at it from the proper point of view. And if Miss Dallas is all you think she is—all I have always heard she is—she is not the woman to allow worldly considerations or the opinions of her neighbours to influence her life—or that of the man she loved. Courage, old chap!"

"Impossible!" said Bourke with emphasis. "It would be abominable to even dream of linking the life of that beautiful creature with that of a helpless, blind fellow—who is only fit to be led about by a dog at the end of a string! Think, man, what it would be—for nothing but pity could ever tempt a woman to such a sacrifice and—I will not be pitied!"

Maxwell was silent.

A vision rose before him of Joanna Dallas, and then he glanced at Bourke. *He* believed her to be the most beautiful thing in creation; he had fallen in love with the voice, and invested the body with all the beauty of that one attribute, and he, Maxwell, had not the cruelty or the courage to undeceive him.

He remembered an old saying: "What the eye does not see, the heart does not feel." After all, there was a blessedness in being blind. So he held his tongue, and forced himself to listen to Bourke's eulogies on the subject of Joanna Dallas which broke out now and again, as each week—almost each day—their intimacy grew and strengthened.

II.

"Next week," said Miss Dallas, with difficulty, "I—I am going away."

It was four o'clock on a warm July afternoon, some four weeks later. London was beginning to empty; the world and their respective wives were fleeing to the country, to cures abroad, to Scotland, and regions beyond the sea, in the search of rest after a particularly gay and tiring season.

"*Going away?*" echoed Bourke blankly, and found nothing else to say for a minute. It was such a blow — expected though it should have been, for who in their senses stays in London during the silly season? Certainly he was not going to, but he had not made his plans as yet; he was unconsciously waiting for Miss Dallas to give him a lead.

He suddenly awoke to the fact that she was speaking.

"I go first to Scotland and then to the country—you know I have a place in Devonshire, where I always like to spend the greater part of the summer and early autumn —and then I suppose I shall come back to town."

"And I must live—without you," said Bourke suddenly. The words seemed to be dragged from him almost against his will, and there was a momentary silence, during which he lived through an agony of mingled hope and despair. He could not see the look of rapture which swept over the woman's face; he could not guess that the happiness of all her life hung upon the balance of what the next moment would bring forth.

With the conviction strong upon him that this was madness and worse than madness—

Digitized by Google

for Bourke was almost morbid on the subject of his helplessness—he got up unsteadily from his chair.

"Then—this," he said slowly, "is—must be—good-bye?"

The light faded from Miss Dallas' eyes; with a supreme effort she gave him her hand, and he caught the tremor in her voice as she said:

"Yes—I suppose it is . . . ."

"Then—No! Joanna!—I can never say good-bye. Dear, is there any shadow of hope for me?"

"*Hope?* Ah! my dearest——"

And Terence Bourke entered into Eden.

* * * * *

Their marriage was a nine days' wonder. People called it the most romantic thing they had ever heard of. But to Bourke—and his friend, Maxwell—it was more than that. To the one it was a glimpse of Paradise and a never-ending source of blissful wonder, that he, Terence Bourke, should have won the love of so priceless and beautiful a woman as Joanna Dallas; to the other, it was the most pitiful of tragedies.

And to the woman herself? She lived in a golden dream out of which she felt that some day she must awake to the horror of reading disillusion in Bourke's face. She knew that he believed her to be the most beautiful thing on God's earth—and her mirror told her the ghastly truth every day. She had overheard someone ask whether there was any hope of Bourke's ever getting back his sight, and the answer had filled her with sudden terror.

"I don't think so; it is his earnest desire—his constant prayer, but——"

"Fortunately the gods do not grant all the prayers of men," said a man significantly; "are you going? Then, good-night."

* * * * *

Joanna Bourke sat alone in her room. It was the height of the season; she had half-a-dozen engagements for the afternoon, and some half dozen more for the night. Yet she sat still and quiet, waiting for a verdict which meant her life's happiness. She had never realised it so vividly as now.

The clang of a distant door—footsteps ascending the stairs—sent it flying away, to be replaced by tenderness and a terrible anxiety. There were times—more in number than the sands of the sea—when she thanked Heaven on her knees for Bourke's blindness. Yet she was not a selfish woman.

The door opened and Bourke came in. With a horrible sinking of her heart she saw at once the light on his face, a new vigour in his walk—the signs of hope confirmed and strengthened.

She forced herself to speak; the sound of her voice was always as beautiful music to his ears. He drew her down on the sofa at his side.

"Well, dearest?"

He smiled and patted her hand.

"It *is* well, little woman. More than well; Sir James gives every encouragement. He speaks of an operation, and—the return at last—please God—of my sight. It seems too good to be true, Joanna."

"*Too good!*" she echoed, and in her own ears her voice sounded harsh and strained, but Bourke noticed nothing. He went on talking, holding her hand in his, and driving, as it were, a knife into her heart with every word.

"He thinks it had better not be delayed; in fact, he spoke of coming to make arrangements with you about it in a day or two. I shall be very helpless at first, Joanna; I've grown so accustomed to the dark that I shall be dazzled by the light when it comes. But I shall have you, sweet, to be my guide—as you have been during these dark days."

"Have they been so dark?" she said passionately. "Terence—I—shudder when I think that—perhaps you may be disappointed—in me."

He slipped his arm round her with a happy laugh.

"In *you*, dear heart? *Impossible*. You will always be as you have always been, the dearest and the most beautiful of women. You will never know with what terrible longing I have longed to be able to see you. You, the noblest of women, to tie yourself to a blind log; I've been little else, but, please Heaven, there's a better time coming for us now, Joanna."

A better time!

Would there ever be as good a time as that one short, sweet year which they had spent together—in the dark? The knowledge that the time was near at hand when the veil would be torn from his blind eyes, when he would at last see her as others saw her—not in the light of his imagination—filled her with horror.

She looked at herself in the mirror and after the examination hid her face in her hands and wept surely the bitterest, most terrible tears that woman ever wept. Wept not only for herself and the happiness which hung by a slender thread, but for

Digitized by Google

Bourke. What disillusion would descend upon him! She was fully aware of all the hideousness with which she was so richly endowed. She had no delusions about the matter, and the only question which recurred to her again and again with horrible persistence was that unanswerable one:

"Could things be the same — *afterwards?*"

The specialist advised an immediate operation. Joanna saw him alone, and with difficulty framed the one question which she dared to ask.

"Is—is there any risk?"

The great man looked at her attentively. He had heard the strange story of the Bourke-Dallas marriage; he saw dimly the tragedy which was being played out, in which he was to take such a prominent part. His heart misgave him as he looked at Mrs. Bourke's strained face.

"Let me be quite frank with you, Mrs. Bourke; there *is* a certain amount of risk. Your husband's heart is not in quite as good a state as I should wish, but the danger is so slight that, seeing his intense anxiety about the matter, I advised the operation. Remember, I say, there *is* risk, I can say no more. With care and——"

"Nothing," said Mrs. Bourke, with difficulty, "could compensate me for—any accident. You understand what I mean, Sir James; there is yet time to reconsider the matter."

A sudden loophole had been opened for her escape by the doctor's cautious words. If there was risk, then Terence might never live to see the light for which he longed so intensely. Better blindness for ever than—*that!*

The great man watching her silently, saw and understood. He was very human; a great pity filled him, as he pressed her hand.

"Of course, you must consider all that," he said. "I have been perfectly frank with you, Mrs. Bourke. You will let me know what final decision is arrived at."

Two days later a message reached him that Captain Bourke was quite prepared for the operation. The great man shrugged his shoulders.

"She's had a hard fight for it, poor soul," he muttered. "Her happiness against his sight. It's a risk either way; how will it end?"

* * * * *

It was all over. In the next room Bourke lay with bandages across his eyes. The doctors spoke of a successful case; they conversed in low tones together, but Joanna

"Then—this," he said slowly, "is—must be—good-bye?"

Digitized by Google

"Nothing," said Mrs. Bourke, with difficulty, "could compensate me for—any accident."

hardly heard them. The conflict of the past few weeks had aged her inexpressibly; her haggard face sent a thrill of pity to the apparently hardened heart of the specialist, by whose doing she knew the happiness of her life was killed.

It was impossible, so she thought, that Terence could love her as she really was. He was all unprepared; he had never known or guessed, and yet at the last she had tried so hard to tell him a little of the truth at any rate, but he had only laughed gaily at her, and told her she was fanciful and foolish, and she had given up the struggle with hopelessness.

A stir in the sick room brought her to her senses. The doctors had hurried back to the patient. She rose to her feet, wearily; then a sudden panic sent her out of the room to the closed door.

It was opened by the great man.

"Is he——" she breathed rather than spoke.

Sir James laid a warning hand on her arm.

"Let me beg of you to be calm," he said kindly. "Unsatisfactory symptoms have appeared—but there is no immediate danger—of course, there is always that risk of the heart, of which I told you, but at present there is every hope—yes—you may come in."

The cool grey dawn was creeping in through the closed blinds; every sound of the terrible night was imprinted indelibly on her heart.

It was light before he spoke.

"Joanna?" he said clearly.

She took his hands in hers.

"I am here, dearest."

"I can't see—is the blind up? Ah! these bandages—and they told me I should see you soon. I believe I can dimly see—something—something white—Joanna!"

He flung himself up in the bed, and with a sudden access of strength tore away the bandages from his eyes.

"I can see!" he cried. "Where are you, my sweet? Joanna!"

But as she started forward in horror—even as the nurse hurried towards the bed, Bourke sank back on his pillows.

"It's a mis—take—" he gasped, "I—can see—nothing——"

And with that he died.

* * * * *

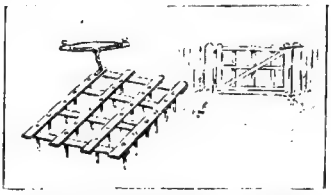
And a heart-broken woman framed an odd thanksgiving through the tears which choked her.

"*Thank—God,*" she whispered to the silence of the night, "*he never saw me.*"

Digitized by Google

5s. a Day for Life!

A UNIQUE PRIZE OFFERED TO MAGAZINE READERS.



CORRECT SOLUTION: HARROGATE.
INCORRECT SOLUTIONS: (1) HARROW: Because it comprises fewer letters than Harrogate. (2) GATE (for same reason).

NOTE THAT

The prize of **5s. a Day for Life** will *not* be divided—it will be won outright by *one* person (perhaps *you*).

The sum of £100 will be divided amongst those who come next.

No attempts should be sent in until the closing date is announced in the *Royal*.

All competitors should carefully read the conditions.

What you have to do - - - -

ON THE NEXT PAGE you will find twelve pictures. Each of these pictures consists of a certain number of objects. These objects, either singly or collectively, represent the name of a town or place in the United Kingdom.

What you have to do is to find the town or place with the longest name entirely from the names of objects depicted in each picture (or from their phonetic equivalents).

An "object" does not include sky or shading necessary for correct drawing.

Before you begin, examine the example shown above, which will make the matter clear.

Taking this as a guide, you have now to examine the twelve pictures on the next page, and discover the name of the town or place which each of them represents. When you have done this write the name down in the space provided, and keep the pages by you.

Another set of pictures will appear in the November number of the *Royal*.

CONDITIONS.

1. The names must be clearly written in ink. (*Use a fine pen*).

2. Only one name is allowed under each picture.

3. No alterations are to be allowed in the words. If you have made a mistake in the spelling, cross the word out and write it again.

4. When you have filled up your list, cut it out and **keep it by you until the closing date is announced in the *Royal*.**

5. You may forward as many sets of pages as you like. Each set will be accepted independently, and the pages composing it must be pinned together.

6. The name of the place with the greatest number of letters depicted in each picture is the correct solution, but if there are two or more such names of places depicted in one picture with an equal number of letters, then each will be counted correct.

7. No competitor may receive the assistance of professional competition solvers who send out circulars, or whose advertisements appear in the Press. Every person who enters for this competition must do so only on this understanding, and winners will be asked to satisfy us that they have not contravened this condition.

8. In the event of a tie a further, or, if necessary, several further, sets of pictures will be submitted to the tieing competitors, until one shall win the prize outright.

9. The first prize—that is, 5s. per day for life—will be payable monthly to the winner, who shall not be entitled to require that it be capitalised.

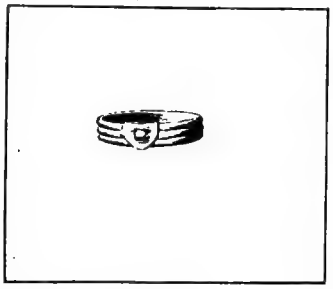
- - THE PRIZE OF 5s. A DAY FOR LIFE - -

Will be given to the competitor from whom the Editor of the *Royal Magazine* receives a set of pages containing the greatest number of correct solutions.

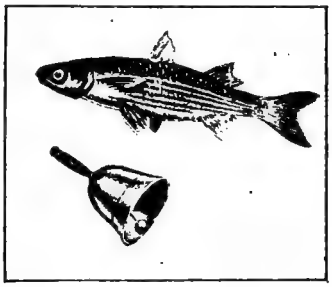
The sum of **£100** will be divided, at the discretion of the Editor, amongst those who come next.

All the names depicted in the sketches will be found as printed in the list of Provincial Post Offices in the Post Office Guide, which may be consulted at any Post Office, or may be purchased for 6d.

Digitized by Google



61.....

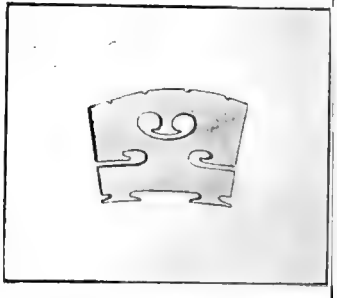


62.....

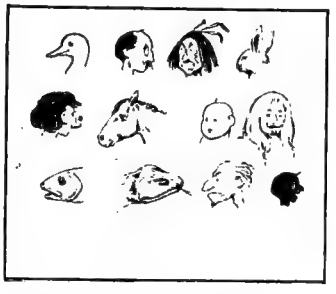
63.....

64.....

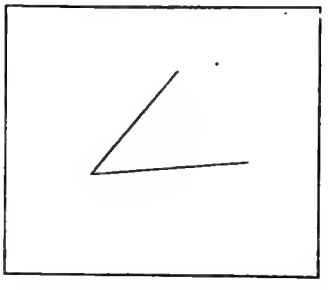
65.....



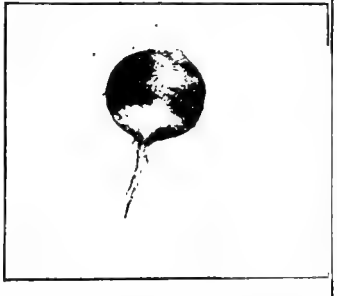
66.....



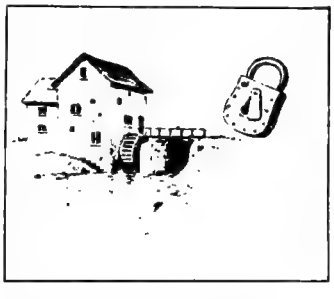
67.....



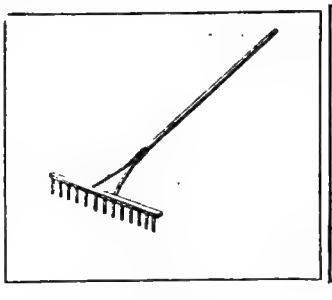
68.....



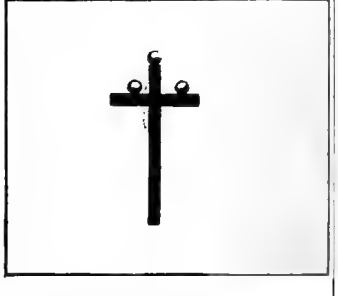
69.....



70.....



71.....



72.....

Name..... *Address*.....

Keep all your sets of pictures by you until the competition is finished.

Digitized by Google

THE BIRMINGHAM MYSTERY.

Being the Seventh of a Series of Stories entitled "The Mysteries of Great Cities."

Illustrated by P. B. Hickling.

By Baroness E. Orczy.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

The Man in the Corner *who tells the story to the*
Lady Journalist.
The Earl of Brockelsby.
The Hon. Robert Ingram De Genneville *(his brother).*
Timothy Beddingfield *(lawyer).*
Coroner.
Peter Tyrrel (*night porter*).
Mr. Tremlett (*cashier at the Castle Hotel, Birmingham*).

I.

The man in the corner rubbed his chin thoughtfully, and looked out upon the busy street below.

"I suppose," he said, "there is some truth in the saying that Providence watches over bankrupts, kittens, and lawyers."

"I didn't know there was such a saying," I replied, with guarded dignity.

"Isn't there? Perhaps I am misquoting; anyway, there should be. Kittens, it seems, live and thrive through social and domestic upheavals which would annihilate a self-supporting tom-cat, and to-day I read in the morning papers the account of a noble lord's bankruptcy, and in the society ones that of his visit at the house of a Cabinet minister, where he is the most honoured guest. As for lawyers, when Providence had exhausted all other means of securing their welfare, it brought forth the peerage cases."

"I believe, as a matter of fact, that this special dispensation of Providence, as you call it, requires more technical knowledge than any other legal complication that comes before the law courts," I said.

"And also a great deal more money in the client's pocket than any other complication. Now, take the Brockelsby peerage case. Have you any idea how much money was swent over that soap bubble, which only burst after many hundreds, if not thousands, of pounds went in lawyers' and counsels' fees?"

"I suppose a great deal of money was spent on both sides," I said, "until that sudden, awful issue——"

"Which settled the dispute effectually," he interrupted with a dry chuckle. "Of course, it is very doubtful if any reputable solicitor would have taken up the case. Timothy Beddingfield, the Birmingham lawyer, is a gentleman, who—well—has had some misfortunes, shall we say? He is still on the Rolls, mind you, but I doubt if any case would have its chances improved by his conducting it. Against that there is just this to be said, that some of these old peerages have such peculiar histories, and own such wonderful archives, that a claim is always worth investigating—you never know what may be the rights of it.

"I believe that—at first—everyone laughed over the pretensions of the Hon. Robert Ingram De Genneville to the joint title and part revenues of the old barony of Genneville, but, obviously, he *might* have got his case. It certainly sounded almost like a fairy tale, this

Copyright, 1902, in the United States of America, by C. Arthur Pearson Ltd.

Digitized by Google

claim based upon the supposed validity of an ancient document over 400 years old. It was *then* that a mediæval Lord De Genneville, more endowed with muscle than common sense, became during his turbulent existence much embarrassed and hopelessly puzzled through the presentation made to him by his lady of twin-born sons.

"His embarrassment chiefly arose from the fact that my lady's attendants, while ministering to the comforts of the mother, had, in a moment of absent-mindedness, so placed the two infants in their cot that subsequently no one, not even—perhaps least of all—the mother, could tell which was the one who had been the first to make his appearance into this troublesome and puzzling world.

"After many years of cogitation, during which the Lord De Genneville approached nearer to the grave and his sons to man's estate, he gave up trying to solve the riddle as to which of the twins should succeed to his title and revenues; he appealed to his liege lord and King Edward, fourth of that name, and with the latter's august sanction he drew up a certain document wherein he enacted that both his sons should, after his death, share his titles and goodly revenues, and that the first son born in wedlock of *either* father should subsequently be the sole heir.

"In this document was also added that if in future times should any Lords de Genneville be similarly afflicted with twin sons, who had equal rights to be considered the eldest born, the same rule should apply as to the succession.

"Subsequently a Lord De Genneville was created Earl of Brockelsby by one of the Stuart kings, but for four hundred years after its enactment the extraordinary deed of succession remained a mere tradition, the Countesses of Brockelsby having, seemingly, no predilection for twins. But in 1878 the mistress of Brockelsby Castle presented her lord with twin-born sons.

"Fortunately, in modern times, science is more wide-awake, and attendants more careful. The twin brothers did not get mixed up, and one of them was styled Viscount Tirlemont, and was heir to the earldom, whilst the other, born two hours later, was that fascinating, dashing young Guardsman, well known at Hurlingham, Goodwood, London, and in his own county—the Hon. Robert Ingram De Genneville.

"It certainly was an evil day for this brilliant young scion of the ancient race when he lent an ear to Timothy Beddingfield. This man, and his family before him, had been solicitors to the Earls of Brockelsby for many generations, but Timothy, owing to certain 'irregularities,' had forfeited the confidence of his client, the late earl.

"He was still in practice in Birmingham, however, and, of course, knew the ancient family tradition anent the twin succession. Whether he was prompted by revenge or merely self-advertisement no one knows.

"Certain it is that he did advise the Hon. Robert De Genneville—who apparently had more debts than he conveniently could pay, and more extravagant tastes than he could gratify on a younger son's portion—to lay a claim on his father's death to the joint title and a moiety of the revenues of the ancient barony of Genneville, that claim being based upon the validity of the fifteenth century document.

"You may gather how extensive were the pretensions of the Hon. Robert from the fact that the greater part of Edgbaston is now built upon land belonging to the old barony. Anyway, it was the last straw in an ocean of debt and difficulties, and I have no doubt that Beddingfield had not much trouble in persuading the Hon. Robert to commence litigation at once.

"The young Earl of Brockelsby's attitude, however, remained one of absolute quietude in his nine points of the law. He was in possession both of the title and of the document. It was for the other side to force him to produce the one or to share the other.

"It was at this stage of the proceedings that the Hon. Robert was advised to marry, in order to secure, if possible, the first male heir of the next generation, since the young earl himself was still a bachelor. A suitable *fiancée* was found for him by his friends in the person of Miss Mabel Brandon, the daughter of a rich Birmingham manufacturer, and the marriage was fixed to take place at Birmingham on Thursday, September 15th.

"On the 13th, the Hon. Robert Ingram De Genneville arrived at the Castle Hotel in New Street for his wedding, and on the 14th, at eight o'clock in the morning, he was discovered lying on the floor of his bedroom—murdered.

"The sensation which the awful and unexpected sequel to the De Genneville peerage case caused in the minds of the friends of both litigants was quite unparalleled. I don't think any crime of modern times created quite so much stir in all classes of society. Birmingham was wild with excitement, and the employees of the

Digitized by Google

Castle Hotel had real difficulty in keeping off the eager and inquisitive crowd who thronged daily to the hall, vainly hoping to gather details of news relating to the terrible tragedy.

"At present there was but little to tell. The shrieks of the chambermaid, who had gone into the Hon. Robert's room with his shaving water at eight o'clock, had attracted some of the waiters. Soon the manager and his secretary came up and immediately sent for the police.

"It seemed at first sight as if the young man had been the victim of a homicidal maniac, so brutal had been the way in which he had been assassinated. The head and body were battered and bruised by some heavy stick or poker, almost past human shape, as if the murderer had wished to wreak some awful vengeance upon the body of his victim. In fact, it would be impossible to recount the gruesome aspect of that room and of the murdered man's body such as the police and the medical officer took notes of that day.

"It was supposed that the murder had been committed the evening before, as the victim was dressed in his evening clothes, and all the lights in the room had been left fully turned on. Robbery, also, must have had a large share in the miscreant's motives, for the drawers and cupboards, the portmanteau and dressing bag had been ransacked as if in search of valuables. On the floor there lay a pocket-book torn in half and only containing a few letters addressed to the Hon. Robert De Genneville.

"The Earl of Brockelsby, next of kin to the deceased, was also telegraphed for. He drove over from Brockelsby Castle, which is about seven miles from Birmingham. He was terribly affected by the awfulness of the tragedy and offered a liberal reward to stimulate the activity of the police in search of the miscreant.

"The inquest was fixed for the 17th, three days later, and the public was left wondering where the solution lay of the terrible and gruesome murder at the Castle Hotel."

II.

"THE central figure in the coroner's court that day was undoubtedly the Earl of Brockelsby in deep black, which contrasted strongly with his florid complexion and fair hair. Sir Marmaduke Ingersoll, his solicitor, was with him, and he had already performed the

The shrieks of the chambermaid . . . . had attracted some of the waiters.

Digitized by Google

painful duty of identifying the deceased as his brother. This had been an exceedingly painful duty owing to the terribly mutilated state of the body and face; but the clothes and various trinkets he wore, including a signet ring, had fortunately not tempted the brutal assassin, and it was through them chiefly that Lord Brockelsby was able to swear to the identity of his brother.

"The various employees at the hotel gave evidence as to the discovery of the body, and the medical officer gave his opinion as to the immediate cause of death. Deceased had evidently been struck at the back of the head with a poker or heavy stick, the murderer then venting his blind fury upon the body by battering in the face and bruising it in a way that certainly suggested the work of a maniac.

"Then the Earl of Brockelsby was called, and was requested by the coroner to state when he had last seen his brother alive.

"'The morning before his death,' replied his lordship, 'he came up to Birmingham by an early train, and I drove up from Brockelsby to see him. I got to the hotel at eleven o'clock and stayed with him for about an hour.'

"'And that is the last you saw of the deceased?'

"'That is the last I saw of him,' replied Lord Brockelsby.

"He seemed to hesitate for a moment or two as if in thought whether he should speak or not, and then to suddenly make up his mind to speak, for he added, 'I stayed in town the whole of that day, and only drove back to Brockelsby late in the evening. I had some business to transact, and put up at the Grand, as I usually do, and dined with some friends.'

"'Would you tell us at what time you returned to Brockelsby Castle?'

"'I think it must have been about eleven o'clock. It is a seven mile drive from here.'

"'I believe,' said the coroner after a slight pause, during which the attention of all the spectators was rivetted upon the handsome figure of the young man as he stood in the witness-box, the very personification of a high-bred gentleman, 'I believe that I am right in stating that there was an unfortunate legal dispute between your lordship and your brother?'

"'That is so.'

"The coroner stroked his chin thoughtfully for a moment or two, then he added:

"'In the event of the deceased's claim to the joint title and revenues of De Genneville being held good in the courts of law, there would be a great importance, would there not, attached to his marriage which was to have taken place on the 15th?'

"'In that event, there certainly would be.'

"'Is the jury to understand, then, that you and the deceased parted on amicable terms after your interview with him in the morning.'

"The Earl of Brockelsby hesitated again for a minute or two, while the crowd and the jury hung breathless upon his lips.

"'There was no enmity between us,' he replied at last.

"'From which we may gather that there may have been—shall I say? a slight disagreement at that interview?'

"'My brother had unfortunately been misled by the misrepresentations or perhaps the too optimistic views of his lawyer. He had been dragged into litigation on the strength of an old family document which he had never seen, which moreover is antiquated, and, owing to certain wording in it, invalid. I thought that it would be kinder and more considerate if I were to let my brother judge of the document for himself. I knew that when he had seen it, he would be convinced of the absolutely futile basis of his claim, and that it would be a terrible disappointment to him. That is the reason why I wished to see him myself about it, rather than to do it through the more formal—perhaps more correct—medium of our respective lawyers. I placed the facts before him, with, on my part, a perfectly amicable spirit.'

"The young Earl of Brockelsby had made this somewhat lengthy perfectly voluntary explanation of the state of affairs, in a calm, quiet voice, with much dignity and perfect simplicity, but the coroner did not seem impressed by it, for he asked very drily:

"'Did you part good friends?'

"'On my side absolutely so.'

"'But not on his?' insisted the coroner.

"'I think he felt naturally annoyed that he had been so ill-advised by his solicitors.'

"'And you made no attempt later on in the day to adjust any ill-feeling that may have existed between you and him?' asked the coroner, marking with strange, earnest emphasis every word he uttered.

"'If you mean did I go and see my brother again that day—no, I did not.'

"'And your lordship can give us no further information which might throw some light upon the mystery which surrounds the Hon. Robert De Genneville's death?' still persisted the coroner.

Digitized by Google

"'I am sorry to say I cannot,' replied the Earl of Brockelsby with firm decision.

"The coroner still looked puzzled and thoughtful. It seemed at first as if he wished to press his point further; every one felt that some deep import had lain behind his examination of the witness, and all were on tenter-hooks as to what the next evidence might bring forth. The Earl of Brockelsby had waited a minute or two, then at a sign from the coroner had left the witness box in order to have a talk with his solicitor.

"At first he paid no attention to the depositions of the cashier and hall porter of the Castle Hotel, but gradually it seemed to strike him that curious statements were being made by these witnesses, and a frown of anxious wonder settled between his brows, whilst his young face lost some of its florid hue.

"Mr. Tremlett, the cashier at the hotel, had been holding the attention of the court. He stated that the Hon. Robert Ingram De Genneville had arrived at the hotel at eight o'clock on the morning of the 13th; he had the room which he usually occupied when he came to the 'Castle,' namely, No. 21, and he went up to it immediately on his arrival, ordering some breakfast to be brought up to him.

"At eleven o'clock the Earl of Brockelsby called to see his brother and remained with him until about twelve. In the afternoon deceased went out, and returned for his dinner at seven o'clock in company with a gentleman whom the cashier knew well by sight, Mr. Timothy Beddingfield, the lawyer of Paradise Street. The gentlemen had their dinner downstairs, and after that they went up to the Hon. Mr. De Genneville's room for coffee and cigars.

"'I could not say at what time Mr. Beddingfield left,' continued the cashier, 'but I rather fancy I saw him in the hall at about 9.15 p.m. He was wearing an Inverness cape over his dress clothes and a Glengarry cap. It was just at the hour when the visitors who had come down for the night from London were arriving thick and fast; the hall was very full, and there was a large party of Americans monopolising most of our *personnel*, so I could not swear positively whether I did see Mr. Beddingfield or not then, though I am quite sure that it was Mr. Timothy Beddingfield who dined and spent the evening with the Hon. Mr. De Genneville, as I know him quite well by sight. At ten o'clock I am off duty, and the night porter remains alone in the hall.'

"Mr. Tremlett's evidence was corroborated in most respects by a waiter and by the hall porter. They had both seen the deceased come in at seven o'clock in company with a gentleman, and their description of the latter coincided with that of the appearance of Mr. Timothy Beddingfield, whom, however, they did not actually know.

"At this point of the proceedings the foreman of the jury wished to know why Mr. Timothy Beddingfield's evidence had not been obtained, and was informed by the detective-inspector in charge of the case that that gentleman had seemingly left Birmingham, but was expected home shortly. The coroner suggested an adjournment pending Mr. Beddingfield's appearance, but at the earnest request of the detective he consented to hear the evidence of Peter Tyrrell, the night porter at the Castle Hotel, who, if you remember the case at all, succeeded in creating the biggest sensation of any which had been made through this extraordinary and weirdly gruesome case.

"'It was the first time I had been on duty at "The Castle," he said, 'for I used to be night porter at "Bright's," in Wolverhampton, but just after I had come on duty at ten o'clock, a gentleman came and asked if he could see the Hon. Robert De Genneville. I said that I thought he was in, but would send up and see. The gentleman said: "It doesn't matter. Don't trouble; I know his room. Twenty-one, isn't it?" And up he went before I could say another word.'

"'Did he give you any name?' asked the coroner.

"'No, sir,'

"'What was he like?'

"'A young gentleman, sir, as far as I can remember, in an Inverness cape and Glengarry cap, but I could not see his face very well as he stood with his back to the light, and the cap shaded his eyes, and he only spoke to me for a minute.'

"'Look all round you,' said the coroner quietly, 'is there anyone in this court at all like the gentleman you speak of?'

"An awed hush fell over the many spectators there present as Peter Tyrrell, the night porter of the Castle Hotel, turned his head towards the body of the court and slowly scanned the many faces there present; for a moment he seemed to hesitate—only for a moment though, then as if vaguely conscious of the terrible importance his next words might have, he shook his head gravely and said:

"'I wouldn't like to swear.'

"The coroner tried to press him, but with

Digitized by Google

"I wouldn't like to swear."

true British stolidity he repeated: 'I wouldn't like to say.'

"'Well, then, what happened?' asked the coroner, who had perforce to abandon his point.

"'The gentleman went upstairs, sir, and about a quarter of an hour later he come down again, and I let him out. He was in a great hurry then, he threw me a half-crown, and said: "Good-night."'

"'And though you saw him again then, you cannot tell us if you would know him again?'

"Once more the hall porter's eyes wandered as if instinctively to a certain face in the court; once more he hesitated for many seconds which seemed like so many hours during which a man's honour, a man's life, hung perhaps in the balance.

"Then Peter Tyrrell repeated slowly: 'I wouldn't swear.'

"But coroner and jury alike, aye and every spectator in that crowded court had seen that the man's eyes had rested during that one moment of hesitation upon the face of the Earl of Brockelsby."

III.

THE man in the corner blinked at me with his funny mild blue eyes.

"No wonder you are puzzled," he continued, "so was everybody in the court that day, everyone save myself. I alone could see in my mind's eye that gruesome murder such as it had been committed, with all its details, and, above all, its motive, and such as you will see it presently, when I place it all clearly before you.

"But before you see daylight in this strange case, I must plunge you into further darkness, in the same manner as the coroner and jury were plunged on the following day, the second day of that remarkable inquest. It had to be adjourned, since the appearance of Mr. Timothy Beddingfield had now become of vital importance. The public had come to regard his absence from Birmingham at this critical moment as decidedly remarkable, to say the least of it, and all those who did not know the lawyer by sight, wished to see him in his Inverness cape and Glengarry cap such as he had appeared before the several witnesses on the night of the awful murder.

"When the coroner and jury were seated, the first piece of information which the police placed before them was the astounding statement that Mr. Timothy Beddingfield's whereabouts had not been ascertained, though it was confidently expected that he had not gone far and could easily be traced. There was a witness present who, the police thought, might throw some light as to the lawyer's probable destination, for obviously he had left Birmingham directly after his interview with the deceased.

"This witness was Mrs. Higgins, who was Mr. Beddingfield's housekeeper. She stated that her master was in the constant habit—especially latterly—of going up to London on business. He usually left by a late evening train on those occasions, and mostly was only absent thirty-six hours. He kept a portmanteau always ready packed for the purpose, for he often left at a few moments' notice. Mrs. Higgins added that her master stayed at the Great Western Hotel in

Digitized by Google

London, for it was there that she was instructed to wire, if anything urgent required his presence back in Birmingham.

"'On the night of the 14th,' she continued, 'at nine o'clock or thereabouts, a messenger came to the door with the master's card, and said that he was instructed to fetch Mr. Beddingfield's portmanteau, and then to meet him at the station in time to catch the 9.35 p.m. up train. I gave him the portmanteau, of course, as he had brought the card, and I had no idea there could be anything wrong; but since then I have heard nothing of my master, and I don't know when he will return.'

"Questioned by the coroner, she added that Mr. Beddingfield had never stayed away quite so long, without having his letters forwarded to him. There was a large pile waiting for him now; she had written to the Great Western Hotel, London, asking what she should do about the letters, but had received no reply. She did not know the messenger by sight who had called for the portmanteau. Once or twice before, Mr. Beddingfield had sent for his things in that manner when he had been dining out.

"Mr. Beddingfield certainly wore his Inverness cape over his dress clothes when he went out at about six o'clock in the afternoon. He also wore a Glengarry cap.

"The messenger had so far not yet been found, and from this point—namely, the sending for the portmanteau—all traces of Mr. Timothy Beddingfield seem to have been lost. Whether he went up to London by that 9.35 train or not could not be definitely ascertained. The police had questioned at least a dozen porters at the railway, as well as ticket-collectors; but no one had any special recollection of a gentleman in an Inverness cape and Glengarry cap, a costume worn by more than one first-class passenger on a cold night in September.

"There was the hitch, you see; it all lay in this. Mr. Timothy Beddingfield, the lawyer, had undoubtedly made himself scarce. He was last seen in company with the deceased, and wearing an Inverness cape and Glengarry cap; two or three witnesses saw him leaving the hotel at about 9.15. Then the messenger calls at the lawyer's house for the portmanteau, after which Mr. Timothy Beddingfield seems to vanish into thin air; but—and that is a great 'but'—the night porter at the 'Castle' seems to have seen someone wearing the momentous Inverness and Glengarry half-an-hour or so later on, and going up to deceased's room, where he stayed about a quarter of an hour.

"Undoubtedly you will say, as everyone said to themselves that day after the night porter and Mrs. Higgins had been heard, that there was a very ugly and very black finger which pointed unpleasantly at Mr. Timothy Beddingfield, especially as that gentleman, for some reason which still required an explanation, was not there to put matters right for himself. But there was just one little thing—a mere trifle, perhaps—which neither the coroner nor the jury dared to overlook, though strictly speaking it was not evidence.

"You will remember that when the night porter was asked if he could, among the persons present in court, recognise the Hon. Robert De Genneville's belated visitor, everyone had noticed his hesitation, and marked that the man's eyes had rested doubtingly upon the face and figure of the young Earl of Brockelsby.

"Now, if that belated visitor had been Mr. Timothy Beddingfield—tall, lean, dry as dust, with a bird-like beak and clean-shaven chin—no one could for a moment have mistaken his face—even if they only saw it very casually and recollected it but very dimly—with that of young Lord Brockelsby, who was florid and rather short—the only point in common between them was their Saxon hair.

"You see that it was a curious point, don't you?" added the man in the corner, who now had become so excited that his fingers worked like long thin tentacles round and round his bit of string. "It weighed very heavily in favour of Timothy Beddingfield. Added to which you must also remember that as far as he was concerned, the Hon. Robert De Genneville was to him the goose with the golden eggs.

"The 'De Genneville peerage case' had brought Beddingfield's name in great prominence. With the death of the claimant all hopes of prolonging the litigation came to an end. There was a total lack of motive as far as Beddingfield was concerned."

"Not so with the Earl of Brockelsby," I said, "and I've often maintained—"

"What?" he interrupted. "That the Earl of Brockelsby changed clothes with Beddingfield in order more conveniently to murder his own brother? Where and when could the exchange of costume have been effected, considering that the Inverness cape and Glengarry cap were in the hall of the Castle Hotel at 9.15, and at that hour and until ten o'clock Lord Brockelsby was at the Grand Hotel finishing dinner with some friends.

Digitized by Google

That was subsequently proved, remember, and also that he was back at Brockelsby Castle, which is seven miles from Birmingham, at eleven o'clock sharp. Now, the visit of the individual in the Glengarry occurred some time after 10 p.m."

"Then there was the disappearance of Beddingfield," I said musingly. "That certainly points very strongly to him. He was a man in good practice, I believe, and fairly well-known."

"And yet see how simple it is!" cried my friend. "Only the police would not look further than these two men — Lord Brockelsby with a strong motive and the night-porter's hesitation against him, and Beddingfield without a motive, but with strong circumstantial evidence and his own disappearance as condemnatory signs.

"If only they would look at the case as I did and think a little about the dead as well as about the living. If they had remembered that peerage case, the Hon. Robert's debts, his last straw which proved a futile claim.

"Only that very day the Earl of Brockelsby had, by quietly showing the original ancient document to his brother, persuaded him how futile were all his hopes. Who knows how many were the debts contracted, the promises made, the money borrowed and obtained on the strength of that claim which was mere romance? Ahead nothing but ruin, enmity with his brother, his marriage probably broken off, a wasted life, in fact.

"Is it small wonder that, though ill-feeling against the Earl of Brockelsby may have been deep, there was hatred, bitter deadly hatred against the man who with false promises had led him into so hopeless a quagmire? Probably the Hon. Robert owed a great deal of money to Beddingfield, which the latter hoped to recoup at usurious interest, with threats of scandal and what not.

"Think of all that," he added, "and then tell me if you believe that a stronger motive for the murder of such an enemy could well be found."

He slips out unrecognised.

"But what you suggest is impossible," I said aghast.

"Allow me," he said, "it is more than possible—it is very easy and simple. The two men were alone together in the Hon. Robert De Genneville's room after dinner. You, as representing the public, and the police say that Beddingfield went away and returned half an hour later in order to kill his client. I say that it was the lawyer who was murdered at nine o'clock that evening, and that Robert De Genneville, the ruined man, the hopeless bankrupt, was the assassin."

"Then——"

"Yes, of course, now you remember, for I have put you on the track. The face and the body were so battered and bruised that they were past recognition. Both men were of equal height. The hair which alone could not be disfigured or obliterated was in both men similar in colour.

"Then the murderer proceeds to dress his victim in his own clothes. With the utmost care he places his own rings on the fingers of the dead man, his own watch in the pocket; a gruesome task, but an important one, and it is thoroughly well done. Then he himself puts on the clothes of his

Digitized by Google

victim, with finally the Inverness cape and Glengarry, and when the hall is full of visitors he slips out unperceived. He sends the messenger for Beddingfield's portmanteau and starts off by the night express."

"But then his visit at the Castle Hotel at ten o'clock—" I urged. "How dangerous!"

"Dangerous? Yes! but oh, how clever. You see he was the Earl of Brockelsby's twin brother, and twin brothers are always somewhat alike. He wished to appear dead, murdered by someone, he cared not whom, but what he did care about was to throw clouds of dust in the eyes of the police, and he succeeded with a vengeance. Perhaps, who knows? he wished to assure himself that he had forgotten nothing in the *mise-en-scène*, that the body, battered and bruised past all semblance of any human shape save for its clothes, really would appear to everyone as that of the Hon. Robert De Genneville, while the latter disappeared for ever from the old world and started life again in the new.

"Then you must always reckon with the practically invariable rule that a murderer always revisits, if only once, the scene of his crime.

"Two years have elapsed since the crime; no trace of Timothy Beddingfield, the lawyer, has ever been found, and I can assure you that it will never be, for his plebeian body lies buried in the aristocratic family vault of the Earls of Brockelsby."

He was gone before I could say another word. The faces of Timothy Beddingfield, of the Earl of Brockelsby, of the Hon. Robert De Genneville seemed to dance before my eyes and to mock me for the hopeless bewilderment in which I found myself plunged because of them; then all the faces vanished, or, rather, were merged in one long, thin, birdlike one, with bone-rimmed spectacles on the top of its beak, and a wide, rude grin beneath it, and, still puzzled, still doubtful, I too paid for my scanty luncheon and went my way.

. . DON'T YOU? . .

I.

She was tripping down the churchyard in her Sunday gown,
As sweet a little maid as you might see—
She glanced behind her shoulder, and then looked coyly down
As she met th' admiring eyes of "Somebodie."
He offered his umbrella, it was raining so,
And they found that it was large enough for two,
She'd forgotten hers (she'd left it in the pew, you know),
But—I think it was an accident—don't you?

II.

Dreaming happy dreams, down the lane went she,
Marguerites and "Meadowsweet" to find,
(She couldn't know, of course, that "Somebodie"
Wandered unobtrusively behind).
From the top of a style that was rather steep
She fell, and very tearful grew,
So "Sombodie" bent over her in consternation deep,
—He thought it was an accident—don't you?

III.

Gazing at the stars above the wood, was she,
Her pretty eyes were full of tenderness,
Struggling with a tiresome knot, was "Somebodie"
(The knot was 'neath her chin—you will guess),
A cloud obscured the moonbeams, the knot was tight,
And the naughty stars peeped down from out the blue,
They saw—a stolen kiss—and to steal isn't right,
But—they thought it was an accident—don't you?

G. HUBI-NEWCOMBE.

Google

LIVING LEAVES AND WALKING STICKS

The gorgeous Indian Kallima butterfly, when flying with its beautiful purple wings outstretched, is a temptation to every bird that sees it; but at the first suspicion of danger—

—it folds its wings, settles on some leafy bush, and vanishes! It has become to all appearances a dead leaf, the soft grey-brown under-side of its wings harmonising perfectly with its surroundings. Problem: find three butterflies on this sprig.

How Insects Protect Themselves from Their Natural Enemies by Disguising Themselves as a Dead Leaf, a Piece of Wood, or a Thorny Twig.

By Percy Collins.

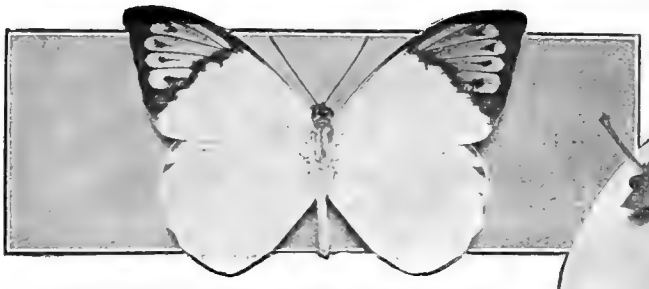
By a decree of Nature one half of the world flourishes at the expense of the other half. Everywhere, from the tropics to the poles, we may trace the workings of this law in all their far-reaching consequences. The sparrow chases the butterfly, but the hawk chases the sparrow. The roach feeds sumptuously on the swarming May-flies, but the pike is ever ready to make a meal of the roach. For the problem of life is two-fold. It is not enough merely to eat; it is necessary to avoid being eaten.

Yet Nature detests killing for killing's sake. Massacre forms no part of her great plan. So we see that every creature is provided with some more or less effective quality of defence, by means of which the attacks of its natural enemies are rendered less frequent or less deadly. Thus, the antelope, by means of its superior speed, at times escapes from the lion. The armadillo, rolled in its wondrous coat of mail, lies secure amongst a score of hungry, gnawing foes, while the white hare, scarcely distinguishable from the snow on which it crouches, is often overlooked by his foe, the fox.

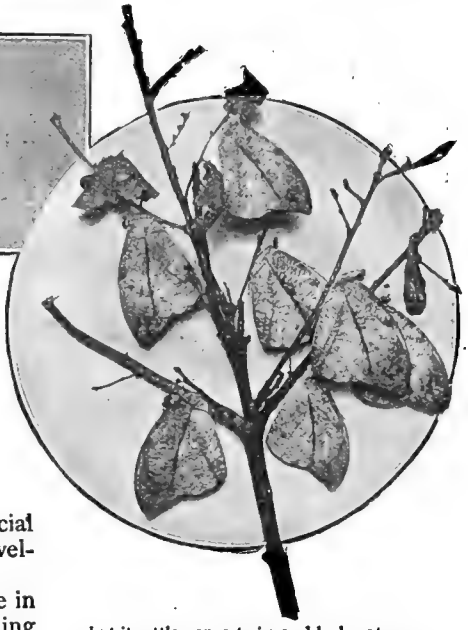
But of all creatures, none have received more ample protection than the insects. Some of them possess stings, others bite, and a few puff out clouds of poisonous vapour to stupefy or blind their pursuers. Again, there are insects clothed in impenetrable armour, insects covered with sharp spines and prickles, and insects whose means of defence consists in nothing but a likeness to the objects which surround them. Of these last, none are more remarkable than those which bear a protective resemblance to leaves, sticks and grasses. Indeed, so exact is the imitation, and so complete the deception worked upon the beholder, that these "vegetable insects" are really the most surprising objects in the whole animal kingdom.

As a general rule, it is impossible to tell from the casual examination of an animal whether its colours and form are protective or not. A butterfly, seen for the first time in a cabinet drawer, conveys little to the mind.

Digitized by Google



Another species of butterfly—with wings white, except at the tips—is a striking enough object whilst flying—



—but it settles on a twig and looks at once like a leaf growing out from it. This twig at first sight seems covered with foliage; it really is covered with butterflies—no less than seven of them.

Its tints may seem beautiful, or its shape curious; but the observer learns nothing of the important part played by these details of appearance in the life history of their possessor. On the other hand, when the butterfly is alive, and seated in characteristic attitude amongst its natural surroundings, its special colour and shape are often seen to possess a marvellous significance.

The well-known Indian Kallima is a capital case in point. Flying in the full sunshine, its wings flashing with purple and orange, this butterfly is an exceedingly conspicuous object, calculated to attract every insectivorous bird in the neighbourhood. But directly it closes its wings, and settles to rest upon a twig, it becomes, to all outward appearances, a brown and withered leaf. Not only birds, but men—and naturalists to boot—are often completely at a loss to discover the exact whereabouts

This Japanese moth, with its conspicuous markings, can at will become—

—two dead leaves on an oak tree. It hangs by its mouth, and even a naturalist, whilst searching, may pass it by, deceived by its wonderful likeness to the real leaves.

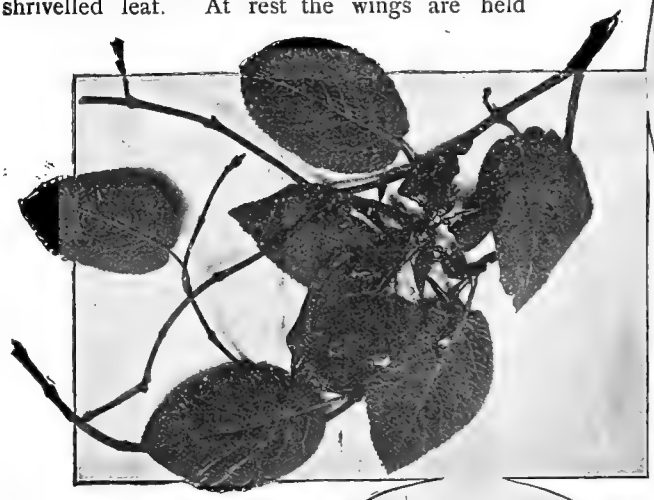
of a Kallima which has just settled under their very eyes.

The secret of this sudden transformation lies mainly in the fact that the under surface of the butterfly's wings is coloured in exact imitation of a dead leaf; but the deception is heightened by many deft structural touches.

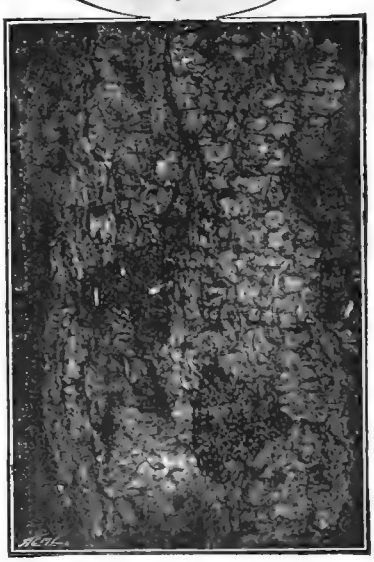
These, and the remarkable pose assumed

Digitized by Google

by the resting butterfly, are well described by Professor Poulton. He says: "The tip of the fore-wing is pointed like the apex of a leaf, and the hind-wing has a short tail like a leaf-stalk, while the outline of the folded wings between these extremities is exactly like that of a withered and somewhat shrivelled leaf. At rest the wings are held upright over the back, the head and antennæ are concealed between them, while the tail touches the branch to which the insect clings by its almost invisible legs. Along the supposed leaf runs a distinct mark like a mid-rib, with oblique veinings on either side."



When it desires to hide itself, it merely flies or crawls into a green bush, and at once becomes invisible.



A Japanese moth that can hide itself most effectually by settling with wings outstretched on the coarse bark of a tree-trunk.

Moreover, just as dead leaves vary in colour, so a corresponding variety of tinting is seen on the undersides of individual Kallimas' wings—scarcely any two specimens being exactly alike. Again, leaves are often pierced by birds or insects; and this possibility is recognised in the butterfly design by a small spot, clear of scales, which exists in each fore-wing. When the insect is at rest, these spots are brought exactly opposite, and the transparent membranes produce the effect of a small, irregular hole.

A wonderful Java insect that seems to be composed entirely of leaves. It is green in colour, and wherever seen might easily be mistaken for an ordinary leaf.

Besides the Kallima, hundreds of butterflies and moths bear a more or less striking resemblance to foliage; but in most instances the likeness is to dead or withered leaves. In the case of a unique Javanese insect, however, it is the green and living leaf which is reproduced.

The creature is not a butterfly, but a distant relative of our grasshoppers and crickets. Its design of leaf mimicry is carried out in a most complete and business-like manner. Every portion of its anatomy seems to be sprouting. Its body is a leaf, its wings and wing-cases are leaves, whilst each of its legs is fitted with leaf-like appendages to match. To crown all, the insect is uniform vegetable green in colour, and when suspended amongst the sunlit foliage, it can defy

Digitized by Google

detection, even whilst submitting to the closest scrutiny.

Not the least interesting examples of protective mimicry occur amongst those moths which pass the hours of daylight upon tree trunks or rocks. Many of these have their hind-wings conspicuously marked or brightly coloured, and were they unable to conceal them, they would inevitably fall victims to the first bird which happened to come their way. But the fore-wings which fold over the hind-wings like a roof when the insect is at rest, are tinted in soft browns or greys to match the special kind of bark or rock most commonly chosen as a resting-place by each variety of moth.

Moths which frequent beech woods have the fore-wings grey or silvery to match the beech bark; those which favour oak trees have darker wings, while others, whose dormitories are moss-incrusted rocks, have wings whose pattern is that of the green or golden lichen. Sometimes, as in the case of a remarkable Assam moth, the broken, rotting end of a twig is mimicked, while the wings are irregularly besprinkled with light patches in imitation of a fungoid growth.

Sticks are at once some of the most common and the least attractive of natural objects. For this reason they are mimicked by a very large number of insect forms in all parts of the world. Even in the British Islands, where the conditions of life as compared with the tropics are easy and simple, some hundreds of caterpillars rely entirely for protection upon their likeness to sticks. Almost all other caterpillars possess five pairs of clasper legs—legs, that is to say, which are peculiar to the caterpillar state; but these stick-like species have only two pairs, disposed at the extreme end of the body. Then, close to the head, are the three pairs of "true" legs, as they are called—those which remain with the creature even when it gets its wings.

Puzzle—Find two moths. They are not easily seen, nevertheless there are two in the pictur —one on each stick. Their heads are white and their wings are of exactly the same texture as the bark.

Everyone has seen a leafless twig like this often enough, without a sig of life about it, apparently. But look closer and you will see four "stick caterpillars" trying to convince themselves and you that they are not alive.

This remarkable disposition of the legs necessitates an ungainly, looping motion; but, coupled with the long, thin, cylindrical form of the body, it secures the desired stick-like aspect.

These "looper" caterpillars usually feed in the evening or at night, when their sworn enemies, the birds, are asleep. When the sun rises, they take firm hold of a twig with their four clasper legs, and, standing out stiff and straight, at an acute angle, they become—sticks. In this position they remain perfectly motionless hour after hour, and the bird who would discover enough of them to make a satisfactory meal must "keep his eyes skinned."

Digitized by Google

Grass-blade insects from Japan, that look just like crumpled grass-stems with smaller blades sticking out.

To lessen the strain which their extraordinary attitude imposes upon the body, many of these stick caterpillars spin a delicate thread from their mouth to the stem on which they rest. That the creature places considerable reliance upon this support may be judged from the fact that if the thread be severed the caterpillar falls back with a jerk.

For more striking examples of stick and grass mimicry, we must turn to exotic insects, many of which reproduce their vegetable surroundings down to the tiniest line or notch with absolute accuracy.

The Japanese phasmids, for instance, whose long, flat, green bodies exactly resemble the tip of a grass blade, afford some evidence of this strange method of passive protection; but many allied Central African forms are even more remarkable. Moreover, the habits of these insects are in every way calculated to assist and heighten the effect produced by their delusive appearance. The following passage, taken from Drummond's "Tropical Africa," is an excellent word picture of one of these natural curiosities :—

Take two inches of dried yellow grass stalk, such as one might pluck to run through the stem of a pipe; then take six other pieces nearly as long and a quarter as thick; bend each in the middle at any angle you like, stick them in three opposite pairs, and again at any angle you like, upon the first grass stalk, and you have my "Chirombo." When you catch him, his limbs are twisted at every angle, as if the whole were made of one long stalk of delicate grass, hinged in a dozen places, and then gently crushed into a dishevelled heap. Having once assumed a position, by a wonderful instinct he never moves or varies one of his many angles by half a degree. The way this insect keeps up the delusion is indeed almost as wonderful as the mimicry itself, and you may turn him about and over and over, but he is mere dried grass, and nothing will induce him to acknowledge the animal kingdom by the faintest suspicion of spontaneous movement.

"Chirombo," it should be noted, is the native name for these creatures.

Stick insects are by no means always small. Many species, notably those from the extreme tropical regions, are immense creatures, a foot or more in length. Some of these are jointed or knotted in exact imitation of bamboos, canes, or rank grasses. Others, habitually frequenting thorny bushes and scrub, go so far as to reproduce the thorns and prickles upon the surface of their own bodies.

Indeed, there seems no end to the faithfully executed details which a long and arduous course of natural selection has

Bamboo-insects with bodies jointed just like bamboos. They are found in New Guinea, and often cannot be distinguished from the plants they settle on.

Digitized by Google

produced in these marvellous insect frauds. We should scarcely be overstating the case in asserting that every common form of tropical vegetation has its insect counterpart.

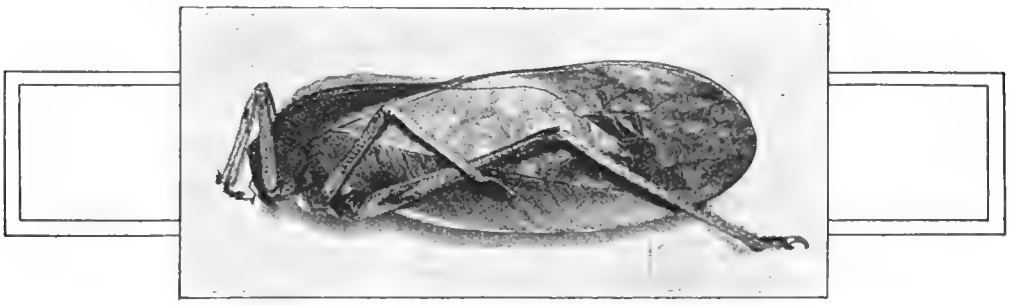
But mimicry is not always merely protective in its object. There are numerous, well-authenticated instances of aggressive resemblance. By this is meant a resemblance which makes it possible for the possessor to approach its prey unobserved, or which induces the prey to advance fearlessly to the very jaws of the would-be destroyer. Many stick insects, being cannibalistic or insectivorous in their habits, must probably be included under this heading.

Extraordinary stick-insects, found in Brazil. They grow to an extraordinary length, and have long, straight legs that look like small off-shooting branches.

Prickly-stick insects which are chiefly found on thorny bushes. They imitate the thorns on the bushes, with thorns and prickles on their own bodies and limbs.

One extreme case of aggressive resemblance is of unusual interest. A curiously shaped Javanese mantis, whose colours are charming pink and white, actually hangs itself in an appropriate position amongst green foliage, and poses to imitate an orchid flower. The reason for this very remarkable behaviour is at first difficult to comprehend; but when we learn that the creature's favourite dish is butterfly *au naturel*, we gain some realisation of its deep seated subtlety.

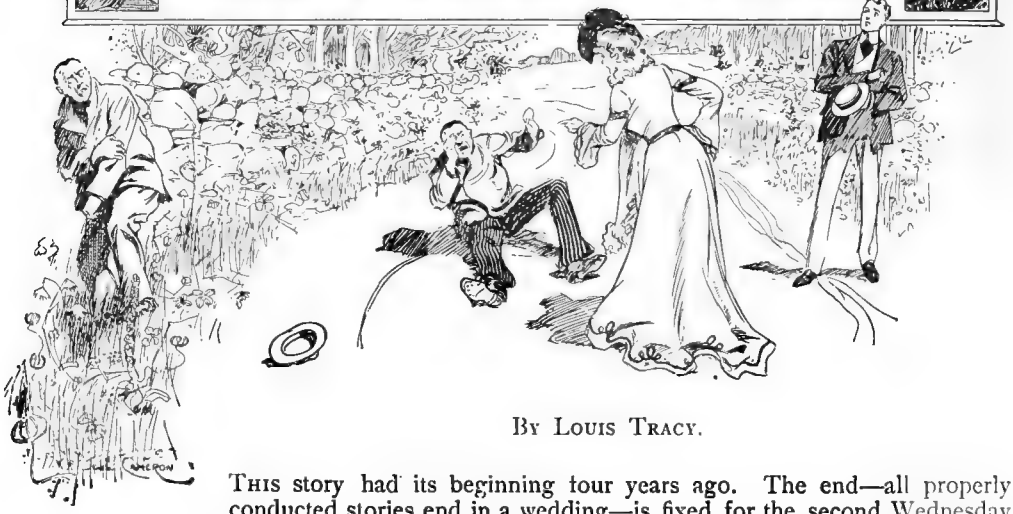
As a matter of fact, and as an outcome of its unique shape and colour, the mantis is able to satisfy its appetite in a very simple manner. It merely waits passively in its flower-like attitude. Sooner or later a butterfly makes its appearance, and bent on sipping the sweet nectar of what it imagines to be a flower, it flies straight to the orchid-like mantis. Not until it is struggling in the cruel grasp of the shameless fraud does the butterfly realise that it has been trapped.



A huge New Guinea grasshopper, which, when seen in the grass, looks like a green leaf blown down by the wind. From end to end it measures over five inches.

Digitized by Google

THE FIGHTING GIRL



By Louis Tracy.

This story had its beginning four years ago. The end—all properly conducted stories end in a wedding—is fixed for the second Wednesday in next month. For all that, it is not common-place. No one who knew Gladys Horton could possibly expect that she would behave as other girls do. People who made her acquaintance for the first time were surprised, or shocked, according to their way of thinking, when they heard the facts about her.

Strangers who came to the little North Riding town of Holmfirth—anglers for the most part, the neighbouring becks being famous for their speckled trout—would lounge at times in the porch of the Black Bull. Suddenly their wandering gaze would light upon a very handsome girl, tall, blue-eyed, brown-haired, walking down the High Street with the swift ease of athleticism, carrying a tennis-racket, a golf-bag, a fishing-rod and pannier, or perhaps a small basket covered with a snowy towel, and neatly garbed in fashion appropriate to the errand of the hour.

Then there ensued an invariable formula of question and answer between the strangers aforesaid and the nearest domestic:

"Who is that?"

"That, sir? That's Awd Tommy Horton's daughter, Miss Gladys, an' a rare fine lass she be."

"And who is Old Tommy Horton?"

"Why, sir, he keeps t' Holmfirth Awd Bank."

It is odd, but true, that the guests of the Black Bull Hotel thenceforth found pretexts for business at the Bank, business that would bring them into personal contact with the manager, who, in early days—when Gladys was eighteen—could have dined at the Black Bull twice every night during the fishing season were he so minded. Three months' experience placed the genial old gentleman on guard against this insidious advance. During that period, Gladys "refused" one vicar, four subalterns, two stockbrokers, and a miscellaneous assortment of landed gentry, professional gentlemen, and merchants.

Their gaze would light upon a very handsome girl walking down the High Street.

Then father and daughter, aided and abetted by Gladys's two strapping brothers, solemnly decided that their dinner list should be strictly limited to friends and acquaintances of at least twelve months' standing, any exception

Copyright, 1902, in the United States of America, by C. Arthur Pearson Ltd.

Digitized by Google

to the rule being subject to the girl's veto. It was hard on Tom and Jim, and it diminished the receipts at the Black Bull, but some such regulation was necessary if the family was to continue to exist in the peaceful happiness of former years.

Towards the close of the following May, Mr. Horton received a tempting offer to sell his bank to a larger establishment. He yielded, somewhat unwillingly, but such was the tendency of the age, and neither of his boys cared for banking, one being destined for the army and the other for electrical engineering.

The Holmfirth Old Bank was to be bought out on the average trading of the past three years.

"I can't understand," commented the buyer's auditor, "why you transact so much business from the middle of March until the end of June. Last year it was most marked, and I find it is continuing now, though not quite so pronouncedly."

Being a Yorkshireman, Mr. Horton simply explained that the fishing season brought a good many temporary accounts.

"Well," remarked the other, "it is a capital thing for you, of course, and I only hope it keeps up."

"My youngsters tell me that the streams are improving steadily. The Black Bull is adding another wing, too, as bedrooms are scarce."

"Yes, that is all well and good, but why people should want to buy and sell stock, and transfer large sums to current account, during a fortnight's stay in Holmfirth, is beyond my comprehension."

And what more could Gladys's father say?

He stipulated that when he sold out he should retire from the management. Hence, the North-Eastern Banking and Discount Corporation sent a young man down to Holmfirth from their Leeds offices to pick up the threads of local affairs. Simultaneously with his arrival this true record of events really got on its legs.

Walter Hepburn was a tall, thin person, who had been brought up on a system that developed his brains at the expense of his muscles. He was very clever, not at all bad-looking, and could speak French and German perfectly. But he did not know the hocks of a horse from the animal's withers, it was nothing to him that Yorkshire had set up a perpetual title to the cricket championship, and, although a resident in Leeds for two years, he had never heard of Jim Mace.

Gladys ignored him for quite six weeks. One day, by chance, he encountered her returning from a favourite pool in the Codbeck, and the density of his ignorance anent black gnats, May-flies, March browns, and running worms, appalled her. She told him so.

"I am willing to learn," he ventured.

"Ah," she thoughtlessly replied, "I fear you are too old."

She was sorry the moment the words passed her lips, and then she was annoyed with Mr. Hepburn as the unwitting cause of her self-reproach.

They parted stiffly.

"What a horrid muff Mr. Hepburn is," she confided to her brother Jim. "I happened to mention spoon bait to him, and he asked me what kind of spoons I used; he thought the ordinary tea-spoon would be very heavy."

"He was probably thinking of another

The cricket groundsman confidentially informed him that if he learnt the laws of the game, he would get more fun out of umpiring than playing.

sort of spoon altogether," was the grinning and unsympathetic answer.

But Walter Hepburn's face glowed with dusky red as he walked on alone to his lodgings.

"Too old!" he muttered. "Those are new words in my life."

So he joined the local tennis, cricket, and golf clubs, and arranged for a series of lessons in casting flies. At the end of a week he discovered that a close acquaintance with the differential calculus was of no avail in field sports. On the Saturday afternoon the cricket groundsman confidentially informed him that if he learnt the laws of the game, and watched a few good matches, he would get more fun out of umpiring than playing. That same evening his piscatorial tutor, a

Digitized by Google

retired poacher, advised the purchase of a joint rod and a float.

"A'most anny fule can see a cork bobbin' up an' down," was the blunt Yorkshire explanation, "but it's a shameful weaste o' good tackle te see you a-tanglin' flies, maister."

More humiliated than he cared to confess, the young man went home, wrathfully swallowed his supper, and set out for a long country walk, thereby unconsciously adopting the best method of physical training yet invented.

The long June day was slow a-dying. In the richer meadows the hay already strewed the land in even swathes, and the pleasant scent mingled with the more delicate perfume of the briars and the woodbine in the hedges. By degrees his anger vanished. He smiled at his wounded vanity and drew forth a pipe, man's chief consoler in hours of torment. So the skilled reader will at once perceive that he was not in love. He admired Gladys Horton very much indeed, but he was plentifully endowed with common sense, and he realised that to permit the tiniest shoot of the human passion-flower to spring up in his heart would be a foolish experiment.

She would be rich, he was poor, with a widowed mother dependent on his exertions. Although a well-educated girl, her instincts were sporting; he took a keen interest in cuneiform inscriptions and beguiled his lighter moments by writing essays on physics. Her father and brothers, too, moved in a different world to his.

The budding engineer, it is true, occasionally sought his aid in solving some dynamic problem, and the banker listened with respect to his lucid analysis of clearing-house operations; but these were episodes—in everyday life they talked of horse and hound, records and aggregates, freshets, bags, baskets, reels, spills—a jargon of words new and strange to Walter Hepburn's ears.

Therefore he told himself, with a sigh, that Gladys was not for him. She would marry one of the fox-hunting squires, titled or otherwise, who drove up to the bank in high dog-carts, and called out Old Tommy Horton to see their latest trapper, bought at Darlington or Thirsk. If the banker's estimate approximated within a ten-pound note to the price paid, they trotted off in sedate glee, and, for the life of him, Hepburn could not understand why a big horse should be valued at £65, whilst a little one should fetch "something over a hundred."

About half-past nine he swung into a lane that would bring him back to Holmfirth in twenty minutes. At that moment a young lady, in a white muslin dress and a very large straw hat, sprang lightly over a stile, swinging an empty basket in her hand.

"You, Miss Horton?" he gasped.

"Yes, I, Mr. Hepburn. Is it so very amazing? I have been to Smith's Cottages A poor old woman there is very ill, and I visit her occasionally."

The basket, by the way, was not quite empty. A folded napkin reposed in the depths. Naturally, the two walked together towards the little town.

Now, even in the North Riding there are a few wicked people who occasionally require accommodation in a county gaol, and Holmfirth rejoiced in the possession of a huge iron-clamped building devoted to this purpose.

From the height of his newly found philosophy Walter was pleased to advise.

"Charity is an excellent thing," he said, "but do you think it is quite wise to wander unaccompanied about these lonely roads at a late hour? Of course, you know every inch of the ground and all the inhabitants. But, only last week, I read of a robbery committed by some discharged prisoners. They——"

Gladys laughed merrily.

"Show me your discharged prisoner," she cried. "He will not scare me, I promise you."

Then, to atone for that unkind remark at their last meeting, she led him on to talk of himself. He was a University man. The kindness of a friend obtained him an appointment in a London bank. There followed quick promotion to the clearing house, to Leeds, to Holmfirth, where his mother would join him, when——

"Oh, your mother is alive?" interrupted Gladys.

"Give us a match, young feller."

Digitized by Google

She tumbled him half insensible into the ditch.

Digitized by Google

"Yes, thank Heaven."

"I envy you," she said softly. "My father and brothers are everything that is good, but you cannot tell how a girl misses her mother. No one on earth can take her place."

Having found a topic of common interest, they hugged it. Walter forgot the higher mathematics in the simple annals of childhood. In five minutes Gladys and he saw each other in a fresh light.

But the phrase is metaphorical, for in actual fact the light was becoming very dim. The night was fine, there was no moon, and the white road stretched in front like a vague path to the North Pole, for the high hedges and clumps of trees shut out from view the scattered houses of Holmfirth.

Suddenly two men appeared from nowhere. One instant the lane was empty, the next, two tramp-like individuals barred the way, and a rough voice growled:

"Give us a match, young feller."

Walter's heart throbbed, but he managed to maintain a cool semblance.

"Certainly," he answered, producing his match-box.

"An' some 'bacca!"

The speaker's surly tone would have excused a curt refusal. But Hepburn's well-developed bump of perception told him that the couple of rascals confronting him were only seeking a pretext for a quarrel. He would avoid such a thing by all means. He could not hope to combat even one of the men. Against two, the idea became ludicrous. And there was Gladys to think of. Yet a man, a young man, in the presence of a nice young woman, does not like to admit these well-reasoned arguments. His face became moist. The very roots of his hair tingled with shame.

Gladys, meanwhile, was quietly pulling on her suéde gloves.

Walter handed over his tobacco-pouch. The predominant partner of the pair gave the pouch to his companion, and instantly struck a match. He held the vesta so that its flickering rays illumined the young people. He evidently expected to see two village lovers, but he was quick to note their superior rank. He superciliously surveyed Hepburn's figure and general dimensions. The latter had not yet acquired the country habit of carrying a stick. He was quite defenceless. Down went the match.

"Look here, mister," came the imperative order, "you an' the young lady must just hand over yer watches, jewellery an' money, or it will be worse for both of yer. Quick, now. We can't wait."

Then Walter did a really plucky thing. His name showed that he came of a stock not unused of old to the "alarums and excursions of war," and the blood of his ancestors must have leaped to his eyes, for he sprang at both men, locking an arm round each rough neck and clutching them with all his might.

"Run, Gladys!" he yelled. "Don't mind me!"

Even in his despairing frenzy he heard the chuckle of angry laughter with which the second foot-pad greeted this attempt at aggressive defence. With a scientific wrench the man twisted himself free.

He sprang at both men, locking an arm round each rough neck.

"Go through him, Bill," he shouted. "I'll look after the gal."

He was mistaken. The girl looked after him. With the left, over the heart, she disabled him. With the right she closed his eyes for some hours, and decorated each eye with a "mouse" for a fortnight. With the left again, on the nose this time, she tumbled him, half insensible, into the ditch.

"Bill" was using Hepburn very badly. The unfortunate banker, hoping that Gladys was escaping, refused to be "gone through." Indeed, he made such violent, if ill-directed, attempts to hurt his assailant that the man cried savagely:

"Chuck it, you fool, or I'll out yer!"

"No, you won't," said a pleasant voice close to his ear, whilst someone grabbed him by the collar, swung him free from Walter, and proceeded to deliver him the "one, two, three" treatment in prescribed order.

But he was a tall ruffian, and the second blow landed on his nose. Not that it was rendered more pleasant thereby, but he could still see. He tried to dodge the punisher intended for his jaw, and feebly countered, the result being that Gladys hurt her knuckles against his teeth. So, to make sure, she administered two rib-roasters, and Bill collapsed in the middle of the road.

"Do you want any more?" she inquired,

Digitized by Google

with an eye for his feet, as such men are often vicious.

"Gor-blime, no," he moaned, "what sort o' gal are you, anyhow?"

"Well, here is half a crown for you. Look after your friend. He is lying beneath the hedge. And get away from here as sharp as you can, or my brothers may come after you with dog whips."

"Your *brothers!*" was the whimpering answer. "For pity's sake, miss, don't send any more o' t' family. One's quite enough. We never meant to hurt you, I swear. We're hard up, just left t' stone joog this mornin' an' we thort——"

"You thought wrong," said Gladys, "Come along, Mr. Hepburn. I shall be late home."

She picked up her basket. Hepburn, amazed beyond words by the disillusionment of "Bill"—the only part of the encounter he had witnessed—walked by her side for yards.

"They have got my tobacco-pouch and match-box," he murmured at last. He could think of nothing else to say.

"Run back for them! I will wait here. If there's any trouble, call me, but don't—yes, you may. Just shout 'Gladys'."

There was no need to shout anything. The spoil was yielded readily, and Hepburn added another half-crown to the relief fund.

Gladys and he stepped out briskly towards Holmfirth. Once she stopped.

"Would you mind striking a match?" He obeyed. She examined a glove, badly split across the back.

"I feared that would happen," she cried with some temper. "It is too bad, but in such a bad light I hit a trifle wild."

"And would *you* mind telling me who taught you how to use your fists like a prize-fighter?" he asked, calmer now, but reviewing events with even greater astonishment.

"Why, my father, of course. Have you never seen his trophies in the dining-room?"

"Do you mean the silver on the sideboard?"

Then Gladys laughed, long and loud, with perhaps a secret joy at the excuse, for her nerves were just a wee bit excited.

"Silver! They're cups and belts. He was middle-weight amateur champion of England for five years, and fought the Walsall Pet privately for £500. That is, I mean, dad got nothing when he won, but if he'd lost he would have had to pay the five hundred."

Hepburn remembered his feeling of surprise when he first entered Dr. Horton's office and found the walls decorated with rare old prints of famous "mills," alternating with portraits of race-horses, all of which seemed to be lineal descendants of "Hermit" on the one side and "Blink Bonny" on the other.

"But," he said, still treading on air, "it doesn't follow that, because your father practised pugilism for amusement, you should be an expert. You—you don't look that sort of girl, Miss Horton."

"How odd! Perhaps I have created a type. Not many girls can box, you know."

"I have never before heard of one."

"Let me explain matters a little. Tom is a year older than I, Jim a year younger. Of course, dad taught them the noble art, and I often put on the gloves with them. When I was sixteen I could hammer both of them. Then my music mistress complained, so I had to stop it—see? But I have not forgotten the tricks, and I know exactly how and where to hit."

Candidly, Miss Gladys was conscious now of a keen desire to forget the affair. They were not far from the bank.

"Perhaps," she said slowly, "it would be best to say nothing about our adventure. My father might be alarmed in the future, though he *would* enjoy the story, too. Still——"

"I quite agree with you," broke in Hepburn. "I cut such an inglorious figure that——"

"You!" she cried, yielding to enthusiastic impulse. "You behaved splendidly! For me it was nothing. I was as certain of beating those two men as I am of lifting the latch of this gate. But for you to close with them so pluckily—and so hopelessly—was perfectly heroic. Believe me, Mr. Hepburn, you, at any rate, have no cause to condemn yourself."

She bowed and left him. He strode through the High Street in a fever of conflicting emotions. The girl went straight to her room, closed the door, and began to cry.

"What could I do?" she sobbed. "Poor fellow! They would have killed him. Yet he thinks me unladylike, horrid, an absolutely dreadful—creature."

The girl went straight to her room, closed the door, and began to cry.

Next day the story was all over Holmfirth. The two tramps, when

Google

able to move, crawled back to the town, and exchanged the tip for beer. Their five shillings, went a very long way when others in the tap-room managed to extract the truth out of them.

"I call it 'ard," he said, "fer a feller ter be laid about as I was, an' then 'ave ter pay for it."

Far worse, they were locked up, and came before Mr. Horton, as one of the local bench of magistrates, next morning.

"Bill" insisted on giving a full, graphic and gratuitous account of the mauling he and his mate received from a "slip of a girl in a white frock, and a big straw hat."

"Gen'elmen," he concluded, "whoever taught that lass how to use her dukes knew a bit, s'elp me!"

The chairman bent over the charge sheet to hide his face.

"Five shillings and costs, or seven days," he gurgled.

Then Bill's taciturn partner was moved to speech. "I call it 'ard," he said, "fer a feller ter be laid about as I was, an' then 'ave ter pay for it. Look at my eyes, guv'nor! Watch this lump on my jawr still growin'! I've 'ad more'n five bobs' worth, I 'ave."

"Downstairs!" cried the police usher, and the two disappeared.

Old Tommy Horton never moved a muscle, nor did he take part in the case. But he spoke a few words to the clerk, with the result that a policeman saw Bill and his mate into the next train for Middlesborough, and handed to each of them a ticket and half a sovereign.

Two months later Mrs. Hepburn made the acquaintance of Gladys.

"What a charming girl she is," said the mother to her son. "So unaffected, so sweet, so thoroughly womanly. Many girls nowadays think of little but aping the ways of men. Miss Horton reminds me of the days when I was young."

And when Walter abruptly changed the conversation, the old lady looked at him wistfully, wondering what manner of wife he would choose for himself.

That was four years ago. The other day Mr. Walter Hepburn, financial head of the enterprising firm of electrical engineers in which Jim Horton has just become a partner, was runner-up for the Holmfirth Golf Club bogey competition. Next year he hopes to win outright, as Gladys, after their marriage, intends to coach him seriously.

NOTE.—Excepting names of persons and places, the above story is a record of actual fact. The heroine is well-known to hundreds of admiring friends, and is famous, among other exploits, for having taken a hunter, bare-backed, and sitting in the orthodox lady's style, over a five-barred gate.

. . CONSOLATION. . .

LITTLE Miss Poor-but-Pretty
Beheld with a wistful eye
The carriage of rich Miss Millions,
Which rolled serenely by.
Little Miss Poor-but-Pretty
In sadness hung her head.
"How nice to be rich like she is!
I wish we could change!" she said.

Little Miss Poor-but-Pretty
Had somebody by her side,
Somebody sympathetic,
Who consolation tried.
"Riches, they count but little,"
Somebody rashly said,
"Perhaps Miss Millions gladly
Would change with you, instead!

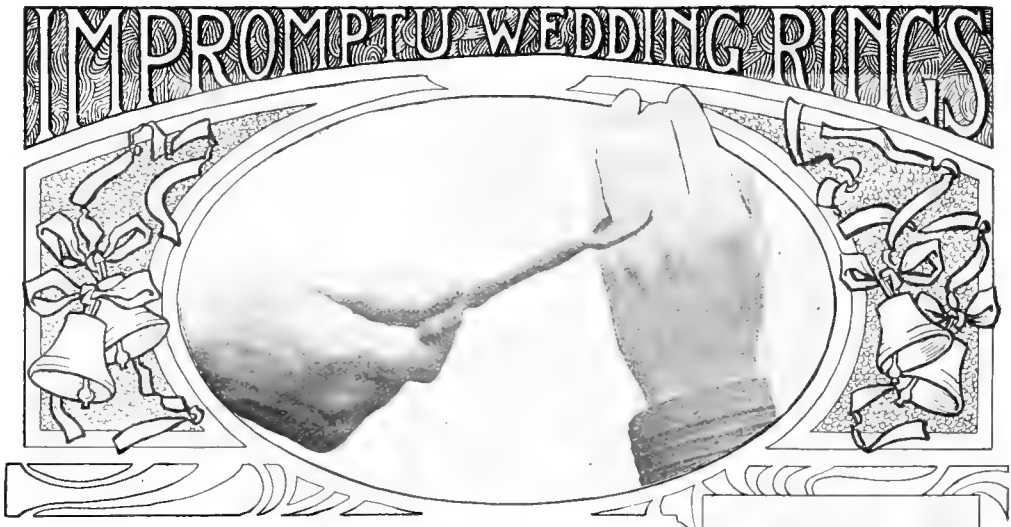
"Perhaps she'd like to be pretty,
With eyes like a summer sky,
And a thousand charms and graces
To tempt a lover's eye.
Perhaps"—and his tones were softer—
"With wealth she would gladly part,
If she—like you—had someone
Who loved her with all his heart!"

Little Miss Poor-but-Pretty
Suddenly ceased her sighs,
Thought no more about riches,
But looked in her lover's eyes;
And, reading there the story
That never can grow old,
Little Miss Poor-but-Pretty
Suddenly was consoled.

JESSIE CARR.

Digitized by Google

IMPROMPTU WEDDING RINGS



An Amusing Article that Tells of the Strange Substitutes Used when Careless Best Men let the Bridegrooms leave the Ring behind.

By Phil Lander.

That is an awful moment in the life of a man when, at his own marriage ceremony, it suddenly flashes across his mind that he has forgotten to bring the wedding ring!

Think of the mental torture endured by the unfortunate being who has to acknowledge that he has made such a deplorable blunder! If the church floor were to open and swallow him, that man would regard it as a personal favour on the part of the church.

The kindly clergyman who is tying the knot whispers, perhaps, the gentle reminder:

"The ring."

But in a sort of shuddering gasp comes the response:

"I've forgotten it!"

What a glorious thrill of excitement runs through the spectators. Every man, woman, and child in the church realises the situation.

"*He's forgotten the ring!*"

And it is no excuse for the wretched bridegroom to say the best man ought to have reminded him. The best man always disclaims responsibility if anything goes wrong.

It is sufficient to state the fact that many such instances of forgetting the wedding ring have actually occurred. The only wonder is that the occurrence does not happen more frequently. It is, in fact, remarkable that the average man, on his wedding morning, can manage to keep a thought of a mere circlet of gold in his mind.

Two curious wedding rings, neither of which came out of a jeweller's shop. They were used at weddings when the bridegrooms had left the proper rings behind. The first is a church door-key—which has done duty as a wedding ring on other occasions—and the second is a corkscrew, which some one present happened to have in his pocket.

In the East End of London there is a church where, on certain days throughout the year, marriages take place on a wholesale scale, with reduced terms for a number. The good man whose duty it is to assist young couples into early trouble, knows his congregation, so he keeps a little stock of brass rings to meet emergencies, as the youthful bridegrooms sometimes do not grasp the fact that a visit to the jeweller's is a usual and necessary preliminary to entering the bonds.

Digitized by Google

A carpenter was once being married when he found that he had forgotten the ring. But he happened to have a screw-ring (used for hanging pictures) in his pocket, so he used that.

Most churches are not, however, fitted out with the same regard to detail in providing accessories for those aspiring to matrimonial honours. Therefore, should a bridegroom, in a short fit of mental aberration, leave the all-important band of gold behind him on the morning of mornings, a situation is apt to arise requiring some very diplomatic handling.

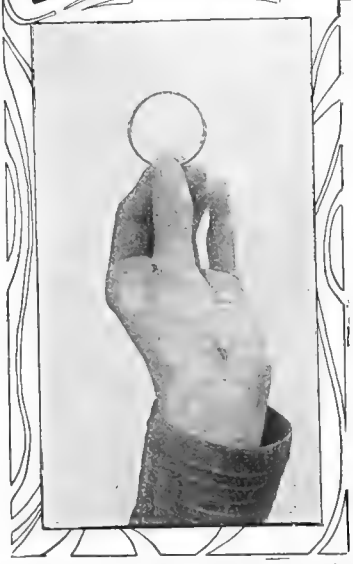
To complete the marriage ceremony, according to the laws of the church, a ring is absolutely essential. Fortunately, it has been decided that anything in the form of a circle will do in an emergency.

And so, the memory of man being but a frail thing, the annals of matrimonial contracts bear testimony to a number of substitutes for wedding rings which have from time to time saved the situation.

Not many months ago, in a Liverpool church, this incident occurred. A young couple had turned up at the appointed hour to have the matrimonial knot tied. All went well until the vital moment came for the production of the ring. But lo! the bridegroom had forgotten it, as many had done before. The wedding was a private one. The church held no guests, no kindly married lady to proffer the loan of a wedding ring. The officiating clergyman had no ring, the prospective bride was without even an engagement ring. What was to be done? The verger, the only witness, stood by, church door-key in hand. He proposed the door-key as a substitute for the orthodox wedding ring. There was nothing else to be done. The lady, against her will, assented, and the door-key did its new duty!

At another wedding, the awkward fact of the forgotten wedding ring being established, a substitute

A key ring has more than once served as a wedding ring when the real one had been forgotten. A London registrar in a poor district uses his as a regular thing in the many cases where bridegrooms come without the proper article.



The curtain ring which married a happy-go-lucky Jack Tar to his sweetheart when he had been robbed of the one he had provided.

was sought for, but the only thing in the shape of a circle in possession of the limited company assembled, was, above all things, a corkscrew!

Another curious incident at a village wedding. The bridegroom was the village carpenter. In fumbling in his pocket, at the usual cue from the clergyman, for the real wedding ring (which he had forgotten) his trembling fingers

Digitized by Google

touched a screw ring (for hanging pictures) which by accident happened to be there instead. He grasped the situation with wonderful astuteness for a yokel, and, with a muttered explanation, placed the ring on the bride's finger, much to her amazement.

A London registrar of marriages once informed the writer that in all cases of "forgotten" rings he lends his key-ring for wedding purposes.

Formerly, to save time, he used to keep a stock of cheap rings which he allowed the couples to retain, but the report soon got abroad that the "bloke at the weddin' orfis" presented all his clients with rings! The result was that amongst perhaps a dozen couples only one or two would take the trouble to come provided. So the system of wedding rings for nothing had to be stopped, and now, should the "forgotten the ring" excuse be made, the blushing bride has to be content with the use of the key-ring!

An india-rubber wedding ring, commonly used to keep an umbrella tightly rolled, has been known to tie the marriage knot just as tightly as the orthodox article.

The rim of a *pince-nez* (the glass being removed) has also done emergency duty as wedding ring.

The ivory ring of a baby's comforter is certainly the strangest substitute for a wedding ring that can be imagined. It is nevertheless said to have been so used by a well-known London comedian.

A Jack Tar who was seeking the hand and heart of a buxom Hampshire lass at Portsmouth came to have the knot tied with the assistance of a curtain ring! He explained with pleasing candour that he had got rather drunk the day before and was robbed of the real article, but he solemnly promised to buy another wedding ring as soon as he drew his pay.

An umbrella ring once came to the rescue of a wedding party in distress at Leicester quite recently. Even the ring of a *pince-nez* eyeglass has been known to satisfy the scruples of a bride.

But perhaps really the strangest substitute was the ivory ring of a baby's comforter. It was the same old story—the ring forgotten and not one to be found among the limited company present. There was, however, a small, fat baby with a comforter. This was requisitioned, and with its aid the contract was completed. The baby showed his disapproval of the whole proceeding by howling vigorously till the comforter was restored.

Digitized by Google

The Lost Cook

By Gerald Brenan.

Lady Loughwell was in a state verging on despair; Sir Thomas had quite lost his usual pomposity of manner; and even Barbara, my laughing Barbara, seemed overcome by the appalling crisis in her family affairs.

Their *chef*, that king of cooks, the world-famous, the inimitable Petitpois, had disappeared. "Not one word," cried Lady Loughwell, "not one scrap of information has he left as to his whereabouts. If he cannot be found we are for ever disgraced. Our dinner to the Prince Imperial of Neustria is *irrevocably* fixed for Thursday evening. It was to have been the triumph of the season, and now ——! Call in the police, we will not. The affair would leak out, and the wretched papers would poke endless fun at us. And so, dear Mr. Shafto, we thought of you. We all know how clever you are——"

At this I blushed slightly. I am "dear Mr. Shafto," otherwise Cuthbert Shafto, of the Middle Temple, barrister.

"—— and we feel that if anyone can find Petitpois in time for the dinner to His Imperial Highness, you are the man. That was why we sent for you and asked you to come to Park Lane at once."

"There's nobody like an old and tried friend, after all," cried Sir Thomas, clapping me upon the back in his heartiest Threadneedle Street manner. Barbara's eyes were cast down; she felt ashamed of this rapid change of front on the part of her parents. Hardly a month before, I had been practically banished from the Loughwell house in Park Lane, and forbidden to pay my addresses to Barbara, whom I had known and loved since childhood. Yet that morning an urgent appeal had reached me from the young lady's parents, inviting my aid in the search for their vanished *chef*, Celestin Petitpois.

My first impulse had been to send a curt answer, regretting that important business prevented me from helping Lady Loughwell to find her domestic. But an inclosure bearing the familiar monogram "B. L." altered my views.

I am not going to tell you *what* Barbara wrote to me, but it amounted to this—that her father and mother had set their hearts

Copyright, 1902, in the United States of America, by C. Arthur Pearson Ltd.

Digitized by Google

upon the success of the banquet to H.I.H. the Prince Imperial, and that, without Celestin Petitpois, the banquet must prove a failure. If Petitpois was found, without the affair becoming common property, the gratitude of Sir Thomas and his wife would be very great; and who could tell whether a certain young couple might not make capital out of the incident?

After a letter like that I could hesitate no longer; so I entered the brougham sent for me by Lady Loughwell (such was her anxiety) and was driven to Park Lane, where Sir Thomas clapped me upon the back, his buxom consort complimented my cleverness, and Barbara kept her pretty eyes fixed upon the carpet.

"Can you not find another cook?" I hazarded.

"Another cook! I wonder at *you*, Mr. Shafto. Where can one be found to fill the place of Petitpois, especially at such short notice? Do you know what Petitpois is?"

"The Napoleon of the *cuisine*," I replied.

At this moment Barbara glanced up from the carpet, and her eyes met mine pleadingly.

"I'll do what I can," I said suddenly. "But you must tell me something about your *chef* and his little ways. For instance, when was he seen last, and how did he usually spend his time?"

On this subject Lady Loughwell was eloquence itself. Petitpois, it seemed, looked upon cookery as one of the fine arts, and held no intercourse with the other domestics. Every morning he took a stroll in the Park, "for inspiration," he declared, and every evening he went forth gorgeously attired to the theatre. He had been seen a number of times in the stalls of the "Hilarity," and in a box at the same abode of mirth.

During the week preceding his disappearance, nothing peculiar was noticed about his conduct, save that he threw out broad hints to the housekeeper, and even to Lady Loughwell herself, of a romantic passion, which was returned. "I shall cook a dinner to make the mouths of Europe water," he cried; "for the mind works best when the object of one's affections proves kind."

It was on Friday that Petitpois vanished. That morning he had behaved with unwonted consideration towards his assistants, complimenting everyone, and singing softly to himself as he superintended the arrangements. Immediately after dinner he went out in evening dress, carrying an enormous bouquet; and since then he had not been seen or heard of. Such was the data upon which I had to commence my search.

My first step was to visit the sitting-room recently occupied by the lost cook—his *atelier* he had been accustomed to call it. This apartment was in a condition of artistic disorder, for M. Celestin Petitpois allowed no rude hands to profane his treasures. There was a large desk strewn with papers, drafts of menu cards, half-finished *recipes*, suggestions for new dishes, and other incomplete "poems" of the oven and the stew-pan.

Amid the litter I found poetry of another kind as well, for Petitpois had been busy upon some languishing love verses in his native tongue. The lines were addressed to one "Mademoiselle Clarissa."

Clarissa was then the name of her for whom Petitpois had conceived his romantic passion; and it appeared highly probable that the large photograph, framed in silver, which occupied the place of honour on the desk, was Clarissa's counterfeit presentment. Indeed, I recognised the pretty, piquant face as that of Miss Clarissa Cripps, of the Hilarity Theatre, with whom half male London was said to be in love.

Surely it was rank presumption on Petitpois's part to aspire to so renowned a beauty as she—and yet, had he not given Lady Loughwell and the housekeeper to understand that his love was returned, his suit favourably received? Could Miss Cripps be in any way concerned in his disappearance?

My doubts on this score were soon set at rest by the discovery of a crumpled telegraph form, which had fallen under the table. I seized it eagerly and read:

"*Petitpois, care of Loughwell, Park Lane. —Meet you to-night after performance, corner Little Billington Street.—Cripps.*"

The message bore date of the previous Friday, some hours before our lovesick *chef* left Park Lane, dressed in his best, and carrying a floral offering. Little Billington Street, I remembered, contained the stage-door of Miss Cripps's theatre—the Hilarity.

I jumped into Lady Loughwell's waiting brougham, and hurried to the Buskin Club, where an acquaintance readily gave me the information I desired. Miss Clarissa Cripps lived in Tipton Road, St. John's Wood; and my friend added the very interesting news that Miss Clarissa was shortly to be married.

"Indeed!" I exclaimed. "I suspected something of the sort."

"True bill, I assure you. They say he's frightfully jealous. Pity Clarissa didn't pick out an Englishman; they make the easiest husbands in the long run."

Digitized by Google

Miss Clarissa Cripps was at home, and sent word that she would see me "in five minutes." I was ushered into a delightful room, all cushions and cosy corners.

"Mr. Cuthbert Shafto. On important business," she quoted from my card. "Dear me! That sounds quite dreadful. If you think I can bear the business, Mr. Shafto, I am ready to hear the worst."

"My mission is soon described. Lady Loughwell, of Park Lane, is anxious to know if you can give her any information concerning her *chef*, M. Celestin Petitpois, who is missing."

Miss Clarissa burst into a peal of laughter. "Oh, that ridiculous little mannikin!" she cried. "How could I ever forget him! For the last two months he has been pestering me night and day, coming to the theatre every performance, waylaying me at the stage-door, sending me flowers and sweets and—love-letters!"

"But is it not a fact that you are about to marry M. Petitpois?"

"To marry the cook!" shrieked Clarissa, hysterically. "How *dare* you, sir!"

"I beg your pardon," I faltered; "but I really heard that you were going to be married."

"So I am," snapped Clarissa; "but not to anybody's cook. . . . . I am engaged to Lord Carrickmacross."

"To 'Paddy' Carrickmacross?"

"The same old 'Paddy,'" she replied, her smiles returning. "I see you know the dear boy."

I certainly did know Viscount Carrickmacross as a harum-scarum young Irish peer, famous for practical jokes; so I congratulated the future Viscountess in customary form, and, by way of explaining my mistake, gave her a full account of Lady Loughwell's dire embarrassment, and the strange conduct of Petitpois.

When I described the telegram signed "Cripps" she was once more highly indignant, and assured me positively that no such invitation had ever been sent by her. Who, then, had summoned Petitpois to the tryst in Little Billington Street? We were gazing at each other in a puzzled fashion, when the door opened and a giggling servant appeared, carrying a large covered dish. At the same time the air was pervaded by a peculiar odour, such as one sniffs in farm-house kitchens about dinner-time.

"If you please, miss," said the girl, "Lord Carrickmacross sends his compliments, and begs you to try some more Irish stew."

Clarissa's face reddened angrily, and she stamped one of her little feet. "Take it away," she cried; "take the abominable stuff away. I will not be joked with—not even by Lord Carrickmacross."

"But please, Miss, his lordship says——"

"I don't care what his lordship says. I shall *not* taste his horrid Irish stew. Do you know, Mr. Shafto" (turning to me), "what new freak my precious *fiancé* has been up to? He seems to have become insane on the subject of Irish stew. On last Saturday a vast bowl of the greasy mixture arrived here with a request that I should taste it, and give my opinion as to its merits.

"Needless to say, I sent it back at once, and gave Master 'Paddy' a good wigging in the evening, at which he only grinned mysteriously, and assured me that it would be 'better next time.' Yesterday, as we were sitting down to luncheon, a second consignment of stew made its appearance, with the same message as before. I had it thrown out, and refused to see Carrickmacross when he called. Yet, instead of being sorry for his conduct, he now has the impudence to send me a third bowl, larger than the others. He is either mad, or this has some meaning which I cannot fathom. . . . Ugh! the horrid stuff."

Here she lifted the dish-cover, and exposed to my view a strange, heterogeneous mess, evidently containing many kinds of vegetable matter interspersed with scraps of meat, the whole partially submerged in a thick, greenish gravy, and smelling with a somewhat over-emphatic fragrance.

Clarissa bit her nether lip. "Take the thing away, and put it in the larder," she said to the servant. "When Lord Carrickmacross comes, he is to have it for his luncheon." At this there was a great shout of laughter in the entrance hall, and, as the maid carried away the stew, the frank, boyish, face of "Paddy" Carrickmacross appeared in the doorway.

"Been playing the eavesdropper," he said. "Sorry you don't like the stew. Bad news for the artist who made it. However, wait till to-morrow; my man will outdo himself. . . . . Hullo, Shafto! Didn't know you were on Clarrie's list of callers. Afternoon, Clarissa."

"*Good* afternoon, my lord," returned Clarissa, with freezing severity. "May I ask you to explain the unwarrantable repetition of this stupid joke?"

"Hoity toity, ain't we oratorical! You mean the Irish stew, I suppose. That stew, my dear lady, that apparently humble

Digitized by Google

Hibernian *olla podrida* is, or at least ought to be, a masterpiece."

"A nuisance, you mean."

"Nay, fair epicure, a masterpiece. 'Twas made, madam, by a master's hand. 'Twas made by the most exquisite of culinary artists——"

I sprang to my feet in excitement. "Not by Petitpois?" I cried. "You don't mean Celestin Petitpois, Lady Loughwell's *chef?*"

Carrickmacross put up his eyeglass. "How did you guess that?" he remarked, his coolness somewhat ruffled. "Well, yes, I may own that you are right. The wizard Petitpois has deigned to lay this delicate offering at the feet of his beloved Clarissa—of 'divine Clarissa, the empress of his heart.'"

"How *dare* you, Paddy?" cried Miss Cripps, tears starting to her eyes, her voice broken by sobs of mortified pride.

"Look here, Carrickmacross," I said, "you must excuse me if I ask you a question. Where, in the name of all that's mysterious, is Lady Loughwell's *chef?*"

"Hullo! Are you after him, too? What have you got against the little fat fool?"

"I have nothing against him; but I am particularly anxious to discover his whereabouts." And I explained why, without mentioning Barbara Loughwell, of course.

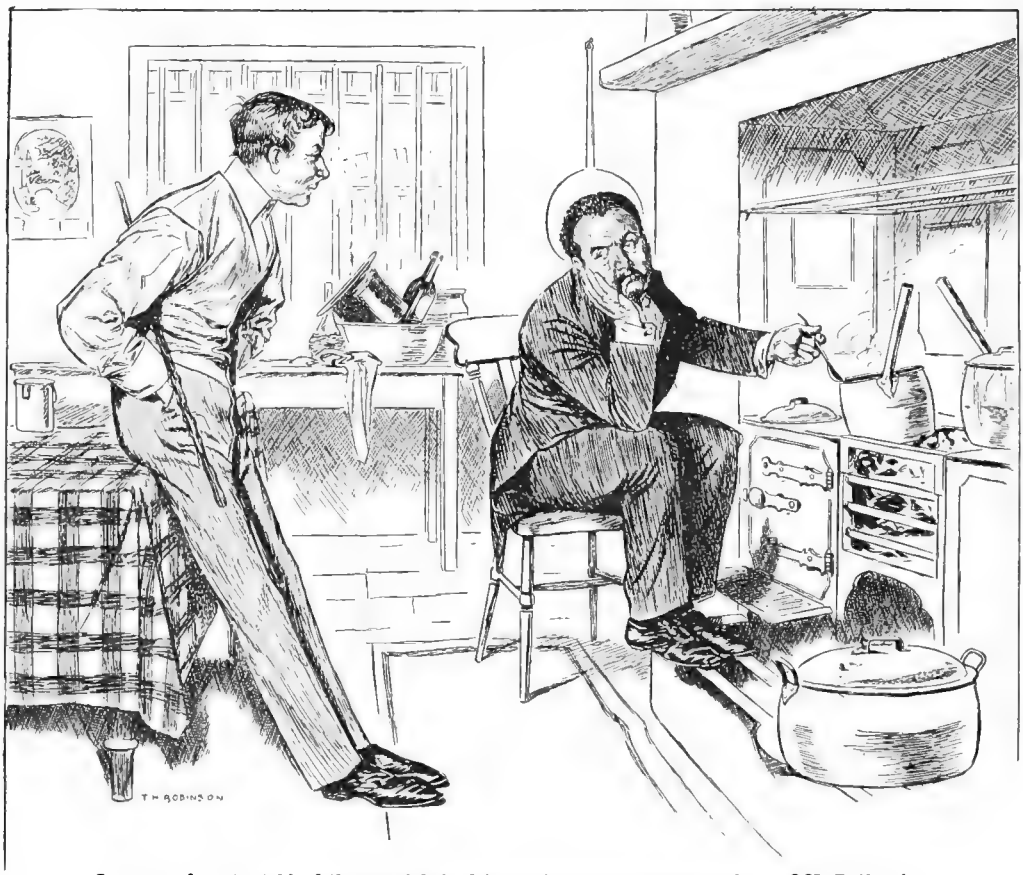
Lord Carrickmacross shrugged his broad shoulders resignedly. "Well, since you are all so interested in the fellow," he said, "I suppose I must abate the rigour of my vengeance, and let M. Petitpois off for the present. You asked me where he was. At this moment I believe him to be in the kitchen of my flat, learning to cook Irish stew under the blackguardly tutelage of my man, Larry Cassidy."

"In your flat? Petitpois?"

"Precisely. . . . . You must know, my dear Shafto, that for the past two months this infernal French cook has had the cheek to

"He has been pestering me night and day, coming to the theatre every performance, waylaying me at the stage door, sending me flowers."

Digitized by Google



Larry and a stout blackthorn stick had been the constant companions of M. Petitpois.

run after Clarrie—Miss Cripps—I mean—sending her all sorts of things—flowers, bonbons, love-lorn doggerel, and so forth, in spite of my repeated warnings to desist. He even proposed marriage to her, and I've seen him hanging about the stage-door night after night. I don't say that she encouraged him ——"

"You had better not," from Clarissa.

"But the beast's impertinence got more than flesh and blood could stand. Twice I gave him fair warning, but without effect; either he could not or would not understand me.

"So, after long consideration, I hit on a novel and appropriate plan of punishment. Petitpois was lured from Park Lane by a false message from Clarrie, induced to enter a cab, and carried to my flat. There Larry Cassidy took matters in hand. Since Friday night Larry and a stout blackthorn stick have been the constant companions of M. Petitpois."

"You don't mean to say ——"

"No; the blackthorn was *not* used, but merely held in readiness."

"And you compelled the unfortunate *chef* to cook Irish stew?" cried Clarissa.

"Rightly guessed. He has done hardly anything but cook Irish stew ever since. It will take him down several pegs, and do him any amount of good. He, the creator of high-sounding dishes, has been doomed to a three days' course of Irish stewing, under persuasion of Larry Cassidy and his blackthorn. All his threats, entreaties, and imprecations have fallen upon deaf ears. When he makes a row, Larry sings joyously to drown his voice. He has been informed that until Miss Clarissa Cripps is graciously pleased to express approval of his daily offering, he must remain the slave of stew."

By this time Clarissa's wrath had given place to laughter. "You must let the poor fellow off, Paddy," she said. "He has been punished quite enough. As for the stew, you

Digitized by Google

can tell him that I think it everything that a stew should be—in fact, that I never tasted the like in all my life."

"Admirably put! Petitpois shall be set free forthwith. If Shafto will accompany me to my flat, the prisoner can be handed over to his care."

An hour later we found ourselves at the flat in question, interviewing the amiable Mr. Cassidy, a tall Irishman with a roguish eye. "So he's to be let go at last," said the worthy. "Well, faith, I'm not sorry, for between himself an' the stew, I've had no peace since Friday."

Before the kitchen range crouched the limp form of Petitpois, ridiculously arrayed in the same suit of evening clothes which he had worn on leaving Park Lane. His face was begrimed and woebegone; he leaned his head dismally upon one plump and very dirty hand, while with the other he slowly stirred the contents of a large saucepan. Unmistakable odours of Irish stew were wafted abroad.

"My friend," said Carrickmacross in French, touching him on the shoulder, "Miss Cripps has at last approved of the stew. Your studies have not proved fruitless. We are proud of our pupil."

The *chef* sprang from his chair. "*Ah! Miserable!*" he shrieked. "How much longer am I to be tortured? How much longer am I to remain in this den of iniquity?"

"Now that your work is approved you can go at once," returned Carrickmacross coolly. "But remember—keep away from the stage door of the Hilarity Theatre. Mademoiselle Clarice, the empress of your heart, cannot resist Irish stew, and if she sees you in Little Billington Street, I shall be forced to bring you here again, so that you can make some more for her."

"Malediction on yourself and your stew!" roared Petitpois. "For three days I have eaten stew, drunk stew, smelt stew, and dreamt of stew. But I shall be revenged, milord. You tell me that I may go. *Eh bien*; I shall go. But——"

"Better have a wash first; you're beastly dirty, old man," interrupted Carrickmacross. "And as you can't go home dressed like that, I'll lend you an overcoat."

But Petitpois would stay neither for wash nor overcoat. He was impatient to visit Scotland Yard, there to pour his harrowing tale into the ears of the police. "Milord Carrickmacross shall go to the Tower of London for this!" he cried. "If the police deny me justice, I shall appeal to the French Ambassador." For some time I was at a loss how to shake this resolution, but at length it occurred to me to appeal to the Frenchman's vulnerable points—his sense of gallantry, and his conceit.

"M. Petitpois," I said, "has surely too much regard for a lady's feelings to keep Lady Loughwell in suspense. I am certain that before he visits the police he will be courteous enough to call at Park Lane and allay her ladyship's fears for his safety."

"Ah!" he remarked. "Milady is anxious, then?"

"The whole household is anxious. Your return will be a triumphal one."

"I will go to Park Lane, then," said Petitpois. "I would not keep Lady Loughwell any longer in suspense for worlds. Celestin Petitpois makes it his life study to serve the gentler sex; that is to say," he added, glancing savagely at Carrickmacross, "those of the gentler sex whose tastes do not betray them into eating Irish stew."

It took the combined efforts of Lady Loughwell, Sir Thomas, Barbara, and myself to dissuade Petitpois from making a scandal over the affair. A handsome diamond pin and an increase of salary silenced his complaints, and he consented not to clap Carrickmacross into the Tower for his misdeeds.

The dinner to H.I.H. the Crown Prince was a glittering success, and Petitpois surpassed himself in a multitude of elaborate dishes, as we hope he will do again in the wedding breakfast which he is to cook for Barbara and myself after Christmas. He still entertains the loftiest idea of his artistic importance; but he visits the "Hilarity Theatre" no more, and the very mention of Irish stew is enough to send him into hysterics.

A Pattern of a Charming Blouse, and a New Children's Supplement called

"WONDERLAND,"

containing a real Set of Paints, are some new features of the SEPTEMBER NUMBER of the LADY'S MAGAZINE,

Now on Sale.

Your children should enter for the Painting Competition. Forty Prizes are offered, including ten splendid Gramophones, worth over £3 each.

Digitized by Google

Mrs. Reynolds, who suggested the idea of a living flag.

LIVING FLAGS.

A Novel Way of Amusing a Large Crowd of Children and at the same time of Providing a Striking Spectacle to Onlookers.

By Margaret Noel.

Of late years we have seen no small amount of bunting—the Jubilee, the Diamond Jubilee, and this year we have had the peace rejoicings and all the splendours of the Coronation. Yet, magnificent as our decorations have been, we have never yet manufactured a flag endowed with breath and real warm-blooded life.

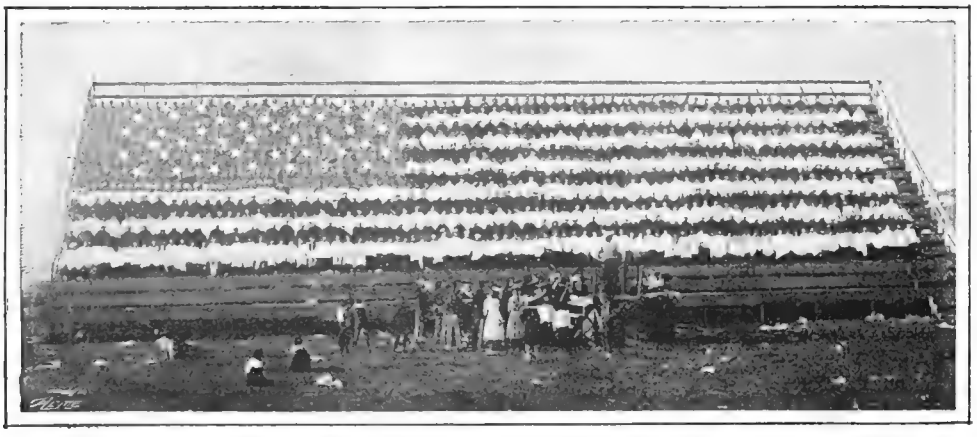
In this we have been anticipated by America, by a little out-of-the-way town in the middle of the central State of Iowa. Here, the citizens, young and old, showed the greatest enthusiasm and patriotism in the Hispano-American War. Every day were heard the strains of the "Star-Spangled Banner," "America," "Hail, Columbia!" and patriotic ditties more particularly dear to citizens of Iowa. Here was conceived, for the extra celebration of a military review, the idea of a living flag.

The credit for the invention, construction, and entire direction of this unique flag must be given to Mrs. Hortense R. Reynolds, the supervisor of music in the public schools of Des Maines, the capital of the State of Iowa.

The various territorial regiments of this large and widely-extended State were mobilised and camped just outside Des Maines. This unusual display of military power raised the town to a magnificent pitch of enthusiasm and patriotic good feeling. These sentiments of national zeal spread to the school children, to whom the novelty of a large military camp gave the greatest excitement.

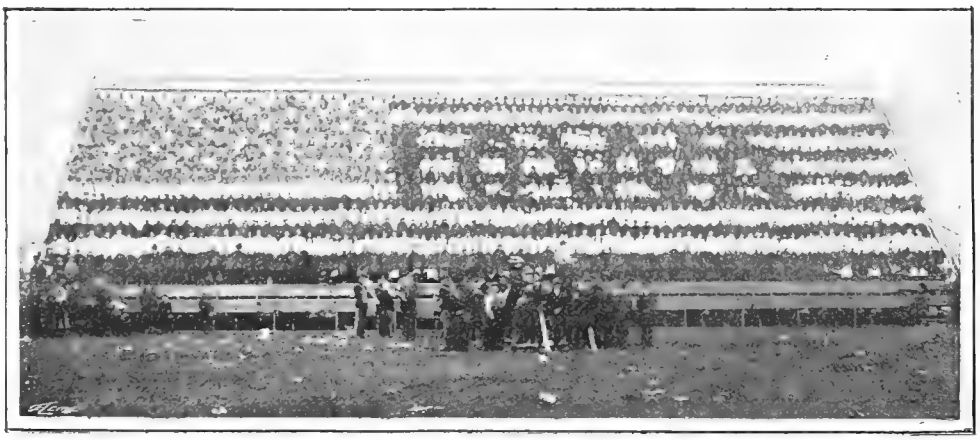
From these causes Mrs. Reynolds conceived the idea of an entirely novel celebration. With the pecuniary help of several rich citizens of the State, she arranged and had built a large platform, sloping at a sharp angle and filled with rows of benches, the whole giving the idea of a stand on a racecourse.

Collecting several thousand school children, boys and girls, Mrs. Reynolds attired them in blue for the boys, and white for the girls. She



The "Star-Spangled Banner" of the children of Des Maines, Iowa, the only flag that has ever breathed and sung its own praises.

Digitized by Google



At a signal the word "Iowa" appeared in black amid the stripes, and so formed the flag of that State.

then arranged her small charges in alternate rows of boys and girls for the stripes; and the stars, of pasteboard, were held by the boys in blue. The result gave a wonderful illustration of the "star-spangled banner." Mrs. Reynolds, standing in front on a high platform, directed the singing of patriotic songs, the children joining in with enthusiastic cheers, as the regiments marched by and drew up in line in front.

Then the word "Iowa" suddenly appeared in black across the stripes. The children who formed the word wore black garments under their various colours, and, at a given signal, tore off their other garments, revealing the name of the State. The effect of this sudden transformation may be imagined. Cheer succeeded cheer, and patriotic songs followed each other in close succession, the children waving their handkerchiefs and shouting as heartily as any of the delighted spectators who thronged the grounds.

Mrs. Reynolds also introduced a swaying exercise amongst the children to give the impression of a flag undulating in the wind.

Notwithstanding the serious difficulties to be overcome in the production of such a giant venture, the large number of children to be employed, the band and the erection of the huge stand, mercenary motives were for once put aside, all joining in the scheme in a truly hearty spirit and a patriotic zeal seldom seen amongst so large a body.

The effect on young and old was certainly good. The children were taught a lesson never to be forgotten in true patriotism, and the soldiers of Iowa, who were shortly to proceed to the front, were encouraged in the fulfilment of their duties to their state and country.

A great crowd of cheering citizens witnessed a representation of the Cuban flag.

Digitized by Google

THE TATLERS.

By Owen Oliver.

Miss PRIOR (to her friend, Miss TATTLE).

Yes, I said Mary Brown and young Bruce. . . . Double his age?. Three times, my dear. . . . You may well say so! I've had my suspicions all along. A young man doesn't stop in a quiet place like this for nothing. Studying for an examination? Then he's been doing most of his studying at her house. I've seen them down the garden together eight times this week; and if I had troubled to watch them. . . . But I am not one to pry into other people's affairs.

"I am not one to pry into other people's affairs."

Still you can't help noticing what is in front of your eyes. This morning they were sitting in the arbour from five past eleven till twelve o'clock; and at ten minutes to the hour exactly he went down on his knees to her. . . As sure as I am sitting here; and I saw her pat him on the shoulder.

A long way to see? *My dear, I had the opera-glasses!*

Mr. BUDD (of Budd, Bloom & Co.)

How's business? Fair, William, fair. Might be better an' might be wuss. Things in this world is a mixter. Queer mixter, some of 'em. You're right. There's old Miss Brown, down street, an' the young chap wot goes callin' there, for instance. He's six feet odd, an she ain't five. He's 'bout three-an'-twenty, and she's fifty-five, lettin' her down easy. . . . Like enough they won't suit no wuss'n others.

"Four hours a day she's been watchin' 'em out of her back-window."

Believe it? Well, Miss Prior gets a bit of truth now an' then—by accident like. An' she do work hard for it. Four hours a day she's been watchin' 'em out of her back-window, young Sairey Harris, wot's housemaid there, tole the missus. . . . No, I don't pay no attention to women's gossip, William; but I pay particular attention to a nice little account, maturin' in this here book, for flowers wot he's ordered to be sent to her. . . . Well off? Why, bless you, she owns half Bell Lane. . . . Young men'll do anything for money nowadays.

Miss TITTLETON (to Mrs. JONES).

Quite well, thank you. How are Mr. Jones and the children? . . . I'm glad to hear it.

"I can't understand anyone thinking so much of dress."

You've heard about old Miss Brown, of course? No! You won't mention it to a soul, will you, because it was told to me in the *strictest* confidence. . . . She is engaged to that young Bruce. . . . Miss Prior heard him propose to her. . . . That's just what *I* said.

I don't like to speak ill of anybody, but really at *her* time of life! . . . It's the third she's had this spring, beside a costume. . . Yes, at her age—and with her complexion. . . I can't understand anyone thinking so much of dress. . .

Only thirty shillings! . . . Madame Tile's, you said? . . . Well, if you are walking that way, I may as well come. You are *sure* it is a Paris model?

Rev. JOHN BULL (to Mrs. BRUCE).

Mary Brown and young Bruce! Tut, tut,

Copyright, 1902, in the United States of America, by C. Arthur Pearson Ltd.

Digitized by Google

tut! My dear, you're talking nonsense. . . . No, no, my love. Certainly not. . . . Who told you?

Miss Tittleton? Ah-h! Then, of course, you don't believe it? . . . Well, *I* don't. Mary Brown is no fool. . . . Fiddlesticks!

On his knees? Why shouldn't he? What for? Dropped a sixpence, probably. . . . Well, I hope not. We really can't spare her from the parish work. A good little soul. . . . Yes, yes, my dear. I know you do. Everybody does, bless her! . . . Why should we be curious? It's her business, not ours. . . Umph!

No-o, I wasn't going to call to-day; but there's the Blanket and Counterpane Society. I ought to consult her about it, I suppose. Well, I think perhaps I *will* go this afternoon. . . . Of course not.

Mary Brown and young Bruce! Well, well! . . . Tut, tut! I don't believe a word of it!

"Tut, tut! I don't believe a word of it."

Mrs. BROWN (to Mrs. CLACK).

You refer to my sister-in-law, I presume? . . . Pray, take another cup. Yes, the rumour *has* reached me, but I scarcely think . . . Fifty-eight next month . . . She has told me time after time that she would never marry. . . . She *is* rather peculiar. . . . The *best* of terms. . . . Of course, her money is a great temptation. . . . It is very regrettable.

"Yes, the rumour *has* reached me."

Molly? Oh, *dear*, no? . . . It was on'y natural. . . . My daughter has no need to seek for admiration, fortunately.

Expect her home? In about a week. She is enjoying herself very much, she writes. Remember you? With pleasure.

Must you go? . . . Give my regards to Mr. Clack. I hope to call next week . . . *Good*-bye. Be *sure* to come soon. . . How many more times am I to tell you that I am not at home to Mrs. Clack?

I *do* hope that Molly had no idea of anything. I really thought. . . . The woman ought to be ashamed of herself!

"Bad job about Bruce, isn't it?"

FRED BROWN, Jun. (to TOM WICKET).

Bad job about Bruce, isn't it? I knew he was a bit hard up, but never dreamed it was bad enough for *that*. . . . It's no use slanging a fellow when he's down.

No. I had a letter this morning, but he only said he couldn't play on Saturday, as he was too busy preparing for the ordeal. The ordeal! No, I don't think she'll make him leave the club. She's a good old sort, really, but——

What? Look here, if you're going to talk any rot of that sort about my sister. . . . That's all right, old man. . . . Then don't go putting it into people's heads. . . . Not the slightest idea, I assure you. But it's not nice for a girl to—er——Just so. . . . Ta, ta! See you later.

I wonder if the mater's written and told Molly? Someone ought to before she comes back. . . . She'll carry it off all right, but I know jolly well. . . Poor old sis!

Miss CARRIE TAYLOR (to Miss MOLLY BROWN).

Well, my dear, and how are you? . . . You look it.

I promised your mother I'd come and see you. . . . They're all very well. Your brother complains that he's dull, with no one to tease. . . . I expect he leads you a life. . . . I did not know you were so fond of one another.

What do you think of your aunt's engagement? . . . *Haven't* you?

"Well, my dear, and how are you?"

Digitized by Google

. . . Arthur Bruce. . . . I thought you weren't well. Shall I open the window? . . . Yes, the room *was* close.

It took us rather by surprise. . . . She *is* rather old for him, isn't she? . . . No doubt she's very nice, but . . . Oh, quite their own affair!

Sure it's true. Why, he was caught in the act of proposing to her. On his knees, I believe. He-he-he!

Tell your people you're well, and in great spirits? Certainly . . . *Good*-bye, my dear.

I *knew* there was something in it!

Miss MOLLY BROWN (to ARTHUR BRUCE).

DEAR ARTHUR,

I have heard of your engagement to my aunt. She is a very dear and good woman, and, if you love her, I wish you every happiness. If it is, as I fear, a matter of money—— Well, you know what I think. I will only say that it was hardly manly to leave me to hear the news casually.

"Well, you know what I think."

I will not pretend that it has not hurt me. It never occurred to me that you could be disloyal. Now, I do not know if I can even trust you to say nothing of the understanding that existed between us. If you ever cared for me in the least, spare me the pain of hearing about this from others; and do not meet me, if you can help it.

Yours truly,

MOLLY BROWN.

P.S.—I return the bracelet. Please do not give it to her.

Mr. ARTHUR BRUCE (at Miss MOLLY BROWN'S).

Not in? . . . I *must* see her. . . . Molly. . . . Hear me first. . . . *Confound your aunt!* . . . How dare I? Because I love you. . . . Don't look at me like that.

Disloyal! I? No, it is you. . . You believe what any gossip chooses to say of

"Mystery? There isn't any. The button came off his shirt collar."

. . . Of course t's not true. . . . Molly, darling! Don't, don't. . . Let me wipe your eyes. . . . My own little girl! And you thought I would marry money instead of you? . . . As if I could blame you for anything.

"Confound your aunt."

How did it get about? I haven't the faintest idea. . . . I'm sure she hasn't. . . . Oh, yes; we were excellent friends, and I often went there. She liked me because I like you. . . Of course I told her about it. . . . One of the best little souls that ever breathed. I wonder that no one ever . . . Died thirty years ago? Poor old Aunt Mary! We mustn't let her hear about this nonsense.

Miss BROWN, Sen. (to Rev. JOHN BULL).

The rector? Ask him to come in, and make a nice cup of tea, there's a good girl. . . . I hope you're as well as you look. And Mrs. Bull . . . Very well, for an old woman. . . . Fie!

Blanket and Counterpane Society? If you'll make the blankets a little more substantial this year, I'll make my subscription correspond. . . . That's what money's for.

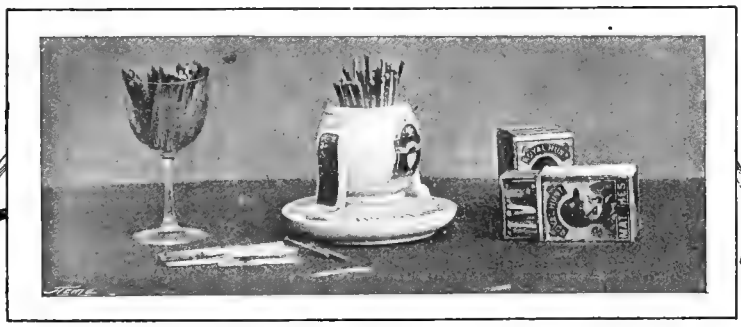
News? Not unless you call an engagement news. . . Yes, I *do* mean Arthur Bruce. What's the matter? . . . Bless the man! . . . Oh, they *do*, do they? . . . To my niece, of course. Molly, you know. . . . . Well, I never!

Mystery? There isn't any. The button came off his shirt collar. He is very tall and I am very short. I couldn't reach it comfortably when he stood. So he knelt. . . Upon my word!

Marry for their buttons' sake? Not nowadays. . . . Why not? Because they wear studs. . . . I'll give him a set for a wedding present when he marries—Miss Brown!

Digitized by Google

MATCH-PAGODAS



By R. Saxon.

An Exasperating After-dinner Game, Played with Matches.

There are several amusing games which require little or no preparation and can be played "across the walnuts and the wine," but there is not one more entertaining than the game of "Match Pagodas," which simply requires as accessories a box of ordinary wooden matches and a wine-glass.

Any number of players can take part in it, from two upwards, and there is no trickery in it whatever. It is an excellent amusement for the Christmas dinner table, and in fact may be played anywhere—except, perhaps, in a railway carriage, or upon the "devil's back" of a palpitating motor-car. Physical strength will not avail you, delicacy of touch and a mild temper being the chief essentials of success.

(1.)
All the apparatus required to play the game of Match Pagodas—a wine-glass and some matches. The matches are placed in the glass, heads up, and then——

First get your matches, which should be of the old-fashioned red-headed phosphorus kind. (Those which strike only on the box have smaller heads as a rule, and are harder to catch hold of.) Then place them in a wine-glass, heads upwards, using the whole of the contents of an ordinary box for a fair-sized port-glass.

The game begins by the first player drawing out a match and placing it horizontally across the tops of the others. The next player does the same, and the rest follow suit, until a pagoda-like pile begins to rise in the air.

Now the crucial moment approaches, for every match taken away to add to the pagoda weakens the latter's foundations. Before long there is bound to be a grand catastrophe. Meanwhile the height of the pagoda increases, and so does the interest, which becomes breathless.

Talk of digging for diamonds, spearing for eels, dipping in a bran-pie, or drawing in a lottery—all these things pale before the excitement of extracting these matches from under the tottering pile. Whenever a match is dislodged and drops on the table, the offending player drops a point: he who loses fewest points wins the game. The player who at length overthrows the pagoda altogether is penalised a number of points that must be decided before the game starts—generally about five.

Digitized by Google

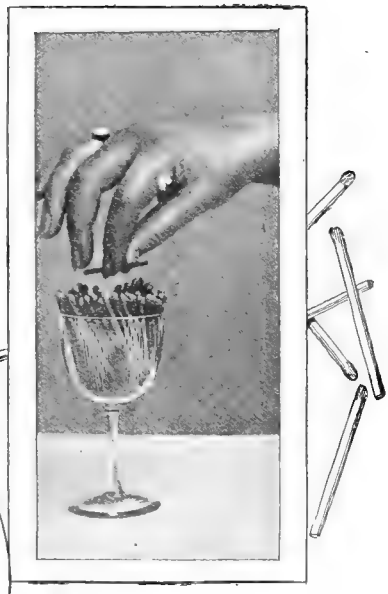
On one occasion, it is said, the game of Match Pagodas was proposed at a small suburban bachelor dinner party. One of the guests had played it before, the rest had never even heard of it. A box of matches was produced, a small round table brought in, and the game began.

The weary parlourmaid waited in vain for the signal to clear away. When at last she ventured to enter the room she vanished hastily before a baleful frown and curt "presently, Mary"—from her master.

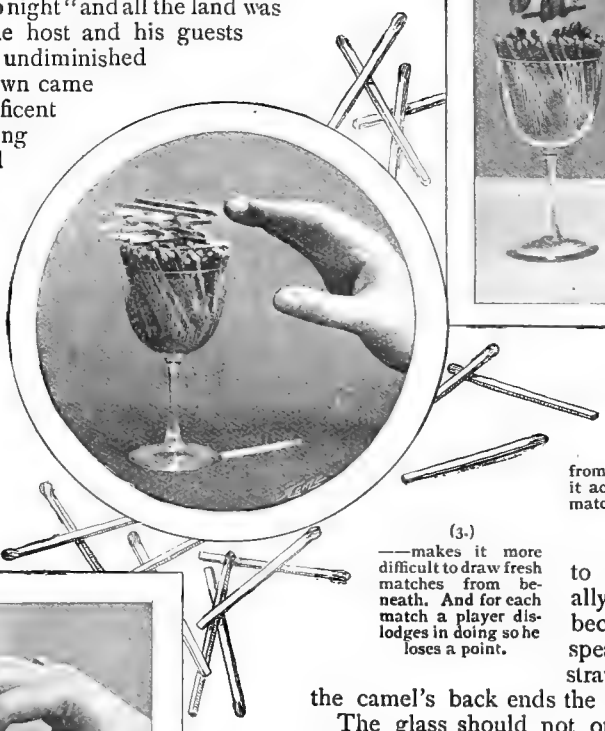
Evening turned to night "and all the land was dark," and still the host and his guests played on with undiminished zeal, and when dawn came at last a magnificent Pagoda was absorbing their breathless and undivided attention.

Rumour says they are playing still.

But to return to our game! Each player continues to take his turn in drawing out and adding his match. The pagoda continues to rise until, eventually, the last match becomes, figuratively speaking, the last straw, and by breaking the camel's back ends the game.



(2.)
The game begins. Any number can play and each player in turn has to draw a match from the glass and lay it across the rest Every match so placed——



(3.)
——makes it more difficult to draw fresh matches from beneath. And for each match a player dislodges in doing so he loses a point.

(4.)
But still the Pagoda—as the pile of matches is called—continues to grow——

The glass should not on any account be moved, touched, shaken or passed round. It should be placed on the table so that all the players can come up to it and play. If the table is a small one the glass should stand exactly in the centre.

Match Pagodas, can, of course, be played with counters. Every player who makes a match fall must pay a counter to each of the other players. The player whose clumsiness puts an end to the pagoda has to pay each of the others a given number of counters, and he who has most counters at the finish wins the game.

As will easily be seen, any ordinary match-box or match-stand will do quite as well as a wine glass—those choice specimens of antique china, for instance, ornamented with replicas of labels advertising somebody's whiskey or somebody else's tea. They are to be found in most smoking rooms, billiard-rooms, and restaurants—quite ready for the game, bristling with a sheaf of matches, and literally inviting you to begin.

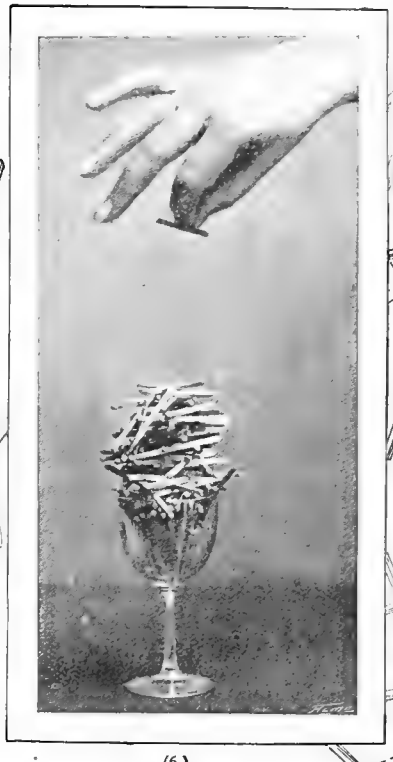
Digitized by Google

When played with a match-box instead of a glass, Match Pagodas will be found easier of accomplishment, as the matches are not nearly so difficult to extricate as when in a glass, but it is not really the game proper.

It is wonderful what a hold this game has upon all who play it. The fascinations of golf over its votaries are bad enough, but the fascinations of Match Pagodas over its victims are worse. To those who have once played it, its charms are irresistible.

There is a danger of its giving birth to a new species of fiend—like the golf or the cycling fiend. I have heard of a man who has drawn up a set of scientific directions for playing the game; he is of opinion that county clubs should be started, and a Match Padoga County Championship instituted.

(5.)
The difficulty of withdrawing matches increases. Nevertheless, with care, the total overthrow of the flimsy structure is long postponed, and the pagoda may grow to a height of two—



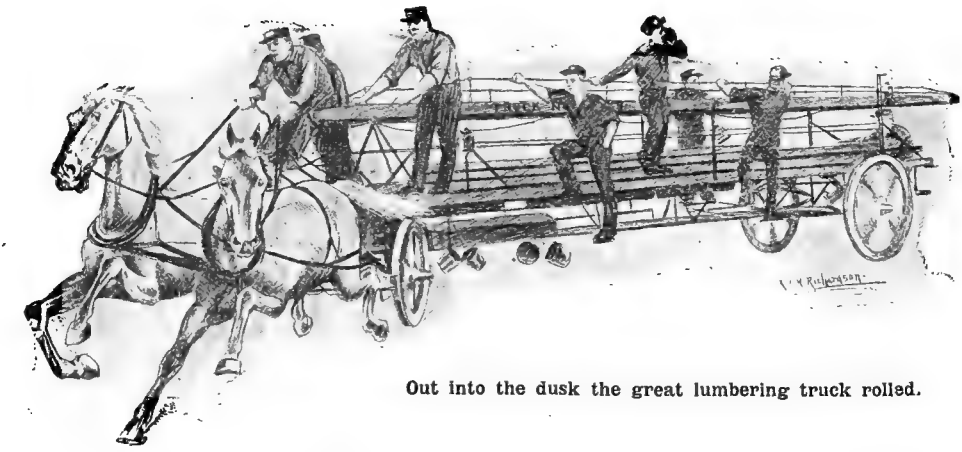
(6.)
—or even three inches, above the wine-glass. The greatest care and deftness must now be used in pulling out each match, and also in laying it on the top of the pile—

(7.)
—but at last one too clumsy player overthrows the Pagoda altogether, and the game is at an end.

There is a certain amount of skill required, and, like most games, the more it is practised the better it can be played. You want the taper fingers of the Heathen Chinee himself to excel in it, but no wax on them, please, for that isn't fair. You also want steady hands, and a neat way of lightly dropping the extricated match on the top of the pile without knocking down half-a-dozen of the others.

Do try it. It is all so easy, so simple, and so—exasperating!

Digitized by Google



Out into the dusk the great lumbering truck rolled.

"LITTLE NOZZLE."

A Tale of the American Fire Brigade.

By Reginald Charles Sherlock.

The newspapers said next morning, in recounting the story, that the accident was bound to have occurred sooner or later. Poor Parkson had just knocked off from work, when the bang of the gong within the engine-house told that a fire had been discovered. The horses, no less keen for a run than their masters, once loosened from their stalls, scampered to their places; the men jumped, with accustomed swiftness and true to habit, to positions assigned them; in a trice the last snaffle had been fixed, the heavy doors swung round on their hinges, and out into the dusk of October the great lumbering truck rolled, dispatched to succour—but in this case to overpower and lay cold in death the wayfaring citizen who, arrested by the clang of the bell, had hesitated a moment too long in the path of the ponderous machine.

Poor Parkson's death made a paragraph for the papers, with an incidental note that there was a widow and a child.

The firemen hoped the rumour was not true that the widow's case had been taken up by a smart lawyer, who would "make the town pay for its carelessness."

"Heaven knows," said Alf Abbott, "Tom Croker is sore enough, without lugging the thing into the courts, to have it picked apart for a jury. It was tough all round, and nobody's half as sorry as Tom; and he's no more to blame than me, and I never see'd the fellow till the hind wheels went over him."

The boys were subdued those days, and it was clear that they felt the awfulness of their experience. But they were beginning to grow out of their melancholy, and actually had courage to take down the draught-boards when Little Nozzle came to them as a reminder of the grimmest day in all their lives.

Stricter rules than had ever been in force were issued by the chief engineer the day after Parkson was killed, prohibiting loitering in front of the engine-house, and holding the captains of the companies responsible for disobedience or violation of the rule.

Small boys would persist in flattening their noses against the narrow panes of the door, while they peeped in and wondered in their little minds if, in the Providence of things, they would ever be firemen.

Captain Frank MacAllister had a tender spot for boyhood, for, as a father bereft of a little hopeful, with blue eyes and a curly head, he felt that not an urchin drew the breath of life but responded somewhere to affection. But Captain MacAllister made the boys of the neighbourhood think he was the veritable monster of fairyland, when he routed them all in a scurry from the door.

One day he came on them unawares.

"Get out of this, you young rascals," he cried, "don't you know you're liable to be killed at any moment? I'm after ye."

And off the pack darted on their tiptoes as if the catastrophe threatened was at their heels. All except one.

He, the tiny wisp of a boy, unusually pale, but sweet in expression, a lock of his tow hair drooping over his forehead, stood his ground. The captain, whose mouth had

Digitized by Google

relaxed into a smile as he turned to go in, nearly stumbled over the youngster.

"Hello, there!" said the captain, "clear off, too, or I'll feed the horses in there with you."

But my brave little hero never budged.

"How many times have I got to fire you ragamuffins out; tell me that, you young tramp?"

All this while, and it was not long, the boy stood knocking his toes on the walk to warm them, waiting with a tremor of alarm for the tirade or the captain to end.

"I ain't a bit afraid of you, like the other boys; for my mamma told me you were a real nice man, and didn't kill my papa," was the child's remark in a lisping tone.

"She did, eh? And didn't your mother tell you to keep away from here? And, if she didn't, she ought to. Now clear out before a house falls on you."

Then the captain tried to look savage, and made a mess of it.

The quick eye of the boy, a mere child as he was, was not deceived.

"Yes, sir," he went on, "my mamma said you sent her flowers for my papa, when they put him in the ground, and she said I might come over and thank you; and she was crying. My mamma cries all the time now, my mamma does."

"Cries all the time, eh? Well, I'm sorry, my little man. Come in and we will find out who you are," and the brawny hand took the little one, and in they went.

"Who's your mamma?" he asked.

"Mrs. Parkson is my mamma."

The laughter on the lips of all died into a sigh, which heaved in every heart in the room.

Captain MacAllister stooped, and, looking into the child's face, tried to frame words into a question.

"Was the man—are you—is your mother—my poor little fellow, where—where do you live? Don't be afraid."

Then the child told what the captain and his men would fain not have heard, but with an innocence which softened the blow. This was the orphan of poor Parkson. The boys knew where he lived with his mother, but he minutely described the simple surroundings of his home in the fourth front of the tenement around the corner.

It had been drawn from the boy that he

"Come in and we will find out who you are."

Digitized by Google

had been able to identify Captain MacAllister, as the benefactor of his mother, by the cry of alarm sent up by the others crowded about the doors when they were sent off in a hurry. As he talked on, the boys also heard from his lips an assurance that the widow harboured no ill-feeling toward them, but had kept the bunch of roses their money had bought on the day of the funeral.

Little Nozzle was the pet name the men had for him. The air of the engine-house had for him a curious charm, hung as were its walls with old prints of flaming fires and firemen running about in attitudes only seen in pictorial and melodramatic art; its mighty machine, glittering with burnished brass; the stables in the rear, in which were such horses as boyhood mounts his heroes on; the clanging bells and electrical devices, and a world of accoutrements in which brave men arm themselves to battle with the flames—all these things struck the active fancies of the boy with fervid wonder, and set his imagination running at a breakneck pace.

Little Nozzle was more pleased than can be guessed when he found all his new playmates calling him by the odd name. They told him he must call them "the boys" as everybody else did. So it became "Little Nozzle" and "the boys."

"Boys," the youngster would say to the big men, who were his sworn friends, "my mamma says I may come over to see you, and she says I may stay an hour."

And that hour would be a merry one. The boys had not much notion how his mother looked, and they rather feared the consequences of her coming, as Little Nozzle promised some day she would.

But when the year rolled round, and the anniversary of poor Parkson's death arrived, an event they knew was marked in Little Nozzle's home, because he himself mentioned it the day before—the florist on the square had orders to send a basket of his choicest roses to the fourth floor of the big building round the corner. Little Nozzle did not visit the boys that day, although he had counted on a call, but when he came the next he brought a little note from his mother, the pages of which were not unstained with tears.

All this while Little Nozzle had been becoming the most frantic fireman in the service, and he often entertained the boys, describing in innocent prattle how his mother fought with him to go to bed when the bells rang out at night. What he had not learned of the department in general the statistician could not teach him.

This sagacious child knew what street crossing the boys ought to reach ahead of other companies when called from certain boxes, and shared the mortification of his friends if a clumsy hitch or other mishap delayed them in beating their colleagues and making the record.

Not until the Chief Engineer himself, of whom Little Nozzle had been in something of awe—probably from the fact that the boys seemed to owe that functionary unusual deference—spoke pleasantly to him, was his happiness complete.

Then came inspection day, and Little Nozzle was actually to ride on the big fire-engine, over which he had crept many a time, as it stood in its house. The boys had promised him this distinction, provided his mother consented, and the answer he brought was the woman herself, who stammered her gratitude to the men for their kindness to her boy, and, being assured that no danger was in the exploit proposed, was willing he should go.

A reporter got an inkling of Little Nozzle's story, and made him famous by a pretty description of his fascination for that fire service. A firemen's periodical sent a week after for a photograph of Little Nozzle to be engraved as the picture of the youngest fireman in active service in the world.

Any other boy's head would have been turned by these attentions. But Little Nozzle counted them all as love tokens of the boys who shared his affection in twenty charming ways. There was no vanity in him, not even with the boys debarred by the regulations of the department from the society and intimacy he enjoyed.

"Mayn't I bring Nickie Leslie in here, boys?" Little Nozzle asked one day; "he says you don't want him to come in; and Mary Timmins told my mamma that I told Captain MacAllister to keep her brother Tom out of here. And I didn't, did I?"

The refusal to give him the privilege of introducing his friends, gentle though it was, might have worried this sensitive boy, had not the chief been blamed for the harshness of the rule.

"And Mary Timmins says I'm not a fireman at all," said Little Nozzle.

"But you know you are, don't you, Nozzle?" replied Alf Abbott.

"Yes, sir, if the boys say so."

"And the boys say so, Nozzle; don't you, boys?"

Digitized by Google

Those of the company who heard the question shouted in chorus:

"Rather, Nozzle."

"But Mary Timmins says the only reason you let me in is because my papa was killed by——"

"What did you tell her, when she said that?" Captain MacAllister asked, with a solemnity which made the men about him shudder, for they all wanted to know how their pet really felt.

"Mamma heard her say that, and told her she was a wicked little girl. I guess she isn't really wicked, but she tells lies! That was one. I know," and Little Nozzle took his place between MacAllister's knees and looked lovingly into the honest face of the stout captain.

"You tell Mary Timpkins, or whatever her name is, that she's a saucy dunce, and that I say you are a fireman as much as I am. Tell her that, Nozzle. You're one of the boys, Nozzle, and don't mind what they say."

"No, sir," said Little Nozzle briskly; "no, sir, I won't mind a bit."

"And you tell her too, Nozzle, that you are going to have a truck like ours for your own self," and the seared hands of the rugged captain were flattened against the rosy cheeks.

"Honest?"

"Yes, honest; ain't he, boys?"

"For sure," and "No mistake," were the responses.

"You know Christmas is coming," MacAllister went on, "and if old Santa Claus does not give you a truck, the boys will. Mind that."

As big as saucers Little Nozzle's eyes bulged out as he turned to survey the proportions of the engine, ready at a moment's warning to go to the rescue.

"And then I'll be a real fireman, won't I, boys?" he finally said, as the importance of the matter struck home.

All the boys assured him that he was already a real fireman.

"To be sure, Nozzle. Don't you let 'em make you believe you ain't a real fireman."

The boys had three weeks to contemplate the mischief they had done, for it soon became evident that the toy apparatus they had ordered of the dealer, though they said they wanted something handsome, was not exactly what Little Nozzle expected.

It was plain that he had fixed his expectations on a truck like the very one they ran with, and though they used the cleverest devices and remarked disingenuously that they wished their machine was a toy, they failed to disabuse the mind of their *protége*.

"We're in a pickle, certainly," remarked MacAllister one day about this time, "and unless we can make him believe our three-guinea toy is better than the truck itself, we'll break the child's heart. I'm mighty sorry we're in it."

Not long after the boys fondly thought they discovered a way out of the dilemma, when they came back from a run to the suburbs with a wheel disabled. Little Nozzle was on hand to commiserate with the boys on the misfortune, and the most was made of the fact that one of the ladder-men, John Gallagher, had been thrown off when the truck collided with the stone pile. Gallagher had barked his shins pretty badly, and was laid off duty for a few days, but, by advice of his embarrassed associates, pretended injuries he never had, when Little Nozzle went to see him.

The ladder-man said the size of the truck was the cause of the accident, and before his sympathiser left had worked a conviction in the active little mind that perhaps something smaller would be better.

The day after Little Nozzle failed to come to the house. Three days succeeding came and went, and as yet the pet of the boys was missing.

"Gallagher has gone and put his foot in it with Nozzle," blurted Abbott, "The boy's found out that we ain't going to give him a big truck, and it has broken his heart. That's what's the matter."

"I guess he's let on, sure enough," was the rejoinder of Jack Brier. "It's a pity he didn't break his blamed neck, when he struck the stone pile,"

"Let Gallagher alone," said Captain MacAllister, "and you go over to the tenement and see what's become of the boy, anyway."

The messenger came back wearing a long face. Little Nozzle was by no means well; indeed, so out of sorts that his mother had taken a neighbour's advice and called in a doctor.

The doctor was there before the captain, and of him MacAllister learned that the child was threatened with fever.

"Doctor," the captain said, a few minutes later on the kerbstone, "that boy's mother ain't rich, and medicine and that sort of thing costs money, but the boy's to have what he wants. Charge it to me—charge it to the boys at the station. Never mind what it costs, if you have to call ten times a day, get him out of this fix."

Digitized by Google

The boys heard their captain's report in silence. More than one shed tears; and all said in indorsement of the captain's promises to the doctor that nothing was too good for Little Nozzle.

Gloomy stories came from the tall building round the corner. The child, the doctor reported, had a virulent attack of typhoid fever, a thing so unusual in one of his years, that he could not pretend to say that his life was safe.

The boys were cast down, and their grim fears of the worst were not forgotten when their Christmas toy arrived from New York, packed in a neat box. It was really a remarkably pretty miniature of a truck, rigged with lanterns, and axes, and buckets, a swivelled hoisting ladder, and a tool chest. It was taken to the painter's to be lettered "Little Nozzle."

Christmas was no less than a week away. Little Nozzle had not improved, and the doctor said the chances of recovery had diminished, because of the development of organic troubles which had not before shown themselves in the child. Captain MacAllister had been permitted to go into the bedroom, and, as big and strong as he was, had burst into tears when he beheld the little fellow wasted by disease, the wan face angelic in its sweetness, and the small white hands clutching the coverlet, where they lay.

Little Nozzle seemed to know his caller, and his pinched features lighted up a moment as the stalwart captain stooped to press his hand. A flash of joy flitted across the features of the child, and said to his old friend unutterable things, for the tongue was powerless.

"He talks of you, sir," the widow said, under her breath, "and of the boys at the station. Last night I think he dreamt he was going to a fire, sir, for he said the horses were not going fast enough, and seemed to be giving orders himself. I got afraid, sir, and woke him up. Then he dozed off again, and talked of the boys again; and then I heard him say: 'Ain't it a big one?' and he laughed, poor little darling!"

After hearing this, the boys said they had not the heart to see the child, even were that privilege allowed.

Christmas Eve was there, and the toy truck had come back from the painter's a perfect model. The news that afternoon from the tenement block had been without a tinge of hope. The men at the fire station had decided that they would not send the toy to their pet until—and they looked askance at one another, as soldiers do on the verge of battle—until Little Nozzle was better.

"These doctors don't know everything, boys," said Gallagher, who had recently been in medical hands. "The boy may live after all."

But every man who answered roll call that night took a lump of lead to his bunk instead of a heart.

Far and wide throughout the city in ten thousand happy homes children were that night put to sleep with stories of things eerie and things wonderful.

Ill-attuned to such a night was the scene in the tenement, where a loving mother kept vigil over the couch of a boy burning up with fever.

The clocks in the steeple had tolled the midnight hour. Christmas had come.

The boys, ever ready for a call, had masked their woe; even the man on watch, who nodded in his chair, was lulled into uneasy, wakeful sleep by the uncanny silence of the long winter's night.

A half-hour later and a summons came. Through the chill air the bell in the tower was sending in its dreadful alarm.

Fifteen men, like so many automatons, were, in a mere twinkling, at their posts. Down from the floor above they came like demons in the pantomime, as one after another in quick succession they alighted by the rod of polished brass.

The horses were already champing at their bits and pawing the floor in their eagerness to be afoot.

"Thirty-two; right round the corner," the man on the watch cried, while the hitch was being completed and the company was mounting the truck.

"All right," sung out the voice of MacAllister.

That instant the doors were open and the next the truck was grinding the snow into the cobbles beneath it. It was a short run. One corner and a turn into the main street brought the firemen face to face with their foe. Rising and falling with the variations of the wind was a sheet of flame which seemed to claim an area round about it for its prey.

"Heavens, boys," Captain MacAllister yelled, "it's *the* tenement!" and without thought of personal safety leaped from his place on the truck. Over the beaten snow he outran the horses to the spot. The truck halted in the street in front of the staircase which led to the floors above.

MacAllister was first at the door, but was

Digitized by Google

repulsed by a gust of smoke which rushed out upon the street. The boys never seemed so helpless, for, though nobody had ventured to say it, every stout heart knew that Little Nozzle was up there.

"The ladder," cried MacAllister, convinced that the staircase was inaccesible. "Quick, boys, for your lives. The fourth storey—light in the window. Abbott, help at the crank!"

No time was to be lost. The trained eye of the captain had the situation in his head in an instant. He saw that doom had lighted on this place with an awful certainty of consequences, which he had no opportunity to speculate upon.

The sheet of flame above the roof had found its way across the skylight from the place of origin, and was winding a course through the building from the roof downwards. Already it had cut off retreat for half the tenants by clouding the halls and staircases with dense, impenetrable smoke.

Engines were arriving, and from main streets, from cracks and crevices, no one knows where, people emerged out of the darkness and began to line the footpaths and streets to their imminent peril.

Windows were thrown up, and blank dismay on whitened, spectral faces started out into the biting night. A staircase at the other end of the building had been found available, and down it came the weird figures of men, women, and children, turned out of bed by the cries of fire repeated again and again outside their doors. Blanched faces looked upward to the open windows, from which heads were now thrust, but as the flames were not visible except from the street, the tenants had not yet appreciated their own jeopardy.

MacAllister had tried again to push his way up the staircase, trusting to the ladder when it had been raised for rescue, but had come back, more dead than alive, his face grimy with smoke.

"No use, boys," he said, staggering to the truck, "we've got to take them out with the ladder. Confound those wires!"

The ladder had been going higher and higher until it reached the maze of wires strung along the street and had caught in them for an instant. The next instant MacAllister was scaling the rounds with the agility of a cat, and with an axe snatched from its fastenings was slashing the intercepting strands.

"Grind away, boys, for Heaven's sake; never mind me," was his command, as he looked up and saw that a vast cyclone of lurid flame was now coming over the projecting cornice, breaking into a spray like the billows on the sea coast, and consuming the woodwork as if it were mere tissue paper.

All this while the room on the fourth floor

"He talks of you, sir," the widow said under her breath, "and of the boys."

Digitized by Google

front showed nothing but the flickering lamp.

From windows lower down by women, with children crouching at their sides, and by excited men leaning far out crying for aid, MacAllister was besought to extend a means of rescue, but he was deaf to their intreaties, and in a firm voice shouted:

"Higher, and be quick! Be quick!"

The crowds on the footpath looked at this spectacle chilled to the marrow, for the fire was now crowning the whole structure, and at the other end had burst out of the upper tier of windows. Smoke trickled out of the crevices of those left unopened, and the unrescued inmates elsewhere were obliged to lean out to catch their breath.

"Too high," somebody below found voice to cry, and the people within sight of the ladder and its solitary passenger repeated the warning.

At this instant MacAllister's order was heard by everyone in the street.

"High enough. Swing her round and drop her."

"Look out, captain," was an admonitory word from below. "You'll be jarred off. Better come down."

"Drop her, I tell you, drop," was the impetuous response, which rang out above the roar of the flames.

As the ladder moved on the turn-table below, and inclined with a plunge toward the window-sill, those who witnessed the scene stood aghast, for life was cheap up there.

But MacAllister, with his legs twisted about the rungs, held fast, and, with his hands thus free, poised the axe above his head. As the end of the ladder gripped the stone sill, the glass and frame of the window were splintered by a vicious blow.

As if to test the fireman's intrepidity the bellowing flames above curled downward toward the ladder, and would have enveloped him in a winding sheet of fire, had he not nimbly leaped into the opening he had made.

Up from the street there was a cry of dismay, and then wonderment seized everybody, for not a sign of life had shown itself at that particular window, when below many were full of perishing human beings.

Before MacAllister appeared at the window two men of his company had followed up the ladder, and from the windows from which the affrighted inmates stretched forth appealing hands had safely taken every living soul.

As the cloud of smoke, which had gushed out of the broken window through which MacAllister had disappeared, cleared a moment, eyes strained towards that spot saw the figure of the captain sustaining in his grasp, two figures: one the limp form of a woman, whose pallid face was lit up by the over-leaping light; the other a white-robed child, held so tenderly in that outstretched arm.

A ladder-man was quickly at the top, and dodging the intermediate descent of the flames, took from his captain's arm Little Nozzle's mother.

"I knew you'd come, captain," said a faint voice in MacAllister's ear as he held his precious burden next to his breast, nestling the head next his own.

Even there, hanging between an awful fate and death at hand, the fireman stopped, riveted where he stood, within reach of the raging fire, held by the sweetness of the tone and trembling at the horror of the situation.

"I kept telling mamma you'd come, you and the boys," the captain heard Little Nozzle say, though the consuming building crackled, as with an alert movement he cleared the sill and quickly descended the ladder. Poor little chap, his mind was wandering.

Captain MacAllister will never know how the crowd cheered. Clasping the rescued boy close to him, he went down the ladder and alighted on the turn-table which carried it.

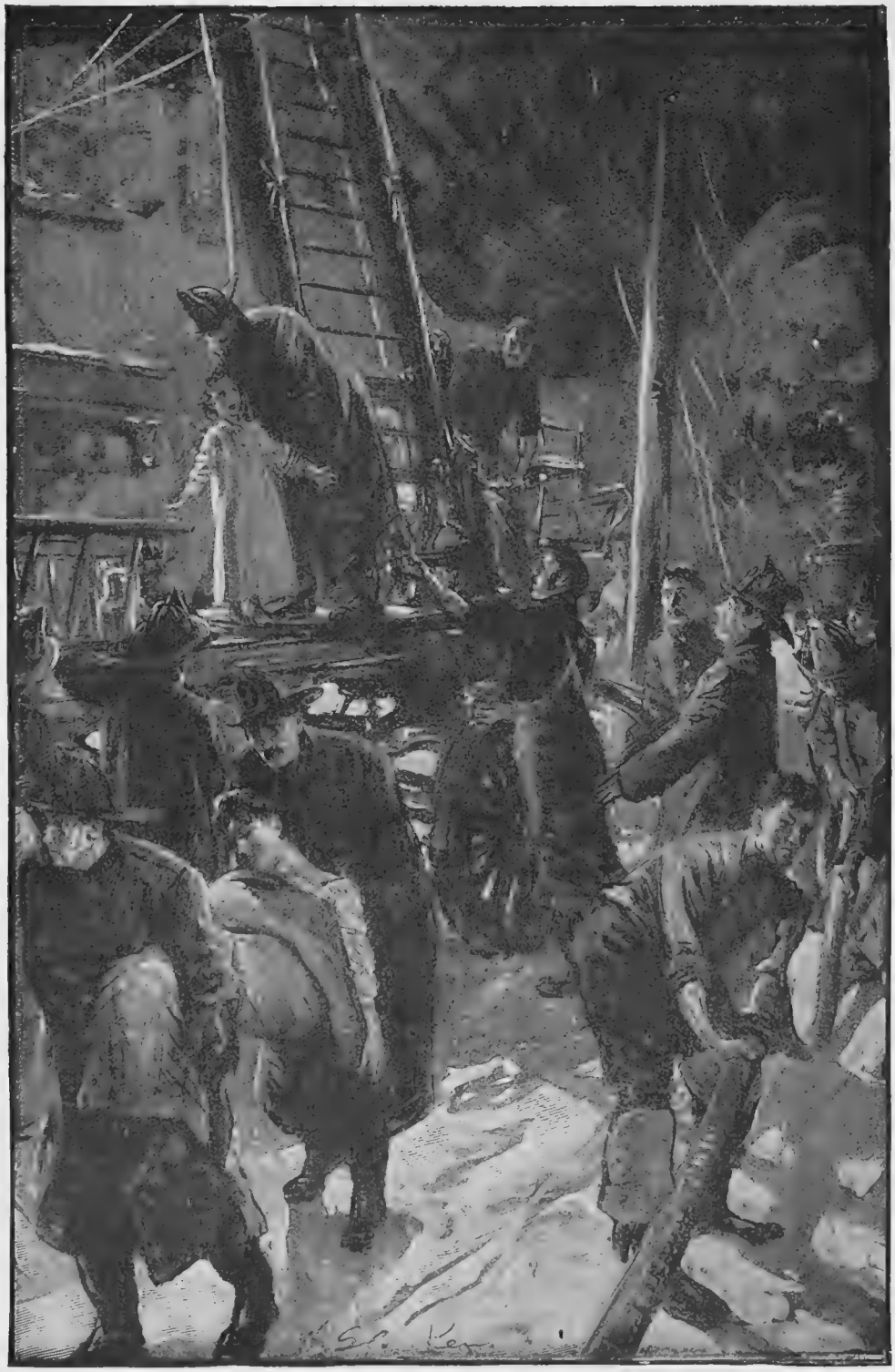
"It's Christmas, and you's brought it to me; the boys remembered Nozzle, didn't they? And ain't it a big one! Now I'm a real fireman and belong to the Fire Brigade."

MacAllister, oblivious of all else, was holding the child in his firm hands, while he stared into the little face, now radiant with ineffable joy, though no longer as he first knew it, the outward token of boyish health. MacAllister had not descended to the ground, but, transfixed with mortal dread, cried aloud to find the child wriggling from his fond embrace and standing erect on the machine, a glorified image of calm and sweetness, in that tempestuous scene and misery.

All the pain had faded from the haggard face, the eyes were lustrous and a smile was on the lips.

"Mamma, look! This is mine!" was all he said, and before the fireman could clasp the boy again to his heart, Little Nozzle had answered the still alarm sounded by angels from on high.

Google



"Mamma, look! This is mine!" was all he said. . . . Little Nozzle had answered the still alarm sounded by angels from on high.

Google

Modes and the Motor

The Strange Costumes of Motorists, Male and Female: not Made or Meant to be Beautiful, but Merely Useful.

By George Western.

This water proof, dust-proof cloak is found most convenient by drivers, plenty of room being left for the steering levers, etc., to be manipulated between the knees.

Last year folks used to laugh when shopmen and manufacturers produced motoring costumes — peaked caps, shiny mackintosh coats and leggings. Now these various costumes are taken more seriously. They are not beautiful; therefore, since motoring costumes are in great demand, they must have the only remaining qualification, usefulness. And useful indeed, and necessary too, for that matter, are these strange costumes and unnatural garbs.

This long leather cloak, waterproofed and deeply lined, is the sort of thing for wet weather.

Another motorist's costume—a short coat, finished off with knickerbockers and puttee leggings. As will be seen, all the costumes include ample face and eye protectors.

As far as headgear goes, the motoring garb is harmless to look at. It consists mainly of peaked or ordinary round caps of a tough leather material and waterproof, which is a great advantage. Since darkened glasses are a good deal worn now, and the glare of the sun is not such a serious item, the round cap, made in the usual shape of a cricket

Digitized by Google

A useful eye-guard composed of talc, a transparent mineral substance, which is at once transparent and very strong.

A strange costume, suited for very fast driving, the huge goggles giving the driver a very wide range of vision.

A lady's fashionable costume, comprising a face guard composed of talc, lined with lace, and a cloak of sealskin.

A double veil made of very fine meshed muslin is also worn by ladies when motoring, and sealskin is always fashionable for the cloak.

A hat and veil of silk made all in one piece—with a small window of talc in the middle for the wearer to see through.

Google

cap with a small peak, is as much worn as the more heavy variety.

There is, too, a cap with a big peak and long flaps to go round the ears similar to that in common use at Bisley and other rifle ranges. This is a capital headgear for keeping off the sun and dust from the face and neck, and with it heavy goggles are worn to protect the eyes.

Ladies' head-dresses are little different to those worn in everyday life, save that veils and hoods are largely used. On long rides, when the dust and glare of the sun are very serious considerations against a lady's comfort and complexion, other means have to be resorted to. Here the ingenious manufacturer steps in with a big veil covering the whole neck, while the face is protected from the flying dust by a mask of some soft material. This is very ugly but of the greatest advantage to the wearer, protecting her complexion, keeping dust and insects out of her eyes, and preventing her hair from becoming inextricably tangled and untidy.

A lady equipped for a motor ride, wearing a long silk waterproof cloak and a silk veil, which, if necessary, can be folded completely over hat, face, and head.

A lady's mask that covers the entire face, leaving only the mouth and nose exposed for breathing purposes —not beautiful, is it?

Another veil, made of talc, hangs quite clear of the face, and is covered with lace on the outside as an extra protection from the sun. It is exceptionally quaint, completely hiding the face from the outward view.

These talc veils vary in price from twelve to fifteen shillings.

But the most hideous of all motor costume accessories are the goggles, worn to protect the eyes from the sun and dust. These are of all shapes and sizes, some with flaps partially and wholly concealing the face, others looking like the big eyes of a hideous monster, some ancient dragon, waiting for a gallant St. George. The goggles and face masks, in their way the most important part of the whole costume,

A luxurious motoring-coat of reindeer fur, which would be best suited for an Arctic motor expedition. The cost is extremely moderate—only just over twelve pounds.

Digitized by Google

A motor-costume which fits tight, with elastic bands round the neck and wrists, and is used mostly by those who travel at great speeds.

An inelegant but serviceable headgear for motoring ladies; it only leaves room for breathing, and is very useful for fast travelling.

Another costume calculated to frighten cows and alarm the natives of villages passed by the motor.

Such are the motoring costumes, so much held up to ridicule. So when you see a seventy-horse car slaying dogs and small children at forty miles an hour through a country village, its occupants swathed in leather and goggled up to the eyes, you must remember that these hideous costumes are not altogether for show.

And really there is no reason why you should laugh at them. Like the hideous costumes in vogue amongst cyclists fifteen years ago, they will have a short innings, as far as ordinary everyday riding goes. In the park they are hideous, but for high speed riding they are very necessary and useful.

Finally we desire to express our indebtedness to Mr. Alfred Dunhill, 2, Conduit Street, London, for the very valuable assistance they have rendered us in bringing out this article.

can be bought for various sums from 5*s.* 6*d.* upwards to 18*s.* 6*d.*

Coats are made of waterproof leather, and of all lengths. With short coats, leggings and knee breeches of waterproof leather are worn; and in winter fur coats of thick reindeer-skin. Clad in which you may challenge Jack Frost boldly and without fear. For really warm weather light rainproof dust coats are capital.

Ladies' coats are made in the usual mode and of various materials; some are of the natural sealskin, others from the Greenland seal with sable collars to keep the wind from the throat. Again, for the summer there are light silk dust cloaks and rain coats, waterproof, yet porous, and delightfully cool for hot weather. The black Greenland seal coat costs sixteen guineas, while the gentlemen's reindeer coat is lower in price, namely, £12 10*s.*

Digitized by Google

Strategy

I.

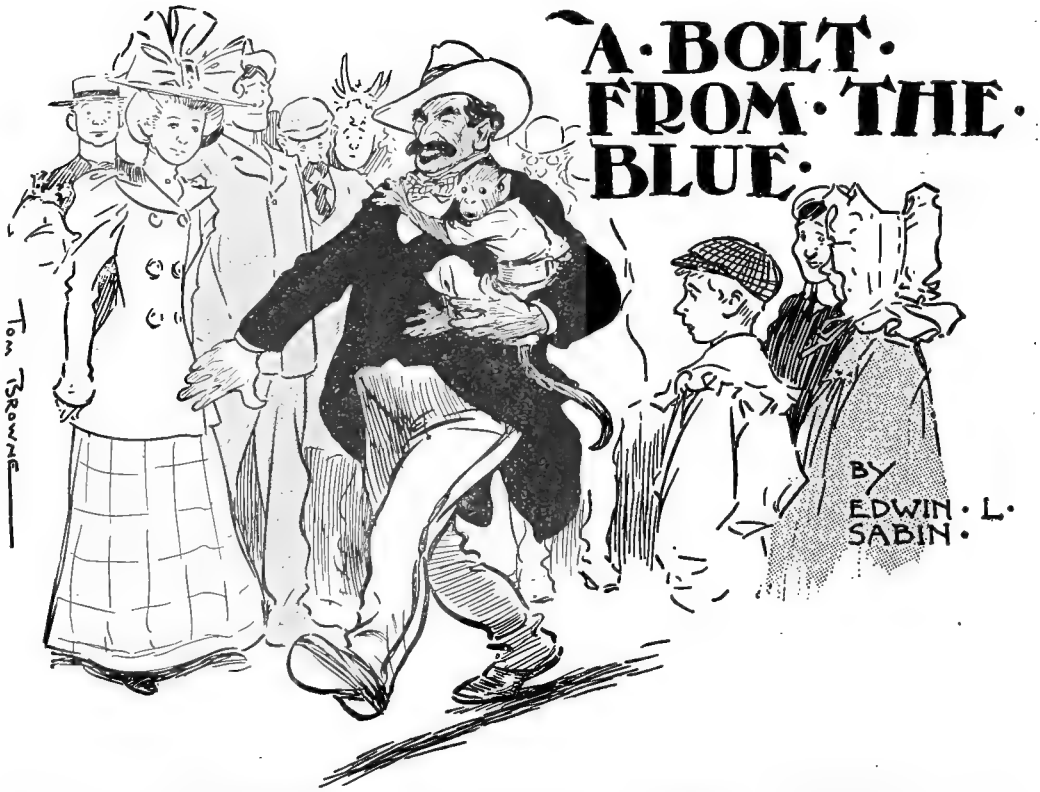
Two brother monks in the days of old,
Had sinned, though how we are not told;
The Brother Superior, grave looked he,
And said with a frown, "This must not be!
A penance severe you must do, each one,
From midday hour until set of sun;
With peas in your shoon your way shall you take,
And for your offence thus atonement make!"

II.

So out they set that afternoon,
To walk with peas in their pilgrim shoon;
But while one hobbled in pain along,
The other merrily trolled a song!
He looked at his brother's face of woe,
And laughed, "Ha-ha," and chuckled, "Ho-ho!"
"You limp," cried he, "while I walk with ease—
You must have forgotten to boil your peas!"

CLIFTON BINGHAM.

Google



"The Only Monkey Aëronaut and Parachute Leaper in the World" was on exhibition at Valhalla Palace.

And every afternoon and every evening crowds of people flocked to the Palace, to laugh at and to applaud the wretched little beast. Perchance a few there were who pitied.

The monkey's ridiculous title was Professor Mike, and in such wise was the order of Professor Mike's performances:

About three o'clock each afternoon, and seven o'clock each evening, the dingy balloon was hauled to an open space near the pavilion, and the process of inflation was begun.

Surrounded by a throng of interested witnesses, the canvas swelled and swelled, until, like a bubble from a stagnant pool, a huge, undulating sphere had grown out from the huddled mass of dirty cloth.

While this globe was wavering from side to side, and tugging to be free, Professor Mike appeared—but not voluntarily.

He was borne upon the scene of action clinging desperately to his bustling master, who elbowed a way down the narrow lane afforded by the curious onlookers.

Around Professor Mike's slender middle was a broad leathern band, with a swivel eye projecting from the top.

By this band and eye the monkey was fastened to the parachute. Chattering in protest, grimacing, clutching distractedly at arms, legs, and even very straws, the bold aëronaut was attached to the parachute, which, in turn attached to the balloon, lay on the ground like a furled umbrella.

The mechanism which was eventually to release the parachute was set going. An instant, and amid cheers which drowned the final, despairing appeal of the monkey, the balloon shot upwards — Professor Mike dangling below.

Away he went, an impotent babe in the clutch of a gigantic bird—and how the men, women, and children made merry!

Presently, when the apparatus governing the parachute willed, he would drop.

At first with a rush, then slowly, down, down, down, to land wherever chance decreed.

High in the blue he floated suspended.

Underneath him stretched the ten thousand roofs of the city, shrouded in a mantle of smoke. Pigmy people trotted about their

Digitized by Google

insignificant affairs; played, worked, and schemed.

But above him and on either side—nothing. He was alone—a monkey solitary and adrift in an alien world.

Possibly he was not happy; although in Valhalla Palace his master assured all inquirers:

"Oh, naw—*he* no scared! Naw, naw, he like it—yas!"

Sometimes he lit on a hard and sloping roof; sometimes in a vacant garden; sometimes in a tree. But whatever it was that rose to meet him, he was powerless to avoid it.

Moreover, when once he had arrived, so to speak, he was unable to comport himself with dignity, for the broad belt and the dragging parachute seriously interfered with his movements.

Therefore he must abide, helpless, until his master should come and carry him back to think with terror upon the next "performance."

* * * * *

Who that lives in London's south-eastern suburbs does not know Maitland Gardens, that charming recreation ground of many acres, well covered with trees and flowering bushes, and traversed by winding paths?

Along the paths are placed, at regular intervals, benches, which on pleasant evenings are favourite resorts of lovers.

Heedless of observation, dwelling in their own private world built for two, in couples they snuggle and whisper and are content until the keepers ruthlessly intrude with the warning:

"'Leven o'clock—time to go home!"

One bench in particular is a popular paradise. It is located on a short by-path, and is nicely screened by the lilac bushes. Between swains cognisant of the spot exists quite a rivalry to secure it.

Living as they do not far from the park, until recently Augustus Maxon and Georgia Althouse were the most successful in securing this nook.

And here, on a certain balmy eve, they were sitting and chatting softly in the gloaming.

A dusky object plunged upon them, and into the lap of the terrified girl.

Romance was in the atmosphere; romance was in their hearts; and romance welled from the lips of Augustus.

In like measure as many another youth has yearned, so he, too, was yearning after deeds to do and spurs to win, that thereby he might prove to his love that she had secured one man in a thousand.

Georgia was not at all loath to listen. What girl is, in the glamour and fragrance of the twilight, when the world is hushed and still?

"If I could only *do* something!" prayed Augustus, his voice quivering with earnestness. "If I had only been allowed to enlist when I wanted to! If we only lived in the days when there were knights and crusades and things, so that I could cut a way with

Digitized by Google

my sword! But here I am just serving in a shop, and the biggest glory in sight is to sell more cloth than the other man—bah!"

"But, Gus, pa says you're an awfully good shopman," interposed Georgia.

Gus snorted in scorn.

"'Shopman!'" he repeated. "Heavens! Oh, Georgia," he exclaimed passionately, "set me some great task—tell me to lick somebody, or swim the lake, or climb a steeple, or—or—I don't care what! I just wish you'd be attacked, or be in danger—not to be hurt, I mean—while I was about. Indeed I do!"

Really, Gus was sincere. Georgia's breast throbbed with an inexpressible pride in the brave zeal of her hero.

"A real danger," continued Gus more enthusiastically than ever, his eyes flashing, and his hands clutching eagerly at his trousers; "anything you like, a crowd of roughs, or a brutal assault on a woman by a drunken man, anything to show what an Englishman is. Why, I could knock out half-a-dozen of these French mossoos in two rounds, knock 'em down before they knew what they were doing. Oh, for a fight!"

"Oh, Gus!" Once more the maiden, fired by his enthusiasm, murmured thus rapturously.

"Oh, for a chance," reiterated Gus.

Crash! Crash! Thump!

The branches of a tree over their heads were violently agitated.

Even while the two were frozen in the first start of alarm and surprise, from amidst this foliage above a dusky object plunged upon them, and into the lap of the terrified girl.

Out of the corner of his eyes Augustus beheld the creature at the throat of his companion, and simultaneously with the onslaught he sprang from the bench, and, shouting lustily for aid, sped, panic-stricken, down the path.

"Help! Help! Help!" cried Augustus, searching for a park policeman.

Behind he faintly heard what he deemed to be the last dying scream of his *fiancée*.

When the foremost rescuer of the little crowd, gathered by the frightened Augustus reached the bench, a small, active, dark-complexioned man burst through the shrubbery, calling excitedly:

"Help! Help! Help!" cried Augustus.

"My monk—my monk! Where my monk?"

"Here he is," responded Georgia composedly, indicating the poor little being cuddling in her arms.

Then, straightway, ignoring alike the thanks of the Italian, the comments of the gathering crowd, and the shrinking presence of her erstwhile champion, she marched homeward.

If Augustus humbly attended her steps, she deigned him not a glance.

The bench in "Spoon Alley" (as the recess is designated by park *habitués*) still listens to the sundry vows and smacks of lad and lassie. But no more do Georgia and Augustus sit there together, and Augustus, though in his dreams at times he will rout a commando of Boers, and will stand at bay before a howling herd of Zulus thirsting for his blood, sticks to his trade and sells cloth as fast as any man in the shop, and at that is likely to achieve greatness.

But, let me advise you! Never mention monkeys to Augustus. He will not be polite.

Google

THE STRONGEST WOMAN ON EARTH

Photo, W. V. Amey.

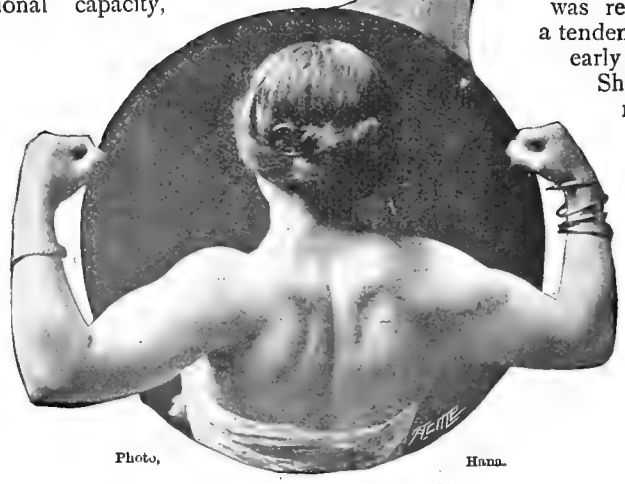
The Young Welsh Girl, Miss Kate Roberts — Vulcana — who has been a "Strong Woman" ever since she was fifteen, has won 120 *Medals in Strength Contests, and holds all the World's Championships for Ladies' Weight-lifting.*

By H. J. Holmes.

A graceful girl of medium height and shapely figure, with the clear complexion and bright eyes that tell of perfect health; a body whose every movement possesses a charm, full of ease and suppleness.

And this is Vulcana—this pretty girl, barely out of her teens—whose extraordinary feats of strength the London public have been talking about for weeks!

How different she is from our easily conjured up mind's-eye picture of the lusty god, the feminine of whose name she has chosen as that by which she is known in her professional capacity,



Photo, Hana.

Vulcana — showing the wonderful muscular development which natural strength and proper training have together produced.

Vulcana, the strongest woman in the world.

The pursuit of her profession has not been at the sacrifice of her womanliness. When she takes her walks abroad, no one to whom she is unknown could regard her as anything but the type of bright, smiling, athletic English girl that she is. There is none of the "strong woman" swagger in her demeanour.

Miss Kate Roberts—Vulcana's real name — is the daughter of a popular Welsh preacher. Coming of an athletic family, she, in childhood, was remarkably strong, and developed a tendency for daring performances at an early age.

She loved an open-air life, and nothing used to delight her more than a visit to a wood, in the neighbourhood of her home, where she could climb high trees to her heart's content, or hang swinging by her arms from lofty boughs, risking her neck at almost every movement.

At school she performed feats of strength that astonished her teachers and fellow-pupils. On one occasion, when it was necessary for a harmonium to be conveyed from one room to another, she calmly volunteered to carry it single-handed — and

Digitized by Google

Vulcana is able to raise above her head two 56lb. dumb-bells. This she does altogether without the difficulty and exertion so often seen in the exhibitions of strong men and women, but rather with a delightful ease and grace.

succeeded in doing so, much to the amazement of the lookers-on.

Although naturally strong, Vulcana owes much of her present state of physical perfection to her brother, one of the strongest men in England. Under his tuition training became a matter of pleasure and delight to her.

By an accident it was that Miss Roberts became a professional. Mr. Roberts had been engaged to carry out the management of a *fête* and gala at Pontypool. At the last moment a lady performer who ought to have been in her place failed to put in an appearance. Someone was necessary to fill the gap.

What was to be done? Mr. Roberts decided to "fill the bill" with his little sister Kate. She duly appeared before the Pontypool public, performing feats of strength, which so delighted them and herself that she there and then decided o become a professional. She was at that time a girl of fifteen.

Vulcana, as a preliminary, lifts a couple of weights, each weighing 56lbs.—one in each hand—from the floor to high above her head, and plays about with them as though the heavy metal were so much cork.

She then begins to handle a bar-bell weighing no less than 120lbs. With this "toy" she goes through various manipulations, introducing every known style of weight-lifting. She caps the whole thing by lifting the bell, *and, in addition, a twelve stone man swinging from it,* several feet above the level of the stage.

Amongst the other objects which this Herculean young lady handles with ease are two 56lb. ring weights, two 112lb. dumb-bells—a really extraordinary feat this—a 200lb. bar-bell—which she raises and manipulates as readily almost, as the smaller one; and finally a 224lb. bar-bell—a gigantic affair that looks formidable enough to frighten the redoubtable Sandow, but does not give any particular trouble to the fair young lady athlete.

It may not be out of place to mention here the fact that this muscular young lady has held all the world's ladies weight-lifting championships for eight years, and has won some 120 medals in various competitions of strength.

Many exciting incidents have

Vulcana can also raise and hold above her head, at arm's length, a man weighing more than twelve stone.

Google

happened to Vulcana. At the age of thirteen she was walking with a relative through Egerton Road, Bristol, when a runaway horse came dashing along, dragging behind him a van from which the driver was missing. Always quick to act, the young girl darted forward, caught the dragging reins and with her strong arms pulled the animal, within a dozen yards, to a standstill.

I daresay the adventurous young gentleman who, a few months ago, made a raid on the pocket of Miss Roberts, whilst she was looking into a shop window in Waterloo Road, had previously summed her up as a quiet inoffensive kind of girl whom he could easily "work." He succeeded in getting his hand into the pocket and clutching the purse that lay there. Then things began to happen. His reflection in the window gave the game away. His arm was held in an iron grip. He wrenched—but the grip was still there. Then the pickpocket tried the old dodge of diving under the arm whose hand gripped him so tightly. But as he came up on the other side Vulcana's strong right clenched fist met him full in the face. He fell like a log. He had caught a tartar.

Among the many medals in the possession of this all-round lady athlete is one gained by the noblest of all feats—life-saving. In July of last year Miss Roberts was in Abergavenny. Passing over the bridge across the Usk one day, she saw a couple of young lads climbing upon the parapet. Suddenly one of the boys slipped; he clutched at his companion, and the two rolled across into the river below, which was in flood at the time. Miss Roberts promptly dived in, and succeeded in bringing the half-drowned youths to the bank.

Photo, Hana.

The muscular, yet shapely, right arm of Vulcana.

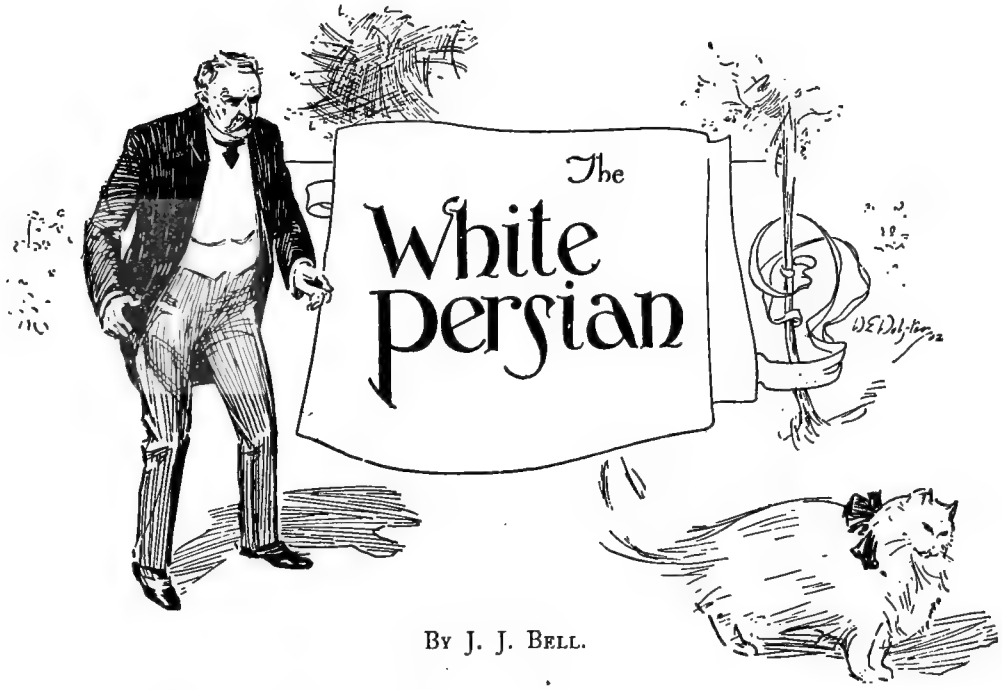
One of the "strong woman's" playthings —a 200lb bar-bell— which she can raise from the ground above her head, and there twist it about as if it were made of cork instead of iron.

About a year ago the calm evening air of Maiden Lane, Strand, resounded with a bombardment of "language" from the lips of a couple of irate waggoners, who, in endeavouring to steer their vehicles through the narrow thoroughfare, had only succeeded so far as to lock their front wheels.

The usual crowd and policeman promptly gathered on the spot. Strenuous efforts were made to separate the two waggons. A great deal of perspiration and strong comments were in evidence, but the wheels remained locked. A young lady who was passing by had stopped to view the scene. The policeman and a few volunteers had paused from their struggles with the waggons to wipe their respective brows.

The young girl advanced. With an "Allow me, please," she grasped the situation and the nearside waggon, and calmly tilted the latter a few inches until the wheel rested on the footpath. The rest was easy. But didn't the waggoners, the policeman, and the adjacent public stare? They had not recognised Vulcana.

Digitized by Google



By J. J. Bell.

Until the widow came they were separated only by an empty house of five rooms and kitchen. Mr. Thomas Haddock, of No. 7, and Mr. George Mulberry, of No. 9, Wellington Terrace, were regarded by the neighbourhood as delightful exemplars of bachelor friendship. When they took the air they did so together; when they desired an entertainment they sought it in company; and their annual summer tour cost each the same amount of money to a halfpenny, and provided each with an equal amount of enjoyment.

Thrice a week Mr. Haddock dined at No. 9; thrice a week Mr. Mulberry dined at No. 7; once a week they met in an old-fashioned eating-house, and shared a pie specially prepared for them, and likewise two bottles of good red wine. Occasionally they were asked out to dinner, but none of their friends would have dreamed of inviting the one without the other.

Both gentlemen were of that age which young people refer to as "fearfully old," and which old people term "comparatively young"—namely, fifty. Both were engaged in successful businesses, which did not require their attention before ten in the morning or after four in the afternoon. And both were devoted players of chess.

"What more do we want?" they frequently asked each other when, after an evening's tussle, they laid the board and men aside, lit a fresh pipe and cigar—they differed in the matter of tobacco, nodded their "respects" over their tumblers, and settled down for a comfortable half-hour before bedtime.

On the fine summer evenings they sat in the little strip of garden at the back of one or other of their houses, and when time was up the visitor took a short cut home over the two low fences and across the ground belonging to the empty dwelling, and sang out "good-night" on reaching the French window of his parlour.

One morning in early spring, as Messrs. Haddock and Mulberry were starting off to business, they noticed at the same moment that the long familiar bill bearing the words "To Let" had disappeared from the door of No. 8.

"That's a nuisance, Thomas," remarked Mr. Mulberry, frowning. "We won't be able to use our new neighbour's garden for a short cut this summer."

"I wonder who has taken the house. Not a big family, I hope, George."

"Or a family of musical young women, Thomas."

"Heaven forbid, George! Anyway, it's a pity," sighed Mr. Haddock.

"A great pity," agreed Mr. Mulberry.

A month later they knew the worst. It was

Copyright, 1902, in the United States of America, by C. Arthur Pearson Ltd.

Digitized by Google

not so bad, after all, they allowed, as they ate their pie and drank their wine in the old-fashioned eating-house.

"Only two ladies and a couple of maids," said Mr. Haddock.

"An old lady and a young one—at least, I should say she's young," said Mr. Mulberry.

"Aha! Take care, my boy—she's a widow. I'm no judge, but I should consider her good-looking." Mr. Haddock chuckled.

"Take care yourself, Thomas!" retorted his friend gaily.

"Did you notice the big white cat she brought with her?"

"No. Ugh! Cats are nasty beasts, George!"

"Abominable! Don't let it get in among your flowers."

"Mind your lettuces! If it gives me any trouble, I'll soon put an end to its fun. I'll set a trap, George!"

"So shall I, Thomas!"

"We don't intend to stand any nonsense."

"We don't! Why, this bottle's empty!" exclaimed Mr. Mulberry, with sudden surprise.

"Is that a fact?" cried Mr. Haddock. "Perhaps——"

"Well, we might——"

"I think we might order——"

"Another," said Mr. Mulberry, smiling.

They did. It was only according to custom.

Mr. Haddock was the first to make the widow's acquaintance. He had just finished his breakfast on a bright April morning when it occurred to him that he might enjoy his pipe none the less if he opened the French window and let the freshness of spring into his parlour.

He rose from the table and went to the window, whereupon he beheld the white cat strolling about his flower-beds.

"Confound the animal!" he muttered, and flung open the glass door.

"Peter, Peter, pretty Peter, come here, come here!" he heard a voice—a sweet voice—calling.

Pretty Peter, however, paid no attention, and continued his peregrinations.

Mr. Haddock peeped out. The widow was standing at the low fence, pleading with her pet to return to his proper domain.

"Peter, Peter!" she called again and again.

"A good-looking woman, but silly," thought Mr. Haddock. Just then he allowed his pipe to slip from his fingers, and to recover it he was obliged to step outside.

"Ah, good-morning," said the widow pleasantly. "Lovely morning! You see I am trying to get my naughty Persian to come back. Come here, pretty Peter," she called once more.

"If I could do anything," began Mr. Haddock, bowing.

"Oh, if you would trouble to catch him and hand him over the fence, I should be so obliged," said the lady. "He won't try to escape, if you don't alarm him."

"Puss, puss," cried Mr. Haddock, going down the garden, and hoping that no one was watching. "Puss, puss; che—che—che!"

There was no trouble whatever. Pretty Peter merely gave Mr. Haddock a mild look, and allowed himself to be caught.

"Oh, thank you so much," said the widow, with a gracious smile, as she received her treasure over the fence.

"No trouble, I assure you, madam," returned Mr. Haddock, who looked rather hot, but who felt fresher than he had done for twenty years. "It—it is a fine cat," he observed.

His new neighbour appeared pleased. "I trust he has not annoyed you," she murmured.

"Not in the slightest degree, madam. I shall be glad to hand it—him back to you at any time."

She bowed and smiled again. "You are very kind indeed. Good morning."

Half a minute after her departure Mr. Haddock became aware that Mr. Mulberry was standing in his own garden—an amused grin on his countenance. Somehow the grin irritated Mr. Haddock. He smiled stiffly in return, and his morning greeting was a trifle less warm than usual. But by the time they met in front of their houses his ill-humour had evaporated, and he bore Mr. Mulberry's chaff calmly.

"The brute smashed a dozen of my tulips," he remarked, laughing ruefully.

"Where's your trap, Thomas?" inquired the other jocularly. "You should poison some tit-bits and leave 'em about by accident."

"I really think I should, George. But I'd give you the same advice, my boy, for it may be your turn next."

And so it was. Three mornings later Mr. Haddock came out of doors and discovered Mr. Mulberry returning the Persian to its fair owner, and performing the service with not a little gallantry. Mr. Haddock was amused; at least, he told himself so.

Mr. Mulberry submitted to being chaffed

Digitized by Google

on his way to business, but lost his temper with his head clerk over a trifling matter immediately on his arrival there.

The dinner that night at No. 7 was not just so cheery as it was wont to be; next evening the chess at No. 9 was stopped twenty minutes earlier than usual, and the half hour of tobacco and whisky was also somewhat curtailed.

Nearly every morning the Persian was handed over the fence by one or the other, and received with increasing graciousness by the widow, whose name they had discovered was Mrs. Nevile, and whose age they secretly agreed upon and openly disputed.

In returning the cat on one occasion Mr. Haddock boldly, but blushingly, offered the lady several fine hyacinths. They were prettily accepted, and Mr. Mulberry, standing at his parlour window, wished his lettuces were ready.

On the way to business that morning Mr. Haddock, fixing his eyes on a distant lamp-post, observed that he had just remembered that a piece of very particular work—he explained it with great minuteness — would detain him at the office till a late hour, and would prevent him dining at No. 7 in the evening.

Twenty-four hours later Mr. Mulberry announced with regret, which prevented him raising his eyes from the ground, that a relative had invited himself to his house, so that he would be unable to dine at No. 9 in the evening. Mr. Haddock accordingly spent one dismal night doing nothing in his office, and Mr. Mulberry spent another in entertaining a poor relation whom he cordially disliked.

On the third evening the special pie at the old-fashioned eating-house was prepared in vain, and the particular wine remained unopened. The two gentlemen had that afternoon written to each other from their offices, and the letters, which crossed, stated in different terms that the writers were feeling less fit than their wont, and intended going home and early to bed. This they did, but one of them rose at midnight and committed a shameful deed.

In his dressing-gown, he visited the pantry. Presently he stole across the hall and through the dark parlour, carrying something with extraordinary care. Silently he opened the French window, stealthily he peeped out, and a moment later boldly stepped into the garden. Under a small shrub, where it was not likely to be detected in the daytime, he laid a dish containing a goodly quantity of milk—*unpoisoned*. Then Mr. Haddock, like the guilty wretch he was, went back to his bed to toss restlessly till dawn.

But this attempt at monopoly failed. In fact, the Persian began to favour Mr. Mulberry's garden. It is true that Pretty Peter occasionally partook of the milk set out for him night after night, but he rarely did so until after Mr. Haddock had gone off to business. On the other hand, Mr. Mulberry, smoking his after-breakfast cigar, had conversations with Mrs. Nevile on five mornings out of the seven. The truth was that Pretty Peter preferred fish to milk, and that Mr. Mulberry was aware of the preference.

In returning the cat on one occasion Mr. Haddock boldly, but blushingly, offered the lady several fine hyacinths.

Digitized by Google

So matters went from bad to worse. The two old friends invented excuses for not meeting; they drifted further and further apart; the cosy dinners became things of the past; they set out to business at different hours. And they were very miserable.

The summer came and went, but they took no holidays. Neither could bear the thought of the other remaining in possession of the field, or, at any rate, of the back garden. Mrs. Nevile was frequently away on short visits, and on these occasions the twain sat through the evenings in their respective parlours with the windows open, and imagined themselves mourning her absence.

When she was at home she also sat at her open window, and they sometimes heard her laughing as she talked to her mother. Now and then she stepped into the garden and exchanged a few observations with the gentleman who was first to pop out of his parlour.

With the beginning of September trouble came to the widow. Pretty Peter was missing.

"Have you not seen Peter?" was her plaintive inquiry morning and evening.

Mr. Haddock insisted on being allowed to put an advertisement in the papers, but he unfortunately omitted to state that the creature was of Persian extraction. Result, a procession to Mrs. Nevile's door of several score of persons, each carrying a more or less white cat, which would be delivered up cheerfully for the sum of ten shillings, the reward offered. Mr. Haddock amended the advertisement, and doubled the reward, without avail.

Meantime Mr. Mulberry had traversed every lane and street in the neighbourhood, also without avail. Four days and nights went past, and nothing was heard of Pretty Peter.

Late on the evening of the fifth day the bachelors sat in the solitude of their parlours. Each had enjoyed a brief period of converse with the widow; each had sympathised with her in her loss, speaking tenderly, nay, affectionately of the missing pet. Both had heard her parlour window shut half-an-hour ago, and now both were mentally arranging to present her with a new Persian, cost what it might, on the morrow.

Suddenly the pipe fell from Mr. Haddock's fingers, the cigar from Mr. Mulberry's. The bachelors stood up trembling, and peered into the widow's garden. Surely—surely—why yes! without a doubt, the Persian was there! Pretty Peter had returned. He squatted in the middle of the garden and mewed wistfully.

Out of his parlour popped Mr. Haddock; out of his stumbled Mr. Mulberry.

"Puss, puss! *Che, che, che!*" said Mr. Haddock, in his most winning tones, from his side of the fence.

"Poor pussy! Pretty Peter!" said Mr. Mulberry, in a seductive but husky voice.

The Persian looked from one to the other, and remained in the middle of the garden.

"*Che, che, che!* Puss, puss! Milk!" said Mr. Haddock.

"Fish, pussy! Fish, fish, fish!" said Mr. Mulberry.

Pretty Peter took scant notice of the kind gentlemen, who were now glaring through the dark at each other. He gazed at the light filtering through the drawn blinds of his mistress's abode, and mewed intermittently.

The tenant of No. 9, Wellington Terrace put one leg over the fence, and his action was immediately repeated by the tenant of No. 7. Each had an intense ambition to have the honour of handing over the Persian to the fair widow. They dived forward. Mr. Mulberry felt a rush of triumph through his being as he secured Pretty Peter by the "scruff" of the neck but simultaneously Mr. Haddock grabbed the fine bushy tail. The rudely-surprised creature kicked out and mewed in protest.

"Let go!" exclaimed Mr. Mulberry.

Mr. Haddock merely tightened his grip.

"I got it first, you fool!" muttered the former, with a cruel tug.

"You didn't, you idiot!" retorted the other in a passion.

Pretty Peter emitted a prolonged and hideous wail.

"Confound you! You're hurting the brute."

"It's you who are hurting it. What are you pulling at?"

"It's mine! I had it first!"

"You hadn't. I was as soon as you."

A savage jerk was followed at once by a burst of loud squalls. The French window flew open, and the two bachelors, half dazed with the flood of light, stood panting and pale in the sight of Mrs. Nevile, her mother, and a tall man of about forty.

"Oh, my Peter, my Pretty Peter!" began the widow, but suddenly choked and went off in soft peals of merriment.

The Persian kicked himself clear of the now unresisting hands, and trotted to his mistress as if to confide to her a tale of the shocking treatment to which he had just been subjected.

Digitized by Google

Mrs. Nevile checked her mirth, but only for a moment.

"Oh, thank you, thank you," she managed to gasp, and then relapsed into laughter once more.

Mr. Haddock and Mr. Mulberry could bear it no longer. They grunted something unintelligible, and retired in undignified confusion. They slammed their parlour windows to shut out the sounds of feminine and also, alas! manly laughter. They went to bed that night, but could not sleep, the two most unhappy and ashamed middle-aged gentlemen in the Kingdom.

Mr. Haddock left business the following afternoon somewhat earlier than usual, and instead of taking out his latchkey as he reached No. 7, Wellington Terrace, he took out his handkerchief, wiped the perspiration from his brow, passed his own door, and rang the bell of No. 8. Could he see Mrs. Nevile for a few minutes on a matter of importance? He could, said the maid, whereat he nearly turned and fled. But he forced himself to enter the house, and, without time to rehearse the speech he had prepared over his private ledger that forenoon, found himself in the widow's presence.

She received him with a kindliness which was quite unexpected.

"I—I called, madam," he said, fumbling for nearly every word, "to apologise for—for hurting your cat last night. It—it was all my fault. Your cat was really found by—by Mr. George Mulberry, madam, but—owing to a misunderstanding, madam, I—I—I——" Here he broke down miserably.

Mrs. Nevile bit her lip. "You tell me," she said quietly, "that my Peter was found by Mr. Mulberry."

"Certainly. No doubt about it," cried Mr. Haddock eagerly.

"Um!" she murmured thoughtfully. "I should tell you, Mr. Haddock, that I have to-day received a note from Mr. Mulberry—pray let me go on—in which he positively informs me that Peter was found by you."

Mr. Haddock was staggered. At last he said, in a feeble voice: "Madam, that just shows what—what a good fellow George Mulberry is. But—but don't believe his letter, madam. He—I repeat it—found the cat!"

Mrs. Nevile was amused, but she was also touched.

"Where did he find Peter, do you know?' she asked.

"In your garden, Madam," replied her visitor simply. "I—I saw him find the cat!"

The widow pressed her handkerchief for a moment to her lips.

"I am very much indebted to Mr. Mulberry, I am sure," she remarked gravely.

"I'm glad I've explained the matter," said Mr. Haddock rising. "George Mulberry is a good fellow—an excellent fellow," he added warmly.

Words, almost similar, in Mr. Mulberry's note came back to the lady. She rose, holding out her hand.

"I should be glad if you would dine with us on Saturday, Mr. Haddock. Quite informally, of course. I am—er—giving up this house in a few weeks owing to—er—a certain change in my future." She smiled and flushed ever so little.

Mr. Haddock bowed. "I shall be delighted," he said.

"I have written to Mr. Mulberry," she continued, "asking him to join us. Might I trouble you to hand this note to him?"

The bachelor's face grew fiery, then pale.

"I shall be glad to do so," he said after a moment.

She accompanied him to the door, and there bade him a gracious good-bye.

Mr. Haddock walked slowly up to the door of No. 9. He laid hold of the bell handle, but let go without pulling it. The letter-box caught his eye, and his hand went towards it.

"Coward!" said his heart, and he turned to the bell again.

But before he could ring there was a step in the hall, and the door was opened.

"Thomas!"

"George!"

The words were spoken simultaneously.

"You—you are going out?" said Mr. Haddock awkwardly.

"No—no. At least, I—I was going along your way," stammered Mr. Mulberry. "Come in, man!" he added abruptly, almost harshly.

Thomas stepped in trembling, and without a word followed George to the parlour.

"Sit down," said the latter.

They seated themselves uncomfortably, and stared about as if the various objects in the room were curious novelties.

"George," said Mr. Haddock at last, "you wrote to Mrs. Nevile."

"How did you know?"

"I've just been there. You—you're a good fellow, George."

"Bah!"

"Here is a letter for you."

"Thanks." He opened it and glanced through its brief contents. "An invitation to

Google

dinner on Saturday. This is your doing, Thomas."

"No, George. I merely called on Mrs. Nevile to say that—that you found her cat."

"Good gracious! What an untruth!"

"Not such an untruth as yours, George."

"Oh, man, man, I wonder at you!"

"But, but—Oh! confound the cat!"

"Right, Thomas. Confound the nasty beast!" cried Mr. Mulberry, jumping up.

Mr. Haddock rose also. His hand went out and met Mr. Mulberry's.

"George!"

"Thomas!"

"The fact——"

"The fact is that——"

"That the cat found——"

"Itself!"

"Found itself!"

The two bachelors burst out laughing. Half-an-hour later a telegram was dispatched to the old-fashioned eating-house in the city.

It was when the second bottle had just been opened that Mr. Haddock said: "George, Mrs. Nevile is giving up No. 8 in a few weeks. I expect she is going to marry again."

"There seems to be no doubt about it. She's a fine woman—a fine woman."

"She is, indeed."

For the fraction of a second their glances met.

"Still, I never was a marrying man," remarked the one, examining a cork with interest.

"No, more was I," said the other, toying with the salt-cellar.

"We are a pair of confirmed bachelors."

"Absolutely!"

"Help yourself, George."

"After you, my dear fellow."

They helped each other to wine.

"H'm!" said Mr. Mulberry, with a gay chuckle, as he held up his glass, "here's her very good health, Thomas!"

"I'm with you, George! Let us couple it with that of Pretty Peter — confound the beast!"

And down went the wine.

"No. 8 will be to let again, I expect," observed Mr. Mulberry presently.

"It will. And I've got an idea, George."

"Have you? So have I, my boy. It has struck me that I might give up No. 9, and——"

"I'm seriously thinking of giving up No. 7, and——"

"And taking No. 8."

"No. 8! Why——" Mr. Haddock stopped short, his face illumined by a sudden happy thought.

"Thomas!" cried his friend, "why shouldn't we take No. 8 together?"

Once more they shook hands.

"Here's her very good health, Thomas!"

Digitized by Google

CAP AND BELLS

A Transgression.

Links: "Look here, you're breaking one of the most important rules of the game."

Brassey: "What's that?"

Links: "In addressing the ball you should do so in language fit for publication."

* * * * *

THE NEXT STEP.

The horseless carriage having come,
The chances are 'twill strike
Some bold inventor that it's time
To launch the manless bike.

* * * * *

Inquiring Child: "Papa, why do people cry at weddings?"

Papa (abstractedly): "Most of 'em have been married themselves."

* * * *

"Here, my little girl, is a penny for you. I was poor once myself."

"T'anks, sir. I s'pose dey ain't any danger of yer ever gittin' dat way agin."

* * * *

"Didn't you promise me not to do it again?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, didn't I promise to whip you if you did?"

"Yes, sir; but as I didn't keep my promise, I won't hold you to yours."

Accounts Rendered Monthly.

Bilton: "There is no accounting for tastes."

Wilton: "There isn't, eh? Well, you just marry a woman with expensive tastes, and see."

* * * *

HER WEAKNESS.

My Love is tall, my Love is fair,
My Love of maidens is the sweetest;
She has the loveliest of hair,
Her figure is, of all, the neatest.

But, oh! I fear, ere she'll agree
With "yours sincerely" to be mating,
I'll have to learn stenography,
My Love's *so* given to "dictating."

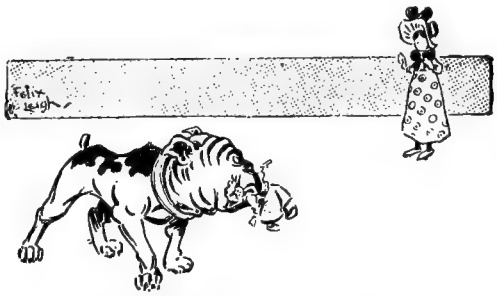
* * * *

Illnesses are the instruments by which the debt of Nature is collected.

* * * * *

"It's no use," said Fweddy disconsolately, "I've been twying to see how I look in the glawss when I sneeze, and when the sneeze comes I cawn't help closing my eyes to save my life, don't y' know!"

* * * * *



A JUVENILE VERSION.

Goodbye, Dolly, I must leave you,
Though it fills my heart with woe;
Great big dog has got you, darling,
And he will not let you go.
That he'll spill your precious sawdust,
Ere he's done with you, is clear,
But I daren't attempt a rescue—
Good-bye—Dolly—dear!

Google

COULDN'T.

He: "Old Grouche hasn't spoken a hasty word to his wife during their married life."

She: "How lovely."

He: "Yes; he stutters."

* * * *

"Yes; he said if he had his choice he'd rather be an ex-convict than anything else."

"The ideal! How eccentric!"

"Not at all. You see, he's just been sent to prison for a term of ten years."

* *

The Ideal Woman will be found when the Ideal Man discovers her—not till then.

THE ATTRACTION OF THE MIRROR.

Miss Katie Pillar: "Ah, here is old Mr. Beetle, with his polished wing-cases. Now I shall be able to see how I'm looking in my new summer hat."

He Wants News.

Hewitt: "No news is good news."

Jewett: "That may be; but if you are a reporter you can't make your editor believe it."

* * * *

Lady: "I hope you won't kill any of the poor little birds."

Kid: "That's just the way with you women—always wishin' a feller bad luck."

* * * *

"Do I squint, Charles?" asked the rich girl.

"A little, Maude," he said tenderly; "but who wouldn't with your eyes? If mine were as beautiful as yours, I'd be trying to look into them myself."

* * * * * * * *

Our New Shower Cape Coat.

Google

AN AWFUL THOUGHT.

"Jack, I think we'd better go home. We might come unstuck like dolly does, and they might not remember how to put us together again."

Digitized by Google

THE TWINS.

Jimmy and Timmy were two little twins,
They were just the same height and as like as two pins;
When people saw Timmy, they thought it was Jimmy,
And Jimmy was often mistaken for Timmy—
Until one sad day Jimmy started to grow,
And left little Timmy far, far down below.

"Oh dear," they both cried, "what a horrid surprise,
We cannot be happy if not the same size!"
So Timmy hung on to the top of the door—
To lengthen himself—for an hour or for more,
While Jimmy—to make himself shorter, he said—
Balanced a weight on the top of his head.
But in spite of their efforts, it all was in vain,
They were never exactly the same height again.

* * *

An Exterior Conscience.

Bonter: "Excuse my yawning; I didn't get a wink of sleep last night."

Jupp: "Toothache?"

Bonter: "No. A woman asked me for some money yesterday, and I refused her. Well, the tones of her voice rang in my head all night. I couldn't close an eye."

Jupp: "Conscience-stricken, eh? Was it a deserving case, do you think?"

Bonter: "It was my wife."

* * * * *

Poor Fellow.

He: "I don't understand what Gruet can see in the girl he is to marry."

She: "Love is blind, you know."

He: "Well, love will have to be deaf and dumb, too, if he gets along with her."

BITTERSWEET.

We love to tell about e ch ill and pain
We have, and how much we've endured—
Indeed, 'twould rather seem a loss than gain,
If we were cured!

* * * * *

Magnificent!

A gentleman went to a dentist and asked him to "take a look at his teeth." The dentist did so, and seemed full of admiration.

"What do you think of them?" asked the patient.

"Magnificent! Magnificent!" was all the dentist could say.

"Then you don't find anything to do to them?"

"To do to them? Why, there are four to be pulled, six to be filled, and three to be crowned!" said the dentist.

* * *

IN SHADY NOOK.

"I long to rest upon your breast,"
Said she—with fear he eyed her,
Then hurried from that leafy nest—
***She* was a garden spider.**

* * *

Honours Even.

"Jones is as good a fish liar as anybody I know. I told him an awful whopper the other night, but he matched it right away."

"How?"

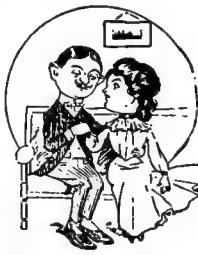
"He said he believed me."

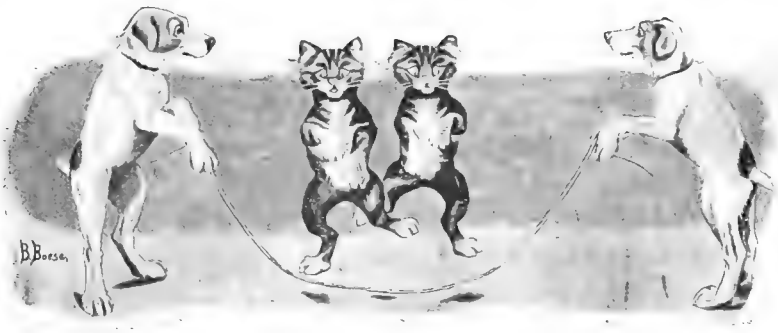
* * * *

NOT UNCOMMON.

He: "It seems strange I should be so much in love with you, when three weeks ago we hadn't met."

She: "Oh, it often happens that way."





Digitized by Google

INDEX.

	PAGE
ANSWERED IN PERSON (Fiction)	388
Arches of the Royal Tour	116
Art and the Agony of Toe-Dancing, The	159
As Like as Two Peas	40
BELINDA AND THE ROCKING CHAIR	82
Billy and Me and the Idol (Poem)	170
Birds and Beasts at Mass	478
Birmingham Mystery, The (Fiction)	52
Bolt from the Blue, A (Fiction)	544
Borrowed Lights (Fiction)	128
Breezy, the Grocer's Assistant (Fiction)	457
Brighton Mystery, The (Fiction)	219
Burglars' Alarm, The (Poem)	385
CAGED COPPER (Fiction)	481
Cap and Bells ... 93, 189, 300, 397, 493,	589
Carpet Spinning	393
Catching of McDade, The (Fiction)	76
Celebrities at Dinner	209
Chapeaugraphy for Ladies	250
Collingwood Pro., The (Fiction)	46
Conqueror, The (Fiction)	99
Consolation Stakes, The (Fiction)	507
Coronation in Dolly Land, The	248
Countess's Stratagem, The (Fiction)	296
Crown and Robes to Order	266
Curiosities of the Cricket Field	173
Derby, The	145
Dreams	499
Dublin Mystery, The (Fiction)	445
EDINBURGH MYSTERY, THE (Fiction)	349
Extra Freight, The (Fiction)	123
FAERY (Poem)	92
Fascination of the Wake, The (Fiction)	34
Feasts of Flowers	106
Fighting Girl, The (Fiction)	540
Fire Fighters	321
Five Shillings a Day for Life ... 23, 116, 235, 329, 433,	523
From the Stalls ... 307,	403
GALLANT BANTAM, THE (Fiction)	262
George (Fiction)	270
"God Save the King"	194
Gravity Steeplechases	486
Greystone Ghosts, The (Play)	469
HENLEY REGATTA	156
Heroes of Niagara	57
High Art in the Kitchen	369
How I Made Counterfeit Coins	132
How I Married Aunt Anne (Monologue)	205
How Nat Marks Bought the Regalia (Fiction)	362
How the North Pole will be Reached	414
IMPROMPTU WEDDING RINGS	547
JIM (Poem)	33
KISSES AND KISSERS	258
LETTER, THE	361
Letters of a Japanese Lantern (Fiction)	85
Light Weights and False Measures	358
Lions as Family Friends	381
Liverpool Mystery, The (Fiction)	137
Living Flags	556
Living Leaves and Walking Sticks	534
Little Nozzle (Fiction)	564
Lost Cook, The (Fiction)	550
Love is King (Poem)	257
MAGIC PAPER	465
Man with the Iron Eyebrows, The	73
Many Faces in One	454
Martyr to Science, A (Fiction)	112
Master of Make-up, A	514
Match Pagodas	561
Modes and the Motor, The	572
Mollie's Profession (Fiction)	435
Monkey Mickey	27
Mr. Owen Fere (Fiction)	282
My Little Holiday (Fiction)	339
ON THE STROKE OF NINE (Fiction)	488
Our Honeymoon (Fiction)	177
Our Ping-Pong Tournament (Fiction)	185
PHŒBE OF "THE THREE PIGEONS" (Fiction)	375
Pigs on the Stage	442
Plate Spinning	19
Players at Play	3
Present, A (Fiction)	253
Pretend (Fiction)	89
Prince who Lost his Common Sense, The (Fiction)	164
RICHLY EARNED REWARD, A (Fiction)	410
Romance of a Dusting Day, The (Poem)	80
Roof Dwellers in New York, The	336
Royalty on Wheels	290
SHADOWS ON THE SCREEN	346
Skippered Statesman, A (Fiction)	237
Smoke, Smokes and Smokers	426
Sound of a Voice, The (Fiction)	518
Story of a Submarine, The	312
Stratagem of Dr. Dick, The (Fiction)	154
Strategy (Poem)	576
Strongest Woman on Earth, The	580

Digitized by Google

PAGE

TATLERS, THE (Fiction) 558
Temerity of Theodore, The (Fiction)..... 331
Tennis Idyll, A (Poem)..... 468
The "General" (Poem) 368
To a Skiff (Poem)..... 274
Trapeze and Tight-rope 275
Two of a Trade (Fiction) 67

"UNEASY LIES THE HEAD THAT WEARS A CROWN"..... 228
When I was Young (Monologue) 422
White Persian, The (Fiction) 583
Wonderful Pair, A (Poem) 345
Worth a King's Ransom 245

YORK MYSTERY, THE (Fiction) 9
Young Japan at School 53

ARTISTS:
Bell, P. 128, 274, 362, 558
Browne, Tom..... 67, 112, 339, 481, 577
Cameron, J. J. 33, 89, 123, 275, 321, 468, 507, 540
Cleaver, Ralph 76, 296
Cowham, Hilda 185, 248
Davis, J. Barnard 34, 469
Farmiloe, Edith 270
Flower, Clement..... 46
Gillett, Frank 173
Goble, Warwick 312, 414, 499
Gossop, Percy 164, 257
Hickling, P. B. 9, 137, 219, 349, 445, 525
L. W. 85
Lawrence, J. C. 237
Pannett, R. 331
Patterson, G. Malcolm 435, 518
Robinson, T. H. 282, 550
Rungius, Carl, ... 98
Skelton, R. 179, 252, 410
Vigor, C. 2
Webster, W. E. 583
Wood, Lawson 27, 80, 154, 173, 385

AUTHORS:
Alexander, W. F. 312
Andom, R. 67, 481
Beaumont, A. 478
Bell, J. J. 583
B. F. H. P. 385
Bingham, Clifton 33, 576
Bleakley, Horace 46
Brebner, Arthur 34
Brenan, Gerald 550
Bretherton, R. H. 252
Bunn, Stephen P. 290
Burrowes, E. 518
Caldwell, Margaret E. 361
Carolan, W. T. 369
Carr, Jessie 345
Cay, Rita..... 296

PAGE

AUTHORS (*continued*)
Charles, Edouard 73
Collins, Percy..... 534
Corbally, L. 321
Courthope, Spencer 454
Cowham, Hilda 185
Cutting, Charles..... 85
Dunlop, Orrin E. 57
Epping, George 173
Fitzgerald, W. G. 209
Ford, Sewell 375
Foster, Maximilian 99
Fuller, J. L..... 123
Garrat, Richard 115
Grange, A. Demain 274, 469
Gregory, Simon 258
Hill, Headon 362
Holden, G. Sinclair 468
Holmes, H. J. 275, 358, 580
Huan Mee 80
Hubi-Newcombe 92
Igglesden, Charles 154
Jones, John 53
Lander, Phil 393, 547
Lillingston, L. W. 486
Lynch, G. D. 257
Maingay, R. 499
Major, Charles 488
Mayor, Geo ge E. 336
McD. Bodkin, M. 507
Moberley, L. G. 179
Morriss, Clara 262
Myers, A. Wallis 3, 266, 426
Neil, C. Lang 19, 250, 346, 465
Neish, Rosalie 436
Neville, J. Livesay 245
Newnham-Davis, Lieut.-Col..... 145, 196
Noel, Margaret 556
Oliver, Owen..... 89, 128, 205, 388, 422, 558
Orczy, Baroness E.... 9, 137, 219, 349, 445, 525
Russell, Fox 339
Savil, E. L. 577
Saxon, R. 82, 561
Shepstone, Harold 106, 442
Sherlock, R. C. 564
Spencer, Albert 112
Stanhope, Erroll 270, 381
Sutcliffe, Halliwell..... 282
Tompkins, John 331
Tracy, Louis 540
V. H. F. 368
Wallie, A. 76
Walshe, Douglas 170
Webster, Gertie de S. 410
Western, George 40, 228, 572
White, Stanley 159
Wood, Walter 237
Woodward, Marcus 27, 414, 514
Younger, F. C. 164

Digitized by Google

MIND YOUR FEET LADIES!!

Many a *chic* costume is spoiled by ungainly boots, which are just as dear as good ones. We have made a specialty of the manufacture of boots for the past 50 years, and if you wish your feet to look as well as they might, and your boots to wear as well as they ought,

Send for our Catalogue

(Over 300 illustrations), Post Free.

LADIES' BOOT.
No. 536 Price
8/11
Glace Kid, Smart Toe, Patent Leather Cap.

When ordering state size usually worn or send shape of foot on paper, or better still, an old boot. We will do the rest.

Terms: Cash with Order.

GREENLEES & SONS, 341C ARGYLE ST., GLASGOW.

STONE'S

GREEN GINGER	JAMAICA GINGER
RUBY	CURRANT (Red, Black, White)
ORANGE	RICH RAISIN
COWSLIP	DRY RAISIN

WINES

MEMORY AND SUCCESS.

THE BEST MEMORIES OBTAIN THE BEST POSITIONS.

MR. C. L. PELMAN.

What contributes to Success? A good Memory. What causes Failure in life? A poor Memory. All can obtain a perfect Memory by **The Pelman System of Memory Training.** Lost Memories restored—the worst made good, good Memories improved. No mere theory, but a genuine aid every moment of the day. *Any book whatever mastered in one reading.* Prospectus **Post Free** giving opinions of Editors, Business Men, Doctors, Lawyers, Clergymen, Students, and others who have studied and succeeded by the aid of the Pelman System, which is taught in six languages. **Taught thoroughly by Postal Lessons** at any time. Address for particulars, free to all, **Mr. C. L. Pelman,** Box 581, **4, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.** *Melbourne Branch,* G.P.O., Box 402. **Mr. Pelman's Pamphlet,** "The Natural Way of Learning a Language," post free, Sixpence.

MEMORY MEANS MONEY.

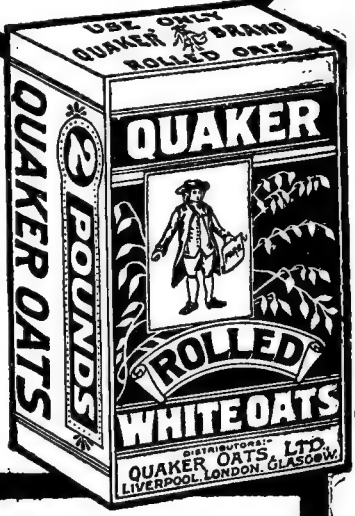
Used by the Million

BORWICK'S BAKING POWDER

FOR MAKING THE SWEETEST BREAD, CAKES, & PASTRY.

OUR OFFER.

Quaker Oats Spoons and Forks have style, finish and lifelong durability. Extra triple silver-plated. Unique and beautiful design. No advertisement on them. Full particulars in every packet, or on application to Dept. **L.,** Quaker Oats Ltd., London.



Pound for Pound, Quaker Oats makes more porridge and better porridge than any other oats on the market,

but it must be

Quaker Oats

Digitized by Google

DEAFNESS & CATARRH
212 CASES CURED.

The Semi-annual Report of the Drouet Institute lately published in the leading London daily papers gives a record of 212 cases of deafness, and ear, nose, and throat diseases cured by the Drouet Method during the first six months of 1902. A brief analysis of these 212 cases shows results which are, to say the least, remarkable. Nearly one-half of the patients before applying to the Institute had been under some form of treatment which had failed. There are numerous cases of deafness of 5, 10, 15, 20, and even 40 years' duration in which restoration of hearing had been effected, and some of these patients had been "Stone deaf." Then there are those astonishing cases where deafness was cured at the age of 60, 65, 70, 75, and even 86 years. Again there are cases of sclerosis, or deafness from dry catarrh of the middle ear, pronounced incurable by many Aurists, which have yielded to the new treatment of the Drouet Institute, all of which give renewed hope to those who, after trying the older methods, have given up in despair. For those who suffer from catarrh of the nose and throat there are the histories of cures of cases of long standing in which the Drouet Method has been successful, even after operations and severe cauterizations of the nose and throat have failed.

Those who desire to read the complete details of the various cases can find very full descriptions in the latest number of the "Journal for the Deaf." Besides plain talks to the deaf, and to catarrhal sufferers, the "Journal" describes the method of treatment devised by Dr. Drouet, which consists chiefly of an external application placed on the prominent bony part of the skull just behind the ear. A free copy of the "Journal," with a "Supplement" containing an additional record of upwards of 40 cases cured during the past month, can be obtained by addressing the Secretary, Drouet Institute, 72, Regent's Park Road, Primrose Hill, London, N.W. Those who are interested in knowing how to apply this method will find that each "Journal" is accompanied by a Patient's Report Form, which enables anyone to receive full particulars as to the use of the treatment at home. Any advice by correspondence is absolutely free.

LIFE'S STRANGEST SECRETS

as unveiled by the influences called **Personal Magnetism, Mental Currents, Hypnotism, &c.**, these form the subject matter of one of the most wonderful and fascinating books of the day, entitled "The Power Within."

FREE. It is a free book, handsomely illustrated. We will give you a copy just to get you interested in psychical experiments hoping that later on you may buy some other books from us. You incur no obligation whatever in accepting the free book.

? VITAL QUESTIONS ?

How can I influence another by my mind alone? What is personal magnetism? Why do only a few possess it? Could I cultivate it easily? Can I attract success and happiness by any system of mental training? What does it feel like to be hypnotized? Could I learn to hypnotize people and make them obey my commands? Is it, or is it not a dangerous power? Could I learn to heal the sick by magnetism? Could I learn to read the minds of others?

If you are interested in such things, simply send us your name and address, plainly written, enclose a 1d. stamp for return postage, and we will send you this strange little book **FREE**, at once. Address—**Dept. (301), PSYCHIC RESEARCH CO., Temple Chambers, Temple Avenue, London, E.C.**

Trial Bottle Post Free **7D.**

N. M. ALEXANDRE. (Est. 1861.)

TO COLOUR

GREY HAIR

SHADEINE, guaranteed permanent, washable, and absolutely harmless. Will not burn the hair or produce unnatural tint. Detection impossible. Contains no lead, silver, sulphur, &c. Trial Bottle 7d., post free. (Sent secretly packed.) State colour required.

30, Westbourne Grove, and 85, Great Portland St., London, W.

A REMARKABLE OFFER!

A TEST HOROSCOPE

For One Shilling.

Send a Postal Order for One Shilling, or 14 stamps, with the time, date, year, and birthplace, and we will satisfy you.

Address: E., EDITOR, "MODERN ASTROLOGY," 9, Lyncroft Grdns., West Hampstead, London, N.W

Digitized by Google

If I Did Not Know

beyond question that my system of individual teaching of Physiological Exercise would give you better health, a clear brain, a stronger set of nerves and a more vigorous heart, I would not be so persistent in my advertising endeavours to interest you. My system produces healthy men, women, and children. It embodies the ideal principles of attaining and maintaining the highest conception of perfect manhood and womanhood. If you will faithfully follow my instructions for a few weeks, I will not only guarantee a magnificent muscular development and improved physique, but with it a condition of vigorous health scarcely dreamed of by weak or partially developed men or women. No drugs—no artificial stimulants—no pepsin or digestive bitters are needed by my pupils. I give you an appetite always ready for meal time, and a digestive apparatus able and willing to assimilate your food and fill your veins with pure, rich blood; a heart strong and vigorous to pump that blood to every part of the body; lungs that supply to the full the oxygen needed, and nerves so true and keen that daily work is a pleasure and the capacity for physical and mental exertion proportionately increased. Your sleep shall be sound and dreamless, and the morning light shall find you equipped for the duties of life as you never were before. All this I have done for thousands. I can do it for you, because my system is based on natural laws, as rational and logical as those which govern the universe.

Mr. Geo. C. Davenport, a popular chemist of St. Paul, Minn. U.S.A., is one of hundreds with equally convincing experiences. Here is a letter which he sent me February 16, 1902:—

"St. Paul, Minn., Feb. 16, 1902.

"Alois P. Swoboda, Chicago.

"Before I took your course of physiological exercise, I had been a sufferer from indigestion, constipation, and nervousness for twenty-five years. Even twenty-two or twenty-three years ago I frequently passed five or six days without a movement of the bowels. For three years I was under the care of a skilful physician here, limited to a diet of predigested bread, fresh eggs, and specially prepared beef-steak. After a temporary improvement I became so much worse that a year ago I was obliged to go to a hospital. November 29, 1901, I commenced with your exercises. I took the course carefully and conscientiously and immediately commenced to improve. I never was better in my life than I am to-day; my bowels move like clockwork every morning. I can eat and digest anything that is set before me, and while I am making my living by selling drugs I personally have no use for them. If you can use this letter or any part of it as an inducement to some poor sufferer to take your course and be well I shall be glad.

"Wishing you success in your good work for the weak and miserable, believe me, your grateful friend, GEO. C. DAVENPORT, Chemist, "971-973, East Seventh St., St. Paul, Minn."

I have no book, no chart, no apparatus whatever. My system is for each individual; my instructions for you would be just as personal as if you were my only pupil. It is taught by post only and with perfect success, requires but a few minutes time in your own room just before retiring, and it is the only one which does not overtax the heart.

Whether interested or not you will be pleased to receive the valuable information and detailed outline of my system, its principles and effects, together with testimonial letters from pupils, which I send free upon request. Put this off no longer, but write for this at once.

ALOIS P. SWOBODA,

83, Washington Street, CHICAGO, ILL., U.S.A.

Digitized by Google

Mr Geo. R. Sims' "TATCHO"

Gets the hair back, Puts the hair right, Keeps the hair right.

WHO SAY SO.

LADY SYKES—

"Mayfair, W.

"I can recommend 'Tatcho.' It has entirely renovated my hair."

Commander T. WOLFE MURRAY, R.N.

"Trowbridge, Crediton, 18th June, 1902.

"I have found 'Tatcho' of distinct benefit to my hair."

PRINCESS EUGENIE CRISTOFOROS PALŒLOGUE—

"'Tatcho' is invaluable. I would not be without it on any account.—Belvedere Hotel, Kensington."

Major-General KEATE—

"High Croft, Winchester.

"I find the Renewer excellent, and better than anything I have ever tried in the course of a long life. I could not have believed that any preparation could do so much good in so short a time."

Mrs. BROWN POTTER—

"I use only 'Tatcho.'"

Colonel BAGOT-CHESTER—

"Zetland House, Maidenhead.

"I well know how valuable 'Tatcho' is."

Colonel PERRY—

"Royal Hibernian Hotel, Dawson Street, "Dublin.

"My Dear Mr. Sims,—'Tatcho' is wonderful, and all to whom I recommend it praise it. I hope others have advised the use of 'Tatcho' as I have."

"TATCHO" is a delightful preparation, the colour of whisky, free from all smell, neither greasy nor sticky.
"TATCHO" will entirely banish that dead and dingy look of the hair
"TATCHO" will ward off the approach of greyness.
"TATCHO" is invaluable to those suffering from actual loss of hair and who need a powerful stimulant to force fresh growth.
"TATCHO" is not a dye, and contains no harmful ingredient.

"TATCHO" is sold by all Chemists and Stores throughout the world, in bottles at **1/-, 2/9,** and **5/-.**
New South Wales Depot, Vickery Chambers, 76, Pitt Street, Sydney.

4/6 FULL SIZE **Bottle 1/10 carriage paid.**

GETS THE HAIR BACK. PUTS THE HAIR RIGHT. KEEPS THE HAIR RIGHT.

Mr Geo. R. Sims'
"TATCHO"

CUT THIS COUPON OUT

This COUPON is current during the year 1902, and will enable the holder to obtain a 4/6 full size bottle of "Tatcho" at the nominal price of 1/10, from any chemist, hairdresser, or stores, or direct, carriage paid, from the Tatcho Depot, 81, Great Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn, London.

R.M.

Digitized by Google

C. Brandauer & Co. Ltd.

CIRCULAR POINTED PENS.

Seven Prize Medals.

These series of Pens neither scratch nor spurt. They glide over the roughest paper with the ease of a soft lead pencil. Assorted Sample Boxes, 6d., to be obtained from all Stationers. If out of stock, send 7 stamps to the Works, BIRMINGHAM.

London Warehouse: **124, NEWGATE STREET, E.C.**

"ALFOSCO" REG^D

ALLEN FOSTER & CO.,

"ALFOSCO" REG^D

THE LONDON MANUFACTURERS.

Buy Direct at First Cost from the Leading Firm of Mantle Manufacturers.

Design No. 1262.

10/6

DESIGN No. 1262. 10/6.

The Fashionable Three-quarter Sacque Jacket for Autumn and Winter wear, direct at **first cost** from the **"Alfosco"** Factories. This marvellous Jacket is cut with full Sacque-back, and trimmed with tailor stitching and pearl buttons. Price only **10/6**; carriage, 6d. extra. This jacket can be ordered single-breasted if preferred.

DESIGN No. 1425. 10/6.

The latest in **Costume Skirt**, made in a good black **Vicuna Cloth**, with bright finish. This lady-like skirt is lined throughout and trimmed with tailor-stitched strappings of same material and small black silk buttons. All sizes in stock. Direct at first cost from the **"Alfosco"** Factories. Price only 10/6; carriage 5d. extra. In ordering, send waist measure-ment and length of skirt in front.

Design No. 1425, 10/6.

Write for Patterns and New Catalogue for Autumn Season. Sent Post Free.

ALLEN FOSTER & CO.,

47, GOLDEN LANE, BARBICAN, LONDON, E.C.

THIS IS THE SHOE YOU WANT.

See Testimonials Below!! *(Originals can be seen.)*

Made with strong Plaited Jute Soles, which will last much longer than leather with ordinary wear. Comfortable, healthful, noiseless.

Mr. MASON writes: "Got a pair 3 years ago, and have worn them every day since."— Mr. WILLIN writes: "Have worn them 12 years—feet never seem to get tired in them."

Enclose Length of Walking Shoe. Colour—White, Brown, or Black.	Prices (post free) Children's.	Ladies'.	Gents'.
A. Plain Shoes (without strapping)	1/6	1/9	2/0
D. Superior Canvas (as per Illustration)	—	2/6	2/9
E. Velvet Uppers (Black)	—	3/0	3/3
Felt Slippers, best quality (Black)	1/0	1/3	1/6
Leather Soled Shoes (Superior)	3/6	4/0	4/9
Rubber Shoes	—	3/0	3/6
Fine Red Rubber (Brown Canvas)	—	—	5/6

Off three pairs at one time we allow 2d. per pair.

N.B.—Post free United Kingdom, abroad extra.

PATENT CANVAS SHOE CO., 95B, Bath-st., Glasgow.

Illustrated Catalogue of Novelties, post free 1d.

THE WOLSEY

(BRITISH MADE.)

UNSHRINKABLE UNDERWEAR.

GUARANTEED ALL WOOL.

WOLSEY Garments never shrink, and as a proof of good faith, the Manufacturers will replace, free of charge, any garment shrunk in washing.

For Men, Women, and Childrens' wear, in all sizes, Qualities, and Prices.

Of all Drapers, Hosiers, and Outfitters.

BEDSTEADS

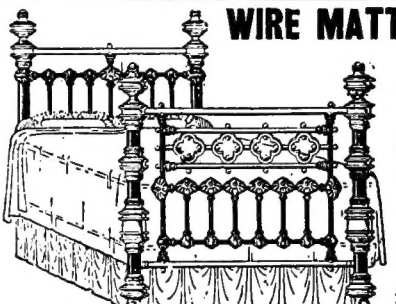
Quality, Fit, and Finish best possible.

Cheaper, Newer, and Cleaner than Shop Stocks.

Large Stocks.

Prompt Delivery.

ESTABLISHED 1889



WIRE MATTRESSES, BEDDING, COTS BEDROOM FURNISHINGS

Direct from Works.

CARRIAGE PAID. PACKING FREE.

DISCOUNT FOR CASH, OR CREDIT TERMS ARRANGED.

NAT. TELEPHONE: 1226 B'm'gh'm.

10 Years' Guarantee Given.

Illustrated Price Lists, Giving Full Details, Post Free.

Please mention ROYAL MAGAZINE *when writing.*

CHARLES RILEY (Offices and Showrooms) **Moor Street, Birmingham.**

Digitized by Google

Absolutely PURE

Cadbury's COCOA

DELICIOUS.
REFRESHING.
SUSTAINING.

The Editor of *Health* says:—

"The perfect purity of CADBURY'S COCOA—a strong point with the makers—constitutes its firm hold upon the public confidence, and the secret of its universal popularity."

Cadbury's Cocoa—Absolutely PURE

Therefore BEST.

PEARS

Soapmakers

By Royal Warrants

TO THEIR MAJESTIES

The King and Queen.

Printed by Horace Cox, Windsor House, Bream's Buildings, E.C., and Published by C. Arthur Pearson Ltd., Henrietta Street. London, W
All Advertisements to be addressed to T. B. Browne's Advertising Offices, 163, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.

Digitized by Google